MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

February 2011 #333
$4 US/Canada

THE WELDERS! THE WILD TEENAGE SOUND OF '70S ST LOUIS

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- KNIFE FIGHT-Isolated-EP
- ALARIC-45 / ABORTTI 13/SEKAANNUS-split EP
- POISON PLANET-EP / WHITE GUILT-LP
- VACCINE-EP / V/A-New Hope Comp-LP
- MAUSER-EP and live / NITAD-EP
- OUTLOOK-EP and live / KALASHNIKOV-EP
- DIRECT CONTROL-Bucktown Hardcore-LP
- APPARÄTUS-Hardcore Religion-LP
- NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
- BICI HARDCORE-Es el Fin del la Era de a Pie-EP

BRACE BELDEN

- DIRECT CONTROL-Bucktown Hardcore-LP
- BOOMGATES-Bright Idea/Cameo-EP
- ARTIFICIAL PEACE-Recordings-LP
- V/A-New Hope Comp-LP
- MORALENS VÄKTARE-Raka Rör-EP
- THE INJECTIONS-Lies/Prison Walls-45
- THE NORMALS-Hardcore/Almost Ready-45
- ROUGH KIDS-Into the '00s/So Sophisticated-45
- DAG NASTY-Dag With Shawn-LP
- SF BLOWS-live

TIM BROOKS

- ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES-Who Really Cares-LP
- V/A-Rip Off Records-LP
- LOVE TRIANGLE-Splendid Living-EP
- NORMALS-Almost Ready-EP
- V/A-Fuck Rock-LP
- INEPSY/TOXIC HOLOCAUST-split LP
- FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45
- KALASHNIKOV-12 Temas-EP
- POISON PLANET-Oblivious-EP
- KNIFE FIGHT-Isolated-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- NEON PISS-demo and live
- GHAUST/PAZAHORA-split EP
- APPARÄTUS-Hardcore Religion-LP
- VACCINE-Human Hatred-EP
- PARASYTIC-Poison Minds-LP
- CALL ME LIGHTNING-live and LP
- NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
- OUTLOOK-live and EP
- ALARIC-Animal/Shadow of Life-45
- WHITE GUILT-LP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- DAG NASTY-Dag With Shawn-LP
- EARTHMEN & STRANGERS/FAR CORNERS-split EP
- LOVE TRIANGLE-Splendid Living-EP
- THE INJECTIONS-Lies/Prison Walls-45
- THE NORMALS-Hardcore/Almost Ready-45
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-Like Lightning/Giving Me the...-45
- VACCINE-Human Hatred-EP
- BRILLIANT COLORS/GIRLS NAMES-split EP
- V/A-Rip Off Records-LP
- FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45

LAYLA GIBBON

- V/A-FM-BX Society Tape-LP
- BRILLIANT COLORS/GIRLS NAMES-split EP
- DAG NASTY-LP / REPTILE HOUSE-EP
- ARTIFICIAL PEACE-LP / GOVERNMENT ISSUE-LP
- INJECTIONS-45 / NORMALS-45
- NEON PISS-demo and live
- VACCINE-EP / V/A-New Hope Comp-LP
- OUTLOOK-live and EP
- NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
- KNIFE FIGHT-Isolated-EP / WHITE GUILT-LP

DAN GOETZ

- GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Boycott Stabb Complete-LP
- NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
- ARTIFICIAL PEACE-Complete Session 1981-LP
- OUTLOOK-live / MAUSER-live
- V/A-New Hope Comp-LP
- SPAZZ-Kill, Crush, Destroy-LP
- VACCINE-EP / SYSTEMATIC DEATH-EP
- DIRECT CONTROL-Bucktown Hardcore-LP
- IN DEBT-demo
- POISON PLANET-Oblivious-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- NORMALS-Almost Ready/Hardcore – 45
- POISON PLANET-Oblivious–EP
- CRISIS HOTLINES-EP / KNIFE FIGHT-EP
- V/A-Rip Off Records-LP
- COLA FREAKS-CD
- VACCINE-Human Hatred-EP
- ARTIFICIAL PEACE-LP / GOVERNMENT ISSUE-LP
- NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
- NERVOUS SYSTEM-Bombs Away-EP
- BY THE THROAT-EP / I OBJECT-EP

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: 179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-332

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

MIDNITE SNAXXX-Like Lightning/Giving Me the...-45	FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45
GRUBBY THINGS-Pictures-EP	BOOMGATES-Bright Idea/Cameo-45
VEINES-Bourgeois Standard-LP	DANIEL JAMES GANG-Nothing I Can Do-EP
BRILLIANT COLORS/GIRLS NAMES-split EP	RADIO SAIGON-Another Time-EP
THE GORGONS-Stuffed Delice-LP	REYNOLDS FAMILY-Merry Christmas-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

BOOMGATES-Bright Idea/Cameo-45	JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN/CRACKPIPES-split EP
THE LO-FI JERKHEADS-In Your Stereo-EP	FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45
MIDNITE SNAXXX-Like Lightning/Giving Me...-45	V/A-Rip Off Records-LP
CHOPPER CHICKS-LP	THE NORMALS-Almost Ready/Hardcore-45
VEINES-Bourgeois Standard-LP	DAG NASTY-Dag with Shawn-LP

RAY LUJAN

BLACK TAPES-Shipwreck-CD	FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45
BOOMGATES-Bright Idea/Cameo-45	THE IGNORED-CD / THE MEASURE (SA)-LP
CALL ME LIGHTNING-When I Am Gone-LP	MIDNITE SNAXXX-45 / LAS ROBERTAS-LP
DAG NASTY-Dag With Shawn-LP	ROUGH KIDS-45 / THE SPRAINS-Imitate Art-CD
DOWNTOWN STRUTS-Sail the Seas Dry-EP	THE STEREO STATE-Caffeine-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

SYSTEMATIC DEATH-Systema 7-EP	PARASYTIC-LP / MAD PIGS-LP
LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER/RATAS DE PORÃO-split 10"	VACCINE-EP / NITAD-EP
KNIFE FIGHT-Isolated-EP	ABORTTI 13/SEKAANNUS-split EP
BICI HARDCORE-Es el Fin del la Era de a Pie-EP	DIRECT CONTROL-Bucktown Hardcore-LP
ESKAPO/STUKKAS OVER DISNEYLAND-EP	GOVERNMENT ISSUE-Boycott Stabb Complete-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

FIRESTARTER-Saturday Night (is the End of...)-45	MORALENS VÄKTARE-Raka Rör-EP
ROUGH KIDS-Into the '00s/So Sophisticated-45	OUTLOOK-No Purpose-EP
DERBY DOLLS/MALADRO!TS-split EP	LEE VAN CLEEF-Virgen Por Delante-EP
BRILLIANT COLORS/GIRLS NAMES-split EP	MIDNITE SNAXXX-Like Lightning/Giving Me...-45
NORMALS-Almost Ready-EP	THE INJECTIONS-Lies/Prison Walls-45

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

ABORTTI 13/SEKAANNUS-split EP	SYSTEMATIC DEATH-Systema 7-EP
SICK-FUCKIN-O-Sex Cell$-EP	POISON PLANET-Oblivious-EP
KALASHNIKOV-12 Temas-EP	KNIFE FIGHT-Isolated-EP
DRY HUMP-Culture Fuck Experience-EP	NATURAL LAW-Hand and Foot-EP
NERVOUS SYSTEM-Bombs Away-EP	ROUGH KIDS-Into the '00s/So Sophisticated-45

ZINE TOP TEN

Negative Guestlist #14	*Absolutely Zippo #46*
More Noize #5	*El Zine #8-10*
Distort #31-#34	*Fun Fun Fun #6*
Alta Intensidaz #6/Fanzine Miguel #19	*Standard Issue #11*
Antipatia #13-15	*XXX$posed SF's Lusty Lady Through the Looking...*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra/Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric-Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07 New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Rësist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue, with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea.

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial., Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#329/Fall '10. Cock SParrer, UV Race, Veins, Kakka Hätä 77, Saint Vitus, Kontatto, De Høje Hæle, Moonhearts, Irritones, Beyond Pink, French Scene Report.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#332/January '10. Punk Comics Issue! Shawn Kerri, Jaime Hernandez, Gary Panter, Mimi Pond, Ed Luce, Avi Spivak, Liz Suburbia, Eric Hone, Kaz, John Holmstrom, Bobby Madness, Dennis Worden, Cristy Road, Ben Snakepit, Ted May+Jeff Wilson, Janelle Hessig, Craig Bostick, Fly, Alex ratcharge, Caroline Paquita, Jaime Crespo, Josh Bayer, Ben Lyon, Liz Baille.

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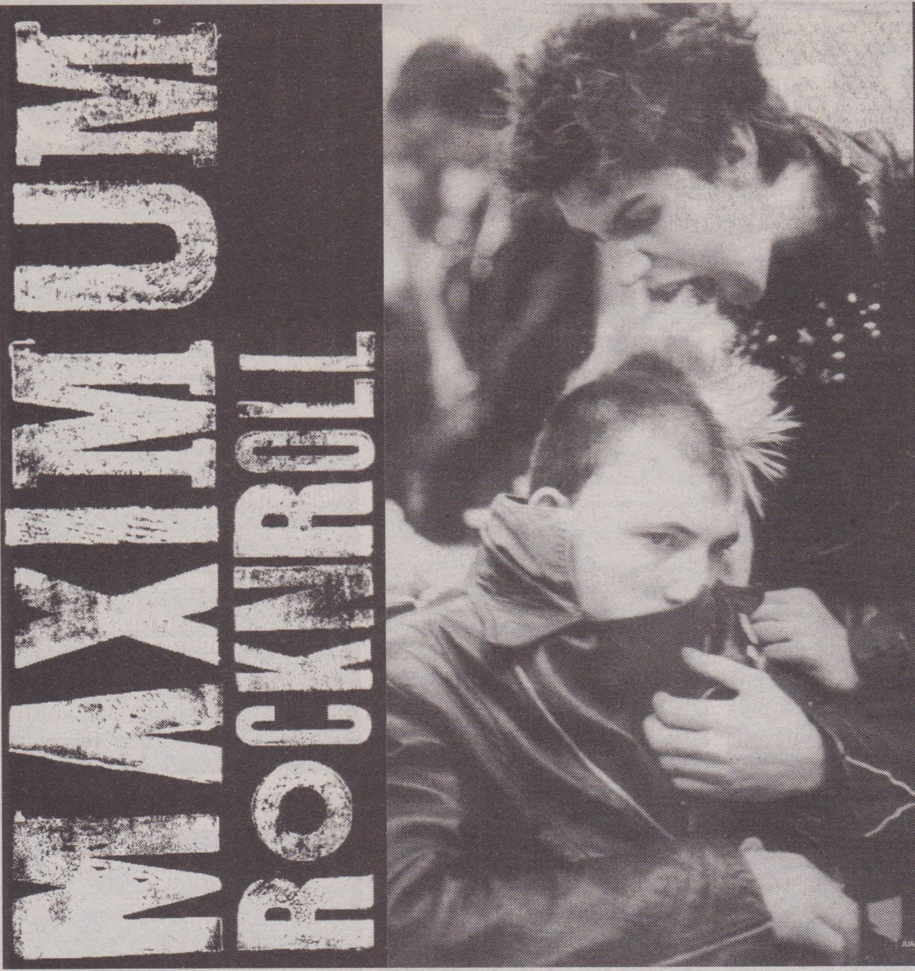

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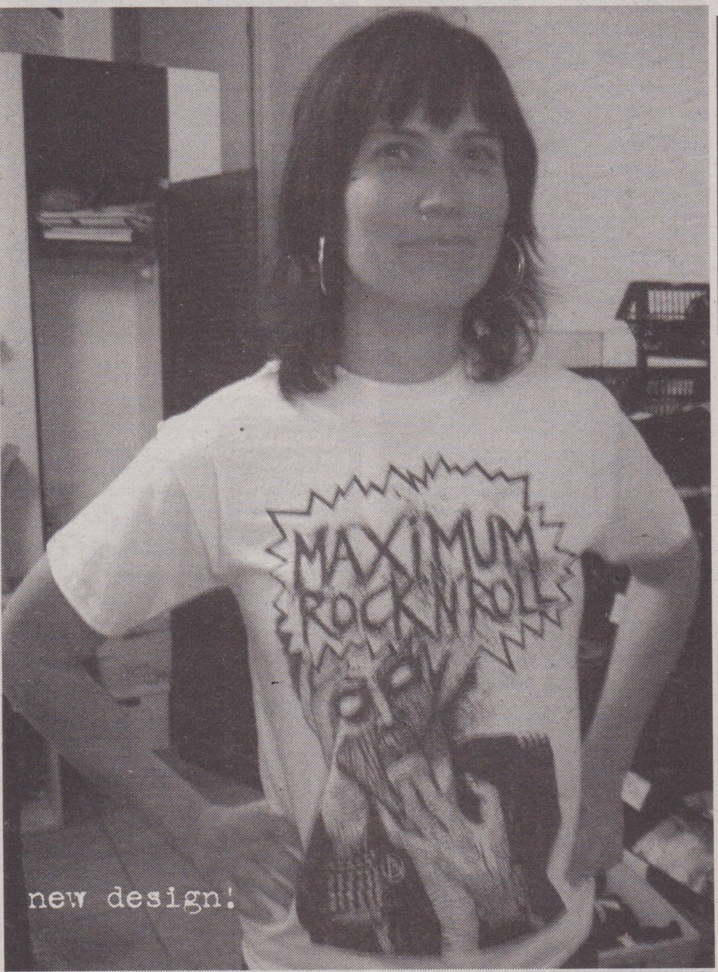

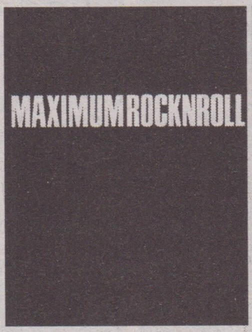

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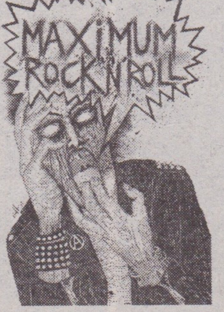

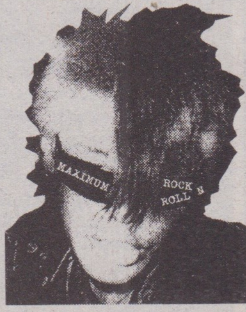

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed. Letters are subject to editing.

Dear MRR—

After reading Seth's letter in *MRR* #332 about the difficulty in finding affordable punk music on cassette tapes, Unrepentant Records is going to release a label sampler in January 2011 on "prison-acceptable" cassette tapes and will send one to any prisoner for free upon request. If any non-prisoners want a copy just send two dollars to cover postage and the cost of the cassette. The sampler will contain about an hour of music and include tracks from Violent Affair, Morrow Liberates, For Fuck Sake, Pipes And Pints, Dogsflesh, the XGirlfriend Experience, Standard And Poor, Destitute, Stupid In Stereo, and the Ashamed.

Send all requests to:
Unrepentant Records
1761 George Washington Way #172
Richland, WA 99354
Thanks,
—Jim
www.unrepentantrecords.com

Dear fellow MRR readers—

I'm trying to get together some research about punks who work in kitchens, do local organic stuff, deal with farmers markets and on the opposite spectrum work shitty corporate back of house line slavery. If any one is interested in letting me here what you have to say you can contact me at:
Mgarcia_8681@yahoo.com
Or drop me some snail mail at
404 East Myrtle
San Antonio TX
78212
Thanks and cheers
—Mark Eatsos

Hey MRR—

I am still pleased about the article about my photography (in *MRR* #330), even though my name is actually Kartiina! As a professional journalist, I am also used to the editorial decisions, like shortening the texts (which happens almost every time), but of course it pierced my heart, that the paragraph that had been cut away was the one where I mentioned (which was very important to me) the band—the Pauki—of my closest friend (and the other copy of the magazine is going just to my friend). But that's life and I have already warned him and the Pauki part is not there. That's also the reason, why I never read my articles later...
All the best from rainy Porvoo town,
—Kartiina, oops Katriina

PS. And about me re-christened to Kartiina, I found that quite amusing, because you must know who Pippi Longstocking is, the heroine of all the anarchists and punks. Her whole name in Finnish is Peppilotta Sikuriina Rullakartiina Kissanminttu Efraimintytär Pitkätossu (as you can see, "Kartiina" is involved, even though here it means more something that you have in windows, as the English version is:
Pippilotta Delicatessa Windowshade Mackrelmint Efraim's Daughter Longstocking!

Hi Guys—

I'm writing you this email because you need to tell people about the guy from XTrueX records not doing what he is supposed to—sell records! Especially because you recently had an interview with Rape Revenge and I'm still waiting for their 7"... I ordered it two months ago! On his website, Nathan, the guy who runs XTrueX, mentions having problems with one of his email addresses and he gave an alternate email. But even after a dozen emails to both addresses... I'm still waiting for an answer!!! I decided to email the band directly. I let another month pass (still trying to contact him) and when I was going to email the band directly again, they contacted me. They offered me the opportunity to purchase a record from them instead as they were now starting to sell their 7" themselves... It kind of pisses me off to have to spend the money again, but I really wanted that record so I did it... The worst is that I also ordered another record from XTrueX at the same time and now because of all this waiting, it is now even to late to do a claim with Paypal as I'm now passed the 45 days reclamation period...
When you are on a tight budget for records, it really sucks!!!
Please, don't let other punks being screwed like I just did...
Let people know!
Thanks!
—Etienne

Dear MRR—

Hearing about what went down over Kerri's skanking kid artwork really leaves me sea green sick. I never knew about that story and think it's beyond fucked up. She showed a tremendous amount of character and substance to do what she did despite the fact that it was her artwork they wanted to capitalize on with the record. I hope her health improves and that more recognize her awesome talent, especially for creating something for the love rather than for money. Shawn Kerri—your artwork rules. I realize to some that might come off as an understatement.
—DK

Dear Layla—

The Irish Scene report in the November issue is just great. It looked deadly and Eric did a class job writing it. Thanks for supporting the Irish punks by printing it!

Respect is due to Mariam and yourself. You've both really invigorated the letters page, It's brilliant that its so lively with so much debate and discussion on important issues like race, culture and punk of course. Fair play to Mariam for her energy and enthusiasm in responding and engaging with debates!
Keep up the good work with *MRR*!
Take Care,
—Ant

Mykel—

I enjoy your *MRR* column very much, in fact sometimes it is the only thing in the whole magazine I can bear to read. Reading your lurid description of geriatric fornication this morning while taking a dump really got my day off to a promising start. However, (isn't there always a however), in the endnotes I see that you have pointed out how Philip Morris is buying Kazakh tobacco grown with the use of child labor, and that BP has recruited prisoners, or slave labor to help clean up its debacle in Louisiana. You seem to disapprove of both of these. I know I do. You then go on to say that perhaps the laws against kiddie porn are perhaps a greater threat against our liberty than the stuff itself is. Here your razor-sharp wit and your nimble reasoning fail you, I'm afraid. Porn is when one sells, or consensu-

ally participates in the selling of, explicit images of oneself. I doubt those children are getting paid, and I daresay they don't have any control over how their images are marketed. It's not porn. *They are slaves.*

—Naomi Auth

Mykel believes that the letters section belongs to the readers and that it is unfair for writers/editors to always have the last word. So he will not reply to this letter (or any letter) here. Check future ENDNOTES for his reply to this (and other?) letters.

Thanks,

—Mykel

Last Word.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

You should stop running bands interviews and make *every* issue the punk comics issue. Columns+ reviews+ comics = way to go. Serious!

—Alex

Thanks! Does anyone remember Deadline*?*

—Mariam

Re: Undead ad in MRR #331—

Bobby Steele (Undead):

"Obama told his 'Muslim Brothers' that 'America is NOT, and NEVER WILL BE... at war with Islam'. In other words - he's given his 'Muslim Brothers' CARTE BLANCHE to attack Americans -and they are fully assured that there will be no retaliation, as to do so would be to 'go to war'... Some STOP THE HATE org is a front for the Islamofascists. They consider it HATE to criticize a religion that preaches murder, follows the teachings of a child molester and calls for death to all of us. Because we want to live—they call it HATE. This is typical of Leftist Regimes... and what ALL Leftists approve of. John Edwards suggested that, if you didn't vote for a Demo-kkk-rat... "You'd have to be INSANE". This is what he was threatening. This is what happens when Leftists take control.

This is what much of Obama's choices for advisors ADMIRE.

THIS is PROGRESSIVISM. (Link to video about Chinese political activists in mental hospitals) This was a link to a video of a man who told of the intimidation tactics he faced for criticising Obama... Oddly—it's been removed... as are ALL videos critical of Obama. This is most likely the result of false claims that are regularly made by people who are paid by the ADMITTED NAZI—George Soros—to harass anyone who posts criticism of their GOD - Barrack HUSSEIN Obama."

Don't know what you'll make of this. Just trying to be of assistance, as I know *MRR*'s past stance on taking advertising from right wing whackjobs.

—Anonymous

Dear MRR—

I was wondering if you could put me in contact with xYosefx—one of your reviewers. Could you send me an email, or forward this to him? I enjoy his style of writing and thought his review of Gehenna in Dec 2010 was freakin sweeeeeee. Anyways, I wanted to see if he would do some exchange of writing, opinions, advice and reviews etc...

Thanks

—Ella M.

Dear Marissa—

Re: Marissa Magic's guest column in issue #331 "Money is fake/Money is stupid/What we do is secret?/What we want is free?"

While I mostly agree with you, I have to question your definition of punk. I mean to say something isn't "punk" is assuming there are rules to being punk. It honestly sounds like more of an opinion than a fact. Consumerism is sometimes an unavoidable necessity in life, such as in the case of my good friend Mike. Mike makes buttons, punks wear buttons, button parts are not free therefore Mike has to charge ($20 for 100...not bad). Now, by the logic in the article, Mike is now serving the shitsystem, he is profiting from art, and making a buck off of punks...he is branded a sellout, why? Because buttons and design work sustains him. But someone has to do it, where would you get your buttons to wear? Now lets assume he makes nothing from selling buttons, he figures out how much parts are, and paper, and printing, and it all equals out so nobody profits. Who is paying Mike for his time?

Love of the community doesn't pay the bills, at least not where I live. As far back as I can remember punks have pretty much looked out for themselves. If a dollar could be made they were making it and using it within the subculture. But honestly who isn't guilty of selling out by your standards? A band makes a record, to what end? They aren't free. They get said record pressed on limited edition purple splatter (a marketing tool...desirability). Said record gets sold at a show, said band makes a fist full of cash. Where does the cash go? I can name a couple of places the cash goes 1) The gas tank, and at this time I have not seen an independent non-corporate punk owned non profit gas station. 2) Beer, soda, food, once again not free unless you eat exclusively at soup kitchens in which case the drunk punx are SOL. Somewhere at some point, their money is going to pay for some corporate jack-offs vacation to Barbados, it's an unavoidable fact. Does this depress me? Yes, but I also know that I live in a capitalist society and you just have to live and survive and make your frustrations known.

Until people are ready to tear down these corporations with violence and fire, I can't sit here and worry about what punk is or isn't. I'm not out to completely flaw your logic but assuming we are ready to completely detach ourselves from society is just not applicable. And as far as the free clothes go, so what? Free duds is free duds, even if you rock clothes from Goodwill you're still advertising something. Even band shirts are free advertising for bands. Is Toxic Holocaust paying *you* to advertise? No, you bought that and are advertising Toxic Holocaust... its marketing, consumerism, capitalism. So exist within it, put their money to good use, plant a community garden, throw some shows, and make some buttons...and maybe enough people will be enlightened at some point to make a difference, change doesn't happen overnight. Sorry If I sound preachy, and I'm not saying you are wrong, I did like what you wrote, just look at the bigger picture.

—Big Candy

Dear Marissa—

As an actual functioning adult with bills, a car, and a roof to put over my head, I was forced to give up (temporarily) my dream of continuing my education and career as an artist. I moved away from my home and planned to attend graduate school. When the recession happened and I realized how much debt I was in from my previous four years of education, I quickly realized that it was either: 1) continue to get into debt and go to school anyway, 2) get a shitty fucking job and save money hoping I could continue my education outside of the academic system in the meantime.

I started to work full time and commuted to a studio an *hour* away on the other side of a mountain (re: copious hills with a not so reliable car and expensive gas) to do a work exchange program. I would be able to use the facilities (I am a ceramic artist so I can't just "do it at home" equipment and materials are expensive) in exchange for work around the studio and keeping it clean. *This means I was not getting paid*, I was using my own money to continue to work, no one was paying me. In the gospel of "punk" according to you, I should not be selling my work to help cover the cost, either. Ultimately, it didn't work out for a number of reasons, one of the biggest was the fact that I could no longer afford it.

As an artist, my biggest gripe with non-artists is that some people think everything should be profit-free, DIY and possible to do at home or a community center... I have news for you; even community centers and DIY businesses need money. I disagree with the idea that I should not be selling a product because this means I *am* the shitsystem. Well guess what buddy...the cups and someone designed plates you eat off of. You want to eat off the floor? You want to be "punk?" Guess that means you can't use cups and plates anymore because you are supporting someone who is trying to make a profit off you with their idea. Better throw that shit out fast! *Lest you lose your street cred...*

The arts community in general has to work just as hard if not *harder* than the music com-

munity to exist. Our society devalues the people that want to make art and sustain themselves from it. I think that is very "un-punx" and pretty much bullshit. Without art there is no culture, and you know what? I think it's pretty punx to spend hours doing something you love and having it ultimately become someone else's to use and enjoy, *and* being able to support yourself doing it. Because if I'm working in my *own* studio and for *myself*, I'm not working for "the man" and taking one more step away from the "shitsystem."

I don't see your article doing much to change the status quo. If you feel so strongly about it, I honestly hope you are involved in your community in a way that is actively doing something to change it and not just another lazy punk sitting around listening to records and complaining about what's punk and what's not.
—Fuckpunxpolice

Dudes, read the article again. This isn't about vilifying money exchange in general. By insisting on your "realist" stances in this capitalist world, you are missing the point. Marissa is obviously (obvious to me anyway) channeling her rage at a very specific kind of money in the punk scene: corporate money. Pabst sponsored loft parties, bands who get free shoes because they put up a Vans logo vinyl banner when they play, selling your music to be placed in a commercial... This is shit happening right now in punk. Why is this okay? Does making money this way to support yourself, your band, your scene, come at a bigger cost of integrity? These are the questions we should be looking at..bands selling merch or people trying to make a living are not the issue. We all gotta get by, we have to support each other, sometimes that's through cash paid at a show or to have buttons made.
We use money, but we don't have to let it use us.
—Ariel

Ariel got it. When I refer to the shitsystem I mean corporate America. As I said, never accepting money for anything is illogical and materials do cost money. This is more about being anti-corporate and questioning motives. As Ariel said, read it again. Maybe don't decide my opinion for me.
—Marissa

Marissa—
Thank you for the clarification in your response to the criticism of your column, and perhaps a well thought out edit on your part will make your stance more clear. It was not obvious to me in reading your article that you had considered the valid points made by "funxpunx" and "bigcandy" or that you were targeting specifically artists jumping onto the corporate train. To be honest, as I read it, I felt hopeless. Like, god, how are artists and musicians suppose to support themselves!? I wanted to immediately get critical of you, thinking, how old is this girl? Where does she get her money to pay for what she needs!? What is her class background and how has it affected her viewpoints? I didn't want to get critical as I read it, and I believe a little bit of rewording on your part wouldn't have made me go there. Because really, is that where we should be being critical of each other and judging everyone's decisions?

I don't think the issue is black and white—like either be a corporate sell out or live in a moldy basement and dumpster the rest of your life. Both are incredibly problematic.

I would hope to see a follow up article from you on some awesome and inspiring solutions for how punks can support themselves. How can we get older and really live sustainable lives? How can we create a thriving punk "economy" (money ideally only being a small part of that economy) where we all feel nourished and like we can actually live like this when we are 60 and not get burned out. How can artists make part of their living by selling their art to people that love it and stay out of the main system?
Lets start creating some realistic solutions to this problem, and then maybe less punks will be selling out to big corporations because they will know they have other options.
—Complexities

I'm not trying to act like the issue is black and white and honestly, after re-reading it I don't think it needs to be better worded. As I said before this is about being anti-corporate and trying to bring up all these questions again because I think people stopped questioning the motives of corporations and started joining in so they could make a buck. I'm not trying to rain on anyone's parade and I'm not trying to act like I have an answer or a solution. I don't. This is an incredibly complex topic and all I'm trying to do is bring up these questions.
—Marissa Magic

Really? If artists can't support themselves through corporate endorsements how are they going to make art!!?? Your argument makes no sense "Complexities." Punk does not owe you a living. If the only way you are able to do a band or make art is by accepting money from corporations, then you are not a punk. Simple. I have no idea why your knickers got in such a twist over this. Marissa clearly states that this is what she is talking about. I would suggest a closer read of her column for clarification.
—Layla

Crazy. This guest column is like some sort of mirror where people see their unrequited punk dreams and their resentment of the revolution they waited around for that never happened. When you buy, buy local, try to buy (products and services) from punks and when they don't deliver let people know and buy from someone else. Fuck bands sponsored by car companies and magazines that make rape jokes... and the "punks" who support them.
—Mariam

Re: Marissa Magic's guest Column in Issue #331 "Money is fake/Money is stupid/What we do is secret?/What we want is free?"
Why is it better to be indie capitalist vs. corporate capitalist? Neither is the answer. Just another divide and conquer tactic? Both have issues. Both have "strengths". Both are tied to money and the monetary system, which is inherently corrupting/problematic. Profit motive requires inefficiency, scarcity to get ahead. Perhaps whatever enables us to begin something new, the resource-based economy is better in the interim?
—Zeitgeisty

It's true. A capitalist system is a capitalist system, whether indie or underground. However, I like to think that indie capitalism is a little bit more on the creating, nurturing and keeping money within the community side rather than financing one or two fat-cats at the top. I realize this idea is a bit naive and that indie capitalism is just as capable of screwing people over, but at the same time because indie capitalism works on a smaller scale there is more accountability there – so though it could screw people over, hopefully it's less likely to because of that accountability.

What I was trying to point out with my column more than anything is that it seems like people don't question where or why their money is going to this or that or where or why their money came from this or that.

I was reading something the other day that made an off-handed reference to the "post sell-out" society we live in now—while I don't agree with "they're a sell-out, fuck them!" finger-pointing I do think that the lack of "what were your motives for accepting/spending that money" questioning is kind of lazy.
—Marissa Magic

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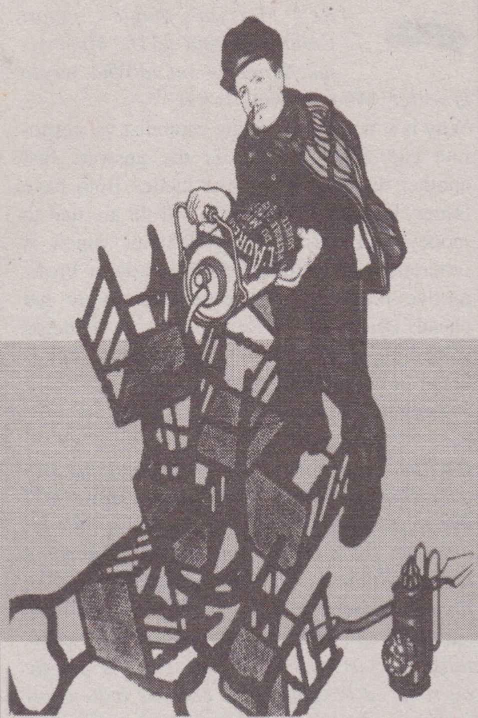

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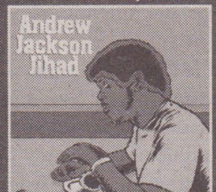

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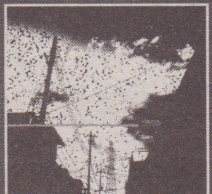

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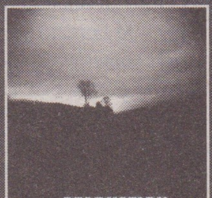

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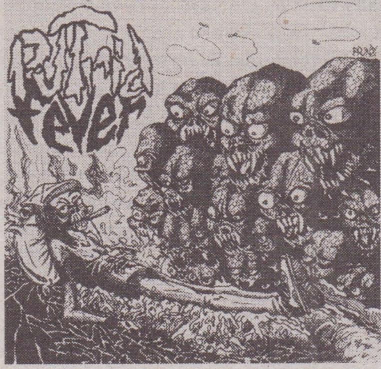

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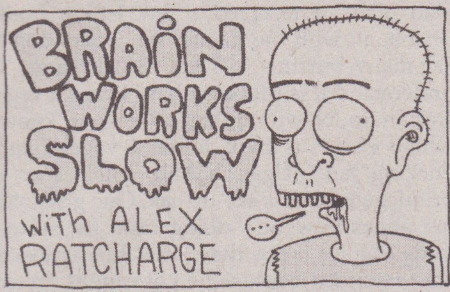


THE POLITICS OF ANUS.

"We played in France once, yeah. Maybe Lyon I believe? It was fucking ridiculous. I was very drunk and high and I was calling every French man a faggot. Why? Cuz it's funny, and cuz people were getting pissed off about it. The second I walked in, I asked (in English) some skinhead types where the fucking bathroom was, and they told me to "speak French" so I replied, "Why should I speak French, I'm not gay?" They were not pleased. From then on, all downhill. Hahaha. The place seemed very serious about their politics, also, and we are definitely NOT, if you know what I mean. Anyways, we played our excellent sloppy 10-15 minute set, some got into it, some hated our guts, and then someone saved me from people who wanted to kill my ass. Very stupid, very fun. At some point I was also snorting some weird speed-ecstasy stuff and making out with some cute girl in a closet or something. At least I hope it was a girl, I don't really remember..." (Alessandro from Out With A Bang, interviewed about their gig in Lyon, France, in January 2007)

"André Breton once said that the ultimate Surrealist act would be to fire a gun randomly into a crowd; at the first Feederz gig, in the late '70s, Frank Discussion fired a gun loaded with blanks into the crowd."

Drummer's a tall naive-looking guy with an afro haircut. Bassist is a small girl looking all freaked out and confused, like she's coming down off acid in a foreign country but doesn't know it. Guitarist looks like some typical Italian tourist, proud of himself at all times, wearing some dumb furry orange winter hat, smiling a confident smile while looking around, checking out the place as rest of the band is unloading the van. It's winter, and winter in Lyon doesn't fuck around—it's cold, and L'Insoleuse is a huge squat, an old printing factory with huge rooms and no heater, so the coldness is here to stay. Guitarist says hi, followed by some funny-looking drunk dwarf with a cowboy hat—wait, OK, he ain't no dwarf but he sure as hell is as small as he is un-cute. He already looks all fucked up, and for some reason the annoying local skinheads already seem to hate his guts. I already like this guy.

Sometimes you just know something is gonna happen. Why? Fuck if I know, it's in the air, that's all. I knew about the band from reading an interview in which their singer Alessandro, lovingly nicknamed Anus, talked more shit in four pages than most people do in a lifetime, brutally making fun of punk, punks, life, Italy, America, drugs, hipsters, the interviewer, *MRR*, himself, girls, guys, their label, everything, fucking shit up on paper like some written version of the bastard son of GG Allin and Eric Cartman filtered through L.A. '81, god, what bullshit am I on about? I just want to say that when a written interview of a band you've never heard of catches you in such a way, chances are you've got to deal with something that's one of a kind, you know? Rumors had it that their first record, a one-sided 12" titled *I'm Against It!*, with a cover that featured the best drawing since that Destrucción side of the split with Nailbiter, was already out of print, and the Italian queer-punk label that helped release it wouldn't answer my e-mails about it. Of course I could have ordered it from the singer's label, Proud To Be Idiot, but I had been warned against it by someone who told me that if I sent money to that guy he'd just use it to buy cocaine and I'd never receive the record. So when I looked at the distro table that day and found not two, but only *one* copy left of the record, something weird happened, something that never happened to me before nor after and that I'm slightly ashamed of, so don't tell anyone: my heart started beating unusually fast and I had to make an effort to pretend everything was OK as I was handing nine bucks to the Italian tourist behind the table. Sometimes you just know something is gonna happen.

Today, as I'm typing this, there's a riot in the streets of Lyon. I can see the helicopters when I smoke at my window and the air is filled with teargas. French teenagers are pissed off—the government is trying to push the age of retirement from 60 to 62 years old, which might be a weird concept for American readers, but that's just an excuse anyway, and any excuse is good enough to fuck shit up. The official, peaceful demonstration is mostly made up of teachers, socialists, syndicalists, quiet music and well-written banners with the same old slogans, same old nothing, but hundreds of kids just decided they needed a riot of their own. Shops and cars were destroyed, rocks were thrown, trashcans were burnt, 50 or so people were arrested already. And of course we all know nothing is gonna change, right?

Wrong. If you think the main point of a riot is to convince the government to change its policies, I salute your optimism but please think again. I've been told by many different people that at some point during today's demonstration, something quite surreal happened: while the kids were rioting, destroying shops and fighting the police, the people from the CGT (an old-fashioned, famous French union) were eating sausages and talking like nothing was happening, oblivious to the smell of teargas and the people getting arrested around them. How insensitive can we get? Will people keep watching TV the day bombs start falling on their city? I didn't go out much today, I spent the day writing and I regret it. The main point of a riot is to feel alive.

What happens when Frank Discussion from the Feederz fires a gun loaded with blanks into the crowd at his own band's show? Does it make the audience feel dead, or alive? What do you think? What would you feel? It is no secret that the Feederz were a Situationist-inspired band, from their lyrics to their artwork to the way they envisioned punk and politics. When one reads Raoul Vaneigem's *The Revolution Of Everyday Life*, a mainstay of Situationist philosophy, one understands that boredom was one of the Situationists' main enemies; it is one of the recurring themes of the book, as expressed in its very introduction: "We do not want a world in which the guarantee that we will not die of starvation is bought by accepting the risk of dying of boredom." The point is that boredom, in our postmodern societies, has reached an extreme—it is no longer an "event" (or a non-event for that matter), it is a state of mind, and that state of mind is everywhere. People are no longer impressed by anything, people are so cynical that they don't even know it, people are half-alive, half-dead. We're being fed so much information on a daily basis that it loses all emotional relevance; basically we

cannot relate to anything, so we don't *feel* anything.

Punks, of course, are no exception. A lot of punk gigs are part fashion show, part nightclub, part social gathering, part nothing. We watch the bands, applaud between songs, buy the record, go home, listen to it, file it under good or bad, then do it again the next day. That's why I love illegal gigs in squats, because anything can happen and the feeling that things are, even slightly, dangerous, is usually in the air. But even there, how many bands have I seen going through the motions, playing some copy of a copy of some '80s punk band, with the right lyrics and the right politics, people politely clapping between songs, politely drinking between mundane discussions? Is it because I've attended so many of these boring gigs that I knew things were gonna be different as soon as I saw the little Italian guy enter L'Insoleuse Squat that day?

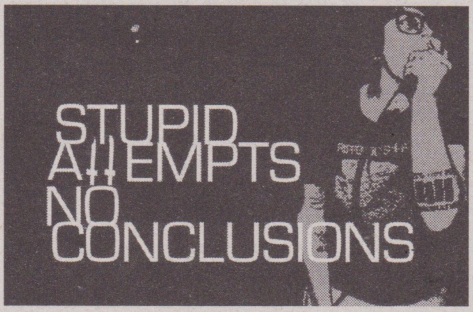
Out With A Bang were still soundchecking when Alessandro started throwing his microphone into the audience. Obviously wasted out of his mind, he was making fun of the crowd, imitating the way French people talk, walking around looking like a complete jerk; to make sure he wasn't some kind of tough guy I went and gave him a hug before they started playing—he just stood there, didn't push me back or anything. When the band started playing it felt like an explosion—they were raw, fucked up, and incredibly intense, one of the best hardcore sets I've ever seen, giving all the boring '80s retro rehash hardcore bands a run for their money. People started pogoing, and Anus was being his drunk self, provoking the French skinheads who wanted to kick his ass while singing songs about hard drugs, violence, sex, and hating the guts of his dead dad. Of course we've all seen bands trying too hard to come across as don't-give-a-fuck nihilistic cunts, especially in the last few years—these bands are usually boring as fuck, they sound fake, uninspiring at best, and you just want to slap them right in their middle class white suburban cute faces.

Real human beings are a rarity, these days. By "real" I mean people being honest about who they are, not acting but just expressing the shit that's in their mind, not going through the motions, not trying to please or piss off anyone in particular, not being robots but just plain people made of blood, flesh, guts, love, hate, and endless contradictions. Punk shouldn't be an act, it should be about expressing your true self, but that is too much to ask for on most days, it seems. OWAB and Anus were exactly that, true people being their true selves, not giving a fuck what anyone thought, living the kind of chaos so many of us just dream about. Sure you can get annoyed by the use of the word "faggot" every second word—I don't think it's clever to use it to diss people, but then again, if you're looking for cleverness why would you come to an OWAB show? And why would Vida Loca Records, a self-proclaimed feminist, queer-punk label, help release the record? Like in all bands Anus has played in there was a dark sense of humor to OWAB's lyrics and attitude, something *South Park* fans would easily understand for instance; coupled with a palpable sense of excitement and killer tunes, it made for one of the most important band of the past decade. On that day they played no more than fifteen minutes, but that was enough for something insane to happen: whether you loved it or hated it, it made you feel alive.

That gig happened almost four years ago, and it is still one of the best gigs of my life. We still discuss it on a monthly, perhaps weekly basis. I'm pretty sure Anus would laugh at us for being intellectual PC French political faggot punks, but that's OK, because once you put your music out there it doesn't exactly belong to you anymore, it is the property of whoever cares. On the walls of L'Insoleuse Squat one of the graffiti reads "Il n'y aura pas de retour à la normale," which roughly translates to "Things will never be normal again". I think about the meaning of it, sometimes, and I end up smiling at the fact that some oblivious drunk Italian freak named Anus has given more meaning to that sentence in one night than most political books ever did.

Endnotes.

1. The opening quote to that column is from an interview to be published in a French fanzine called *Sex Before Suicide*; the second quote is taken from *Game Of The Arseholes* # 6. Thanks Raf, thanks Stuart.
2. Listen to the Grabbies, Flying Trichecos, and Folded Shirt. Destroy what needs to be destroyed.
3. Alessandro, if you read this: I know the girl you were making out with that night, and I'm happy to report that despite her having short hair she was, indeed, not a boy. Please come back to play in Lyon and get in touch with me, I wanna write your biography.
4. A video of the whole night can be seen on Youtube, just type "Insoleuse Gig Party January 20th 2007". Remember that videos lie; I don't.
5. Don't send me e-mails, I'm too busy thinking about thinking. If you have to anyway, do it at alex.simon82@yahoo.fr



"Let go of the shame and guilt / Feminists get beat up too / Do it now before you end up dead / When we shut up / We get shut out / Never again" ("Our Choice" by Wombraider)

This column discusses non-consensual handjobs. I didn't write a column last month, I was busy moving but also embarrassed. For one, I got a lot of paper letters in response to my recent post-tour column. Did you read that one? It was like, "I toured! I saw these cool bands! I am back in Newfoundland and can't eat burritos, blah blah blah!" I received a few letters from prison, all with the themes of: "I also don't eat many burritos," "I am in jail," and "I understand it is probably hard being a vegetarian in Newfoundland. Do you know where else it is hard to be a vegetarian? Fucking jail." Uggghhhhhh, total "I'm a privileged dick" wake-up call. One guy told me about how he's doing time for scamming Staples (been there) and his sentence was extended because he got caught doing homemade tattoos (done that). I'm not in jail! Well, a little bit, in my mind, sometimes. You know, metaphorically. Totally not the same.

I was also a bit embarrassed because it was my birthday month. I just turned 27 at the end of November, and a bummer about my recent birthdays is that I was sexually assaulted right around my 25th birthday, so it's hard not to associate one thing with another. I can't remember if it was right before or right after, which is unusual for me, I'm a timeline nerd. I can usually remember everything. I can remember a lot of that fall in lucid detail: hot Brooklyn in early September, four-week Euro punk tour, hanging out in Lyon with Alex Simon, Barcelona, that rideshare to Paris, joining the indie pop tour, Paris, Paris, wine, crepes, museums, the rented van, Bordeaux, Lyon, back to Paris, Paris, Berlin, Berlin. Everything is so clear. Before I quit that tour, I had sex with the mandolin player in the kitchen of an apartment we stayed at in Berlin, that ruled, I checked in, it ruled for him too. I slept about an hour, I took some subways, I flew to Dublin, I took a bus into the city, I met Al in Temple Bar and ate Brie and chutney sandwiches, I stayed with my friends in North Dublin. They had a new kitten. The weather was cold. I relaxed and read a lot of comics. It gets fuzzy from there. The houseguest from Greece cooked me dinner on my birthday, vegetable stew. Sean gave me a mixtape, my only birthday gift that year but a good one. Some time that week I saw Never Healed in a bar and accidentally got way too drunk on Bulgarian whiskey and puked a lot. I didn't know my limits anymore. Some time around that time, I went to a shitty hipster pub, the George Bernard Shaw. Did I read *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* before or after that? Was it a coincidence or a result? Anyway, the protagonist has some "immoral" sex and then imagines hell; there's a lot of

descriptions of hell, I think 30 pages on hell. I went to a party and slept over at a friend-of-a-friend's. I'd existed in punk-utopia-respectful-platonic-bed-sharing-land for so long and didn't realize I'd left it. I realized a bit, maybe. I sensed it. I expressed myself: "I totally don't want to make out or anything." I really don't think I could have been more clear, except when I just, like, took it. There were no knives or punching or actual physical restraint, just cold, wet exhaustion and laying there. Was I 25? Was I turning 25? I felt 2. I felt 9. I was a high school character in a teen drama being coerced by an older boy. But I was actually a grown-up lady dissociating because some shitty Irish dweeb, likely younger than me, misinterpreted "Nah" as "It's cool, just wait until I'm almost asleep."

My embarrassment about mentioning this reminds me of a situation one of my best Newfoundland friends had recently. She goes to college, and I don't really know what the fuck societies or mixers are, but I know she studies English and is especially stoked because as her courses become increasingly theory-based, that theory is heavily feminist. Anyway, for some reason I don't get, a framed picture of her was put up on the wall of her department. The shitty thing about the picture was that it was taken from her Facebook and was from basically the lowest point of her struggle with having an eating disorder. So, she was a little bummed on the picture choice. I was like, "Fuck that, tell them to change it," but she was a little embarrassed, even though her academic peers are oppression-informed and feminist-sensitive intellectuals.

On paper, discussing the issue, it's easy: "our society favors a certain body type and female-identified individuals are raised to try to fit into this type and often develop a mental illness causing them to reduce their caloric intake to a unhealthily low rate," but when you discuss it about yourself, it's easy to see it awkwardly, like "even though I'm feminist-identified, I'm so shallow that I starved myself, literally and dangerously, to be prettier." And with me, I could write an essay or some lyrics on the topic that childhood sexual abuse causes lifelong psychological trauma, but when it comes down to it, I just feel like a big fucking baby and probably a hypocrite because I had just done a month-long tour with my old band Margaret Thrasher, you know, blah blah blah personal feminist empowering lyrics, and then basically spaced out and let some little dickhead spend a night with his hand all up in my pussy that I can discuss in general terms but can't really think about, I mean, really, really think about, even two years later, because I am way too busy in my life to have a panic attack right now.

I work with teenage girls sometimes. Teenage? Fuck, I have worked with really little girls, a seven-year-old who thrived off of sexual attention and who would wake up sobbing and make reference to shitty situations, and her tiny nine-year-old sister who would limit her daily food intake to some boiled egg whites and a pack of Mr. Noodles after misinterpreting her really tall mom's constant boast that "size seven is the perfect size" and got really, really upset when she had a growth spurt and we had to buy her kids size eight jeans from Wal-Mart. It's really heavy to hear about that shit, isn't it? Fucking kids, fuck. It's heartbreaking shit to deal with and counseling is sparse and the system is inconsistent and it's just a matter of time before they become us, struggling and embarrassed in our twenties with a cognitive understanding of what is going on, but being bummed that it still haunts us, because this isn't what they imagined nearing thirty to be like at fucking all.

***

I am not all bummer all the time, turning 27 was pretty cool, I have an 18-year-old friend who let me have a show in his dad's shed, my friends' bands all played, the furnace wouldn't turn on, it was so cold and so fun. Last month, my response to getting sexually harassed was grabbing some dude's beer out of his hand and throwing it on the ground. Some young hardcore boys here asked me to sing for their new band, I told them the name Meat Stick made me feel weird and they agreed to change it. Send me dubbed tapes of your new favorite feminist-theory-based negative hardcore bands: Juls Generic / 46b Hayward Ave. / St. John's, NL / Canada A1C 3W5

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

Adelaide, Australia punk band BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS imploded during the release period of their self-titled 7" on bassist Lewis's label No Patience. Eight songs of mongoloid hardcore in the vein of H100s or FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES. They provoke conflict with people across Australia, either through their idiotic name, their openly hostile lyrics, or their strange personal habits, and have existed as a band together through three separate incarnations which continue to implode and disband in very short time: SNAKE RUN and HOMOSEXUAL TOURISTS are their previous efforts. This is easily their most consistent release, and one of the best hardcore records I have heard this year.

The reissue of CRISIS's *Hymns Of Faith* may be referenced in every column this issue. It has to be one of the most anticipated records I have heard this year. Prior to getting this, I had only heard the rough demos that exist on the bootleg 7" compilation LP released a couple of years ago. The haunting UK punk of tracks like "Laughing" had considerably more weight than any other UK punk I'd heard to that point, and I held them in shared esteem with songs like "Novelty" by JOY DIVISION. There was something more to CRISIS: there was a greater depth of disappointment, a greater sense of loss, a greater agony at the stupidities of their time. JOY DIVISION was lyrically directed at personal acquaintances, whereas CRISIS targeted an entire population with the heartbreak of a youthful involvement with extreme left-wing idealism. Commies. Their development into DEATH IN JUNE will be well documented the upcoming book to be republished by the same label that released this record, La Vida Es Un Mus, and hopefully imminently. CRISIS represent an echelon of UK punk history with such effective understanding that they share company with shit like SWELL MAPS or SEX PISTOLS in their impact on my life. And speaking of DEATH IN JUNE, I have heard his new record *Peaceful Snow* only once thus far, and it is not as immediate as anything previous: long, solemn, sparse compositions of piano and vocals/effects. More on that soon?

Also of interest this issue is the compilation LP of Mexican and Peruvian hardcore and punk music called *Brutales Matanzas*. At the time I write this, the record is out of print, but I have no doubt this will be rectified by the time this sees print as it will be highly esteemed by everyone that hears it. I knew nothing about most bands on the compilation, as there were no liner notes or explanations (which will hopefully be added to a repress of the record), so I contacted the label and asked them a couple of questions for the benefit of the *MRR* reading audience: "The cover is the front page of an old *Alarma!* issue that displays three Mexican murderers from the '80s. *Brutales Matanzas* means Brutal Killings. The back cover is an Inca mummy. Most of the bands are friends of us, who live in other cities of México. I used to play with INSERVIBLES, Yecatl still does; back in 2008 we used to play gigs in a city near Mexico City called Puebla with LOS NASSIS and KILLER CASSETTES, local bands. We played a couple of times in Monterrey with LOS MARGARITOS and RATAS DEL VATICANO, and like almost two years ago we toured with RATAS. And, well, LOS MONJO are some really cool guys from Guadalajara who have played here a couple of times. So one day like a year ago, Fernando, Yecatl, and I decided to start a record label. We looked for more good bands to add to the comp, we wanted to make it a third world punk compilation so we found these awesome Peruvian bands: TRES AL HILO, MORBO, and MASTURBATOR. I learned about CRIMEN searching at m****** *(my edit- DX)*, and soon we found out they had played in other great bands. The comp is

now sold out and we're releasing more records soon." Most of the recordings on this are raw and creepy, and the entire record succeeds as a compilation in the way that few have managed before: I'm thinking of *Cleanse The Bacteria* or *American Youth Report* as close reference points.

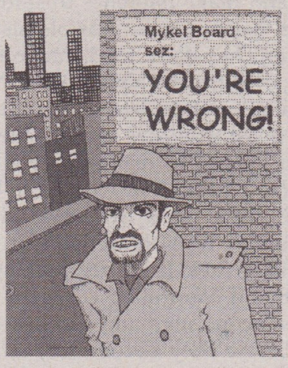
I know very little about Belgian band VOGUE, but their new LP *Pomp Shit* (Hardware) is as sick as the better bands in the Belgian hardcore renaissance of five years back, specifically the glories of DEAD STOP and LOUD AND CLEAR (JUSTICE get no credit here). VOGUE is heavy, spiteful hardcore, well learned in the driving force of bands like CRO-MAGS, with an exaggerated malice that suggests an equal time spent with AGENT ORANGE or other such hateful hardcore bands. When the day is young and there is promise of a great deal of exposure to the horrific stench of prolonged contact with the general public, there is good cause to utilize music like VOGUE as mental preparation. A helpful tonic.

If you have yet to hear Australian band LAKES (Sean Bailey), I'd say anything released in 2010 is worth your attention: the *Foxes Foot* cassette recorded in 2005 saw release on Near Tapes, the *Solar Flecks* released on Sean's own Inverted Crux label, and most recently a cassette called *Live at Sunshine & Grease* (recorded in 2010) released on a new Melbourne tape label called Altered States. This offers a pretty broad introduction to his sound over the last five years, from the NORMAL/ SCREAMERS-influenced early material of 2005 and its dull, repetitive synth punk blarings, developing into the more neo-folk/industrial songs he has been writing in 2010. I have been fortunate to see him play live at almost every step.

The Copenhagen label Posh Isolation has released a couple of items that arrested my attention this past couple of weeks. I have yet to hear the back catalogue, but the few new cassettes and vinyl that I collected at Repo Man Records in Denmark while on tour with STRAIGHTJACKET NATION are all excellent introductions to the post-punk excursions of the K-Town hardcore/punk scene into industrial, noise, drone, and black metal. The drone of HVIDE SEJL's *Dignity* cassette soundtracked the column this month.

Finally, all hail the sick *Cult Of Destruction* LP from 2008 by PERVERSOR (Chile) that has been followed up by a split LP with MORBOSIDAD (Mexico)—this is my favorite of the death metal releases from South America on the Nuclear War Now! label that continue to uncover and discover the most depraved-sounding metal (non-foreigner junk note: the AUTOPSY *Awakened By Gore* DLP).

If you *don't* live in the US, Japan, or Sweden, you are part of the master race and can contact me:
A FOREIGN JUNKIE at PO BOX 239 North Carlton, Victoria 3054 AUSTRALIA DOT COM



Imagine twin clown noses tightly squeezed together. Glowing red, so bright they seem lit from within. Those are my balls. Worse case of jock itch I ever had. *Jock itch*. I hate that term. How about *jungle rot*? *Crotch mildew*? I dunno. I've got so much fungus growing between my legs that every time I take a piss, the air smells like mushroom soup.

I read on the internet that something called "tea tree oil" will fix you right up. It comes from Australia and costs $20 for four ounces. It smells like Eucalyptus… Halls cough drops, Dr. Bronner's… I try it. Hurts like hell.

It makes my balls redder than ever. The itch… the pain has spread to my legs, to the taint. Used to be I couldn't go a minute without thinking about my dick. Now it's my balls that provoke even less noble thoughts.

And we three… my balls and I… are on a plane to Phoenix of all places. But let's zoom out a bit to get some perspective.

I'm glad I already wrote a column in praise of hypocrisy. Here I am… the month after urging my surging fandom to boycott Arizona. Here I am, Mr. *Vivan Los Chicanos*. Here, I am, Mr. *Ethnically Correct*. Sitting on a back porch in Tucson, waiting till Mr. Beef finishes the steak on the backyard barbecue grill. Do I get points that this house belongs to a Mexican-American? That it's in a Mexican neighborhood? That the whole purpose of being here is *Mexico*… not Arizona? I don't think so.

Not by way of excuse, but by way of ego boost, I'll tell you why I'm here.

"Hey Mykel," writes Gilberto, "some of your Mexican fans want to put together a band, learn your songs, and then have you come down and sing with them. You'll tour Mexico with Cojoba (a Puerto Rican band). What do you think?"

What the fuck do you think I think? I'm so there!

"Umm…" he continues, "a couple shows will be in Arizona."

"I'm boycotting Arizona," I tell him.

"You're with Mexicans, Puerto Ricans. It's okay," he says.

I'm convinced.

So the tour will be Sin Arte (the Artless cover band), Cojoba, and La Merma in a reunion tour, plus shows with other groups in other places. It'll last ten days, four shows in Mexico and two in Arizona. Every band will be Mexican or have Mexicans in it… except Cojoba. And *they* are half Puerto Rican, and a quarter each American Negro and Dominican-American. Gilberto will be the tourmeister, pay for the van rental, take care of our *special needs*. He's also invited me to his birthday party… with his family in Agua Prieta.

Juarez is the most dangerous city in Mexico. Numbers two and three are Tijuana and Nogales. My pal Ivan, who lives on the US side near the Nogales border, was awakened one night by the sound of a hand grenade. I will not be going to Juarez. The rest, oh yeah!

I wear my "Greetings To Arizona from Mexico" t-shirt. It shows a sunset behind a cactus… the cactus giving the finger to the gringos across the border.

I wear the boots I gave up because of severe leg pains. I can't tour Mexico wearing Payless sneakers. It's gotta be combat boots. Only ten days, what harm could they do in that time? Yeah, right.

Flash to now: medium shot inside the plane, still on the ground in New York. Me, my red balls, and my combat boots. There are only a few empty seats. One next to me. Pretty good luck, I think.

Then they let on the standby passengers. A 30-something blond wearing a business suit. Her expression so stern and her demeanor so I-Mean-Business that I don't even look at her tits. She sits down, crosses her legs, pointing the top one away from me. Then she begins to dribble snot.

Coughing, sneezing, nose-blowing. By the time the plane takes off there is a Berlin Wall of snotty tissue between me and her. Fuck, just what I need on the way to Mexico, some dorky gringa to make me sick.

When the plane lands in Phoenix, I load up on vitamin C, but it's too late. The cough has already started and there's more to come.

It's three hours in the airport until the others show up: Gilberto, the best thing to come from Mexico since Texas; Pamela, a cute little Chicana who's got more balls than most guys; and Ivan La Merma, a pal and the guy from Nogales who heard the grenade.
They're coming from Spain via Boston.

A recorded voice comes through the airport speakers: "Welcome to America's friendliest airport. The current terror alert level is orange. When you proceed to the gates, please be advised that all liquids must be in containers of no more than three ounces each. They must be placed in clear plastic bottles, sealed in a Ziploc bag, and put separately in a tray. You will be subject to search at any time. Do not accept any gifts from strangers. Do not accept any ride offers from drivers inside the airport. The airport is equipped with surveillance cameras… Welcome to America's friendliest…"

Inside the airport are empty food concessions. A Starbucks. No. A McDonald's. No. I go to Dick Clark's for some too-expensive food and a beer to take care of my waiting time.

I remember Dick Clark's from a Michael Moore movie. Something about taking welfare mothers away from their babies. I can't recall the details.

When I walk in, there is no one on the floor. A blond bartender is talking with the only customer, somebody commenting on the football game on the TV. I'm trying to get someone to help me, but there is no one. The place looks deserted.

Behind the cash register is a bored-looking white woman—as bland as daytime TV. Blond, mid-40s, completely forgettable. I ask her if I should just take a seat.

"See that sign behind you?" she says, pointing with her thumb.

PLEASE WAIT TO BE SEATED, it says.

Couldn't she just say, "I'll be happy to show you to your seat?" Does she have to be an Arizona equivalent of "Wassamatta, you dumb?"

She's the first of the *Arizona White Girls.* You'll hear more about them. One of 'em was elected governor. They are serious. They are nasty. I do not like them.

"Can I get you something to drink while you're waiting?" she asks when she shows me to my seat. I'm the only customer and it's 7 p.m. Maybe the boycott's working.

"I'll have a Sam Adams," I tell her.

"Can I see your I.D.?" she says.

I'm 70 fuckin' years old, pretty bald, with gray chin hair. I can only guess she wants to check my ID to make sure I'm not an illegal Mexican.

I show her my driver's license. She nods and leaves.

The beer is okay. The food is awful. Before long Gilberto, Ivan, and Pamela arrive at the airport. I meet them at the baggage collection area. Gilberto and I go from there to the car rental office. He hands his debit card to the woman behind the counter.

"Sorry," she says. She's a white girl with a scrubbed face and an "I'm gonna grow up to be Sarah Palin" smile.

"I see this is a one way rental," she says, staring at Gilberto's "DON'T WORRY GRINGO, I'M LEGAL" t-shirt. "We can't rent one way to... I mean on... debit cards. Only real credit cards."

"What do you mean..." starts Gilberto.

I kick him subtly.

"No problem," I say. "We'll bring it back here."

He looks at me with wrinkled brow. I flash a wink, then rub my eye like it's got something in it. The white girl takes the debit card.

As we walk to the parking lot and the seven-person van, Gilberto speaks.

"You mean, all you have to do is lie?" he asks.

I nod... Then cough... uh-oh!

"You tell 'em what they want to hear," I say. "It's like speaking to the cops. 'Yes officer. I realize I shouldn't have run that red light. My mother is in the hospital I was just trying to reach her before she sucks in her last breath of air. I panicked, but it was wrong and I know it. I'm sorry.' Just tell 'em what they want to hear. They don't care about truth anymore than your girlfriend does when she asks 'How do I look?'"

I don't know what happens to Ivan and Pamela. I guess they take *her* car. It's only Gilberto and me who drive the two hours to Tucson.

"This is the only Mexican neighborhood I know that's right downtown," says Gilberto.

"I wonder why?" I ask. "Don't they have any pretentious white artists to move in and kick out the Mexicans? In any case, we'd better lock the car doors and turn on the alarm when we get out."

He knows me well enough to laugh. Others in the neighborhood, it will turn out, do not.

When we arrive, Güera meets us at the door. She looks like your typical Arizonan. Blonde, light skin, cute in a tough-looking country way. Weird that she lives in this Mexican neighborhood.

"Hi," says I.

"*Hola*," says she. She Mexican.

Also at the door is Mona. Mona doesn't bother with the formalities. She's all over me. Passionately kissing me, right from the start. Just on me like a dog in heat. In fact, she *is* a dog in heat. And she's shedding like a rattlesnake in the sun.

Then comes a rumble, a shake. Do they have earthquakes in Arizona? No. It's just the train passing. Right outside the front door. So *that's* why the Mexican neighborhood is right downtown. It's next to the tracks!

On Güera's back porch is Ivan, and this huge white guy with jet black hair, combed Elvis-style... Presley not Costello.

Ivan and I hug. The huge guy is broiling some meat on a tiny barbecue. Smells good.

"I'm Beef," says the huge guy, shaking my hand.

I don't get it, but figure it must be Mexican-Arizona dialect that means "I'm cooking beef."

"I'm hungry." I say. "All I ate today was Dick... Clark."

Then I cough some more—God's punishment for breaking my boycott Arizona pledge. The bitch goddess pays me back for my hypocrisy. After three hours next to the sick blonde on the plane, I've suddenly got a cough—and I'm starting to drip snot myself. Are my glands swollen or am I happy to see you?

Beef takes the beef from the grill, carrying the hot meat in the aluminum foil it was cooked in. He does not offer it to me, but takes it past all of us into the kitchen. There, he delicately cuts the pieces, seasons them, rolls them into soft flour tortillas, and hands them to us: me, Güera, Ivan, and Gilberto.

"Here you are," he says with more than a touch of modesty. "I really hope you like them."

They're delicious. Such a big guy, but such a good cook, and so delicate with the spices. Such a meek and modest guy.

The next time I see him, he'll be pouring a drink over a white girl's head. He becomes one of two white guys I like on this trip.

Cojoba shows up: Taina, the singer and personality of the band, and Javier, boyfriend of Taina, guitar player and Hell's Angeles wannabe (long hair and a head-scarf). They're both GG Allin fans. Then there's semen-inducing Moe, bass player and Dominican-American, and Ray, the black drummer born in the USA. It's his first time on tour.

Those guys brought their sleeping bags. Me? I sleep on a mattress on the floor, covered with dog hair. Soon, I'm also covered with dog.

My cough gets worse during the night. And we have to leave tomorrow and drive all night to reach the show in Tijuana.

(By the way, the U.S. government has issued a traveler's advisory against visiting Tijuana.)

It's the only Mexican show Sin Arte is not scheduled to play, and we have to drive sixteen hours to get there. But that's grist for the next column.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

>*You missed it dept.:* I've been sick as a Chihuahua since I've been back in New York. I go to Mexico, two days after my return, go to some dumb sports bar in New York... eat bad nachos and get the shits. Go figure

That, plus the cough and several other diseases begun on the plane to Arizona, persist in New York. Despite this, I drove to Philadelphia with the multitalented performance artist Sid Yiddish and the punk rock Trinidadian Randy Ali. I don't want to spoil it for you, but think Shlomo Carlebach meets Gypsy Rose Lee. The audience was small, but the reaction sure as fuck wasn't. See Sid when he comes in your town.

>There goes that "e-books save trees" argument: Citizens of the Dutch city Alphen aan den Rijn commissioned a study of the effects of Wi-Fi on trees. They found that all deciduous trees in the western world are effected by radiation from mobile phone networks and wireless LANs.

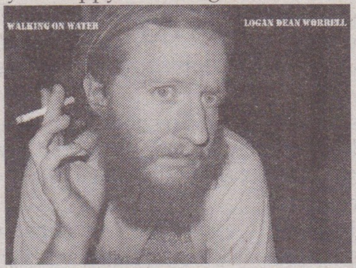
Over seventy percent of trees in urban areas in the Netherlands are afflicted by Wi-Fi sickness They show significant variations in growth, with bleeding and fissures in their bark. That's compared with just ten percent showing these symptoms five years ago.

>*Basketball? That's what they do, isn't it? dept.:*

President Obama needed twelve stitches on his upper lip after he was accidentally hit while playing basketball with friends and family at Fort McNair in Washington, D.C. The president was playing defense when Rey Decerega, an opposing player, turned into him to take a shot. His elbow hit Obama in the mouth. The president was given a local anesthetic for the procedure.

>*Milestone dept.:* On Saturday, Nov. 27, the US was in Afghanistan a day longer than the Soviet Union was in the same place. What's more, the U.S. announced during the NATO summit that it intends to spend at least four more years, and possibly longer. Even then, many Afghans—perhaps even the president installed by the U.S. invasion—appear to doubt that the Americans will succeed where their Cold War enemy failed.

>*Wadda surprise dept.: New York Magazine* reports "study after study shows that having kids makes people less happy." Is that a surprise? Spending time and income on a drooling ball of wrinkled skin is supposed to make you happy? Yeah right.



Welcome back to the second and final installment of Logan Dean Worrell's guide to DIY touring. Clearly y'all have been eagerly awaiting the second part of this epic guide to the motherfucking road. The wait is over. Get out your trusty little *Slingshot* organizers and prepare to take loads of notes. Trust me. This is the best goddamn thing that will ever happen to you. It's gonna help the world. Mark it, this is the day that Logan Dean Worrell saved the motherfucking universe.

Partying

Of course you wanna party all the time. It's great. Having social drinks with old friends, having social drinks with new friends, doing cocaine in a sketchy bathroom at the Viper Room with seventeen-year-old girls. Important shit. You have to be sure to run the whole gamut—don't just dabble, get into it. Tour is about experiencing life, after all. Stir shit up a little bit. If you don't drink much, drink a shit-ton. If drugs aren't really your thing, well then by god take a whole lot of drugs. However, it is important to know your limits, and if for some reason you decided to push those limits, that's your right as well. Try some new things. Have some fun. Get loose. Remember, you are gonna be staying in some uncomfortable places with some questionable toilets, so you might not wanna puke or be dopesick. Just take my word on this one. It's awkward enough shitting on a toilet that's nothing more then a hole in the ground; I can only imagine that puking in said toilet is even worse. So be careful.

It should also be mentioned that if you are gonna do drugs, you might wanna stick with uppers, or at least if your heart's set on downers, mix 'em with some uppers. People always say not to mix drugs. Those people are cowards. Steer clear of hallucinogens unless you love punishment or are in a nice, safe place. Maybe like a day off in a pool or a camping trip with some solid homies. DO NOT DO HEROIN. Although heroin is the best drug, its not the type to fuck around with while traveling. For one, most dope dealers don't take traveler's checks, nor do they accept shitty distro records from the merch box. Second, if you try to cop in a park or in the Tenderloin (cough, cough) you're gonna get busted. Let me tell ya, you don't want a drug charge on your record. Say goodbye to Canada and the UK if you got one of those. Third, no one wants to hang out with a junkie, and they for sure don't wanna bang a junkie. I mean everybody kinda wants to, but unless "Sid's" cock has popsicle sticks keeping it at attention, shit probably ain't gonna happen. For sure, when you get home by all means chase the white dragon, but it's better to save that for a rainy day when your old lady breaks up with you and you are looking for a new way show her how much you love her/ hate yourself/ can't live without her.

Performing

What can be said about this important piece of the game? Basically, this is why you are here. Don't make a total ass out of yourself in front of a room full of strangers. It's not cute to not know how to play your instruments; it's actually the worst thing ever. Have a little pride and practice a shit-ton before the big kick-off gig. People didn't pay five bucks so you can fuck around looking like total dickheads. Have some self-respect for Chrissakes. Do a jump maybe. Look cool at the very least. Do your hair, even if that means not doing your hair. Spit on people. I don't know, shit, give me a show. Wow me. Think about the good old days, the Maiden days. Bruce Dickinson is a goddamn showman. Kill it. No matter where it is. Birmingham, Alabama, or New York City. Bruce doesn't give a pickled fuck. That's why you'll pay 35 bucks to see Motorhead, because let me tell, you will be getting 35 bucks worth of entertainment. Right, right, right, this whole punk thing isn't about being a spectacle, it's about interaction. Well, trip out on this: if you no-talent hacks could keep a beat and maybe even a solid rhythm to dance to, I gather people might actually give shit. That's entertainment, baby. That's what puts asses in seats. Do some stretches, stay nice and hydrated, and for god's sakes tune. When you're in Oklahoma City, and only six kids shows up, and the room is huge and you don't wanna be there, suck it up. Turn up loud and get after it. Those six people deserve your A-game. One more thing: please don't change instruments between songs. Chances are they can't play drums either. Plus, you will look like a total asshole.

Health

Partying all the time can really take its toll on your body. Why not make the extra effort to take care of it? For god's sakes, we only get one. Don't eat like total shit. You are probably gonna get fed. What I mean to say is that you are gonna get fed lots of pasta and red sauce. That's great and all, but you gotta get some veggies in there too. Must make sure to keep regular. Eat a little raw spinach every so often. This will make ya able to set a watch by your bowel movements. Example: I know that Matt always shits around 11am. Clockwork. Your immune system is a very complicated thing. I'm not even gonna begin to try to explain the delicate intricacies behind it, but for sure it's some real magic. Don't be a total shithead, Emergen-C packets are fucking stupid. They taste fucking terrible and smell like bad speed. Right? Chances are they won't do shit, and you'll probably end up getting sick quicker. Actually, maybe you should just take 'em, that way you can go ahead and get sick, maybe die. That way I won't have to see your shitty band. (That was cruel. I don't mean it.)

Why not just fuck your immune system early, like from birth, and make it tough Sherman Tank-style? Share beers with everybody, eat food off the floor, pick your nose, never wash your hands. Boom, tuff. Drink lots of water. Not fucking Gatorade, goddamn water. It's good for you, plus it makes your pee smell better. So yeah, drink it. If you are one of those namby-pamby pricks who uses "playing clothes", make sure you dry them before you wear 'em again. A) It's gross if you don't. B) It's gotta be bad for you. However, this is far from a bad idea. Just make sure you wear one of your cooler, more rare Tragedy shirts. Use condoms. I know she be looking all good. I know you wanna be together forever, but hey, she's digging in the bone yard just like you. Don't be an idiot. Of course it feels better, just the same, put a little diamond-studded raincoat on tiny Elvis. One night of passion ain't worth a lifetime of awkward conversations you're gonna have to have if you catch something. I ain't talking about "the clap;" they got pills for that now. Stay away from hookers if at all possible. Even on mushrooms in the red light district. Not worth it. Just wait 'til you get home and call that lady from around the way. A little for the ladies: if some asshole comes through and doesn't wanna wrap it up, send him on his way. We are all pieces of shit. Do not trust us.

Interpersonal Relationships

Whoa. This is a big one. Possibly the most important one of them all. How to get along with tour mates. Truth be told, I'm not

really sure. I've rarely been able to do such a thing. I got a few theories, and I'd like to take some time to share them with all you readers out there. A band is basically four boyfriends or girlfriends you fucking hate. It's the most dysfunctional relationship one can ever be in. These people can make you laugh, cry, freak out, fight, and spit. They can make you happier then you ever thought imaginable and at the same time make you madder than fuck. You will all talk shit about each other to anyone who will listen, yet somehow, at the end of the night, sleep side by side on the same dirty floor of the same dirty punk house and be dead to the world like always. They're your best friends, your family. Love 'em and treat 'em right and, more times than not, they'll treat you right in return. Sometimes you'll still get fucked over, but friendship means taking the bad with the good. Try to be honest with everybody. If you've got a problem, get it out right then and there. Don't bottle it up giving it time to fester and eventually explode. Bon Jovi had a very innovative idea in regards to band drama: keep it in the van. Only talk about it with people involved and don't mention it to outsiders. It's actually not a bad idea. No one gets mad for having shit talked on 'em and the communication lines stay open. Passive aggression has killed more bands then Jade Tree. Don't be a wimp. Grow a pair and tell homeboy/homegirl to fuck off. It won't kill ya. Chances are the turd in question will even respect you more for not talking shit behind his back.

Another really important element of band interpersonal relationships is backing up off everyone's nuts. Give some space, man. If you all ain't gots to stay at the same place, split it up a little. Who in their right mind wants to see the same five ugly, smelly fuckers everyday for a month? That's just crazy. Maybe half y'all go eat at the shitty over-priced vegan spot and the rest go to Popeye's. Not a bad deal. Everyone's happy and you don't have to smell Timmy's farts. It's a win-win.

Now you are ready to hit the motherfucking road. Pretty sure I covered it all. Please don't feel free to write me and let me know what I left out. Remember this is "D.I.M.W." Get out there and make some bad decisions. Shove weird things up your butt and make me proud. Oh snap, one more thing: if you can't eat it, don't bring it.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

I WANNA DESTROY YOU!

The title of this issue's column comes from a great song by the SOFT BOYS from 1980. It's off their *Underwater Moonlight* album and one of my all-time favorites. That's a term I sometimes bandy about a little more than I should, but in this song's case it's the truth. It's so goddamned *charming*, the sweet harmonies of the refrain drawing you in with knockout pop hooks created by an inescapable, stinging melody—but then you realize what you're singing. The SOFT BOYS drew on mainly '60s pop and psych influences and added a nasty punk kick to some of their songs. With this song, there's a nasty lyrical kick ruminating on the sadness of ““man's inhumanity to man,”” as my old record store compatriot Peter Antonelli put it. Peter had a friendly manner, but when you'd ask him how he was he would usually say, ““Adequate, thank you. Adequate,”” and he'd often make references about ““man's inhumanity to man.”” Working with Peter was a joy, though—he had impeccable, wide-ranging musical taste and would play meticulously sequenced mix-tapes from different genres and eras. He got me into plenty of '60s garage, early Krautrock, and other tasty musical obscurities. I owe the man a debt of gratitude and have often expressed it to him in our infrequent correspondence. I'm pretty sure Peter was a SOFT BOYS fan, too, and this song fits his personality to a tee: masking the outrage with a fairly upbeat disposition.

I thought about ““I Wanna Destroy You”” when reading the newspaper and getting dispirited enough that I had to go to the sports section. At least the Patriots and Celtics are winning, so that provides a respite from insane Republicans trying, once again, to block people's unemployment benefits while giving tax breaks to the wealthiest two percent. Maybe they'll come to their senses before this sees print, but I'm not holding my breath. We've been down this road before. I don't have to keep reiterating the same points month after month. Well, maybe I do, because if it wasn't for this outlet—to say nothing of the emotional balm that song and a lot of other music that I love provides—who knows what I'd be doing to cope.

Back to ““I Wanna Destroy You””. After that intro there's the first verse: ““I feel it coming on again / Just like it did before / They feed your pride with boredom / And they lead you on to war / The way you treat each other really makes me feel ill / 'Cause if you want to fight then you're just dying to get killed.”” Man's inhumanity to man, indeed—people being easily led like sheep, which vocalist Robyn Hitchcock comments about in the next verse: ““A pox upon the media and everything you read / They tell you your opinions and they're very good indeed...”” Why does that couplet make me think of Fox News? I suppose it could apply to any number of media outlets, but Fox, by spreading willful ignorance, are the clear ““leaders”” of this ignominious pack of media jackals. Forgive the pretentious prose—and that's not nearly as great a turn of words as former VP Spiro Agnew's dismissal of the media as the ““nattering nabobs of negativism””. He said that before he had to quit in disgrace after pleading ““no contest”” to charges of tax fraud while he was the governor of Maryland. He was replaced by Nelson Rockefeller, the type of moderate Republican who would be cast out of the party these days.

Speaking of Nelson, he had a rather interesting demise—he had a heart attack while getting it on with his mistress, Megan Marshack. At the time, he was 69 (I'll resist the temptation) and she was 25. Nelson was screwing around on his wife Happy, who had recovered from breast cancer. And Happy was wife #2—she was 18 years younger than Nelson and he dumped his wife of 31 years for her. She also divorced her husband and gave up the custody rights to her four kids to cast her lot with Nelson, whose less-than-exemplary family values likely cost him the '64 Republican nomination that went to Barry Goldwater, the man who said ““extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice.”” Goldwater was something of a social libertarian and took great issue with the fundamentalist, moral ““majority”” types who eventually took over the party. He still voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964. A mixed legacy, to be sure.

That's it for today's history lesson. Anyway, I don't know why I do it—pay any attention to those assholes. On the day I heard about unemployment benefits not being extended, I put on one the local right-wing squawk stations (five local stations have at least some of that kind of programming) for a few minutes, hosted by a hate-filled gasbag named Howie Carr. Howie loves to play the bully, bashing ““illegal aliens”” and gay people and making cracks about people's appearance, often concerning their weight. Considering that Howie has something of a porcine physique himself, maybe he should parse his words a bit. The amount of venom expressed towards people unable to find work was mind-boggling. If you couldn't find a job within two years, there was something wrong with you. What bullshit. I was at a show a few nights ago and had a nice chat with a lady around the same age as me who has been fruitlessly looking for work for two years after being laid off from a job she'd held for 29 years. Howie also opined that a woman getting $331 a week in unemployment money didn't have it so bad. Keep in mind this is a multi-millionaire host who lives in a posh Boston suburb who dishes this swill. You also wonder what the callers would say if the same thing happened to them. I couldn't take it anymore—I put on the iPod. It was time to hear that song again. And sing

along with this part of ““I Wanna Destroy You”” near the end: ““And when I have destroyed you, I'll come picking at your bones / And you won't have a single atom left to call your own.”” I hope these bullying fuckheads *do* get destroyed in every possible way—spiritually, economically, the works. Give 'em a taste of their own medicine. I mean that.

Incidentally, if you thought this song was originally by the CIRCLE JERKS, who included it on their '95 album *Oddities, Abnormalities and Curiosities*, complete with horrendous, shrieking background vocals by Debbie Gibson, now you know the deal. I wanted to pull my hair out the first time I heard that abomination, hoping that Robyn Hitchcock would want to destroy all available copies of that record. Maybe he got some well-deserved royalties off it. Who knows? But I'll give the JERKS a lifetime pass due to their flawless masterpiece *Group Sex*.

MUSIC TO DESTROY WITH

This month, the bulk of the reviews will be about various reissues, anthologies, and the like. Dischord Records have dug into the vaults. The CD *Dag With Shawn* is the original 1985 DAG NASTY demo with Shawn Brown on vocals. Most of this material has circulated over the years, most notably as part of a 7”” box set on Selfless Records. On this disc, there are nine tracks and all but one ended up on *Can I Say*, with Dave Smalley on vocals. Shawn's agitated emanations aren't always well suited for the material—he struggles on ““Circles””, for instance. But the angry, impassioned delivery gives a grittier edge to these well-known compositions. Shawn really came into his own for SWIZ (who don't always get the acclaim they deserve) but these remastered recordings are well-worth hearing.

Meanwhile, GOVERNMENT ISSUE's *Boycott Stabb* has been appended to include an entire side of outtakes. This was the band's 12”” debut, following the *Legless Bull* EP and their appearance on *Flex Your Head*—the *Make An Effort* EP was actually recorded before the album—and it marked Tom Lyle's shift from bass to guitar. Blistering hardcore with a fuller sound and improving musicianship. The version of ““Sheer Terror”” here adds some twisted effects and vocal manipulations, stretching out over three minutes and featuring some blowtorch string bending. I've heard this record so many times over the years, and I assume everyone else has too, and those are the hardest reviews to write since they're so embedded in my consciousness. *Boycott Stabb* doesn't offer any indication of the melodic elements that would eventually emerge, starting with *Joy Ride*, but it's unquestionably a leap from the early recordings. As for the outtakes, most of them are re-recordings of songs off the two EPs and compilation, complete with studio banter that gives insight into the creative process (““I can't do it fast because I just wrote the words””) and Stabb's more mannered vocals that don't always work as well with those tracks. The only previously unheard songs are ““Snubbing””, which would have fit in on the album, and the piss-take ““Georgetown Blues,”” which we should be grateful *wasn't* on the original. Look at the original record as a classic and the bonus songs as something to listen to once in awhile.

GOVERNMENT ISSUE's tenure extended into the late '80s. ARTIFICIAL PEACE's existence, on the other hand, only lasted one year from '81 to '82 before three-fourths of the members moved on to form MARGINAL MAN. Only three songs were ““officially”” released, on *Flex Your Head*, although the other fourteen songs appeared on a 1992 Lost and Found disc that also had MARGINAL MAN's *Double Image* album. But here it is with a fresh remastering, and these guys bang out some credible ““of its time”” hardcore. The three songs that were picked for *Flex* were their most accomplished, especially the guitar intro for their theme song ““Artificial Peace.”” I can live without the cover of ““Wild Thing””, and they weren't really on the level of Minor Threat or Void, but they certainly held their own. Glad to see this get a ““proper”” vinyl release. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007, www.dischord.com)

The debut release from Chris Prorock's More Than A Witness Product label is Connecticut band CIA's *God, Guts, Guns*, with the original 1983 7”” expanded to a full LP with outtakes, earlier demos, rehearsal tracks, and live stuff. Shredding hardcore for the most part, although catchy punk roots are exposed on a song like ““I Hate The Radio.”” That song was later recorded by 76% UNCERTAIN, a band that included most of the members of CIA (a few more outtakes also resurfaced with 76%). CIA actually started out as more or less a traditional punk band but caught the hardcore bug and started playing loud and fast. An all-time classic? No, but this is still above-average hardcore from that bygone era. (3 Webster Place, Newtown, CT 06470, morethanawitnessarchive.blogspot.com)

FRATRICIDE, from Vancouver, were supposed to have had a split 12”” release with Dutch band NEUROOT in the mid-'80s on Pusmort but it only reached the test pressing stage. Some 24 years later their tracks from the split have come out on a release from Schizophrenic and Ugly Pop Records. This fits in well with the crossover sounds of that era, albeit coming from the hardcore side of the aisle. Thrashin' aggro with red-hot metallic riffs and leads and scampering drums. Jonzo (who, in recent years, has been with HONG KONG BLONDE) has a raspy, phlegm-projecting style along the lines of Blaine from the ACCUSED. The faster songs have the same flailing tumult as that band or HERESY. They never lose control—about the time you think it's gong to fly apart and create a hail of iron shards, they shift into pounding mid-tempo mode. Exactly the kind of music Pushead lauded back then, and you'll wonder why it never came out. It's a moot point now. (Schizophrenic, 17 West 4th St., Hamilton, ON, Canada L9C 3M2, www.schizophrenicrecs.com)

A solid release of more recent vintage comes courtesy of Detroit band RED RED RED and their debut album *New Action*. With PIRANHAS' drummer Ryan Sabatis handling vocals, manning the axe, and adding the occasional bit of *Fun House* sax-squawk, this is a heady collection of fired-up rock 'n' roll, punk, and garage, with a nod to Ryan's musical heritage but adding other elements. ““Greatest Hit/Regeneration””, a quick medley of two songs, careens with whizzle-singe guitar coming in somewhere between the USERS' ““Sick Of You”” and you-know-who's ““Raw Power”” (the song, not the album). The distorted vocals are part of the mix instead of dominating things and tuneful touches emerge from time to time, such as the chorus of ““Another Plane.”” Boisterous and having an air of atonal unpredictability to go with the rock. (Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

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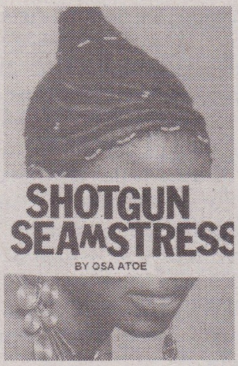


A couple of months ago I wrote a column about physical violence at underage punk shows in New Orleans. I had so many thoughts about what was going on and about how to address violence in our communities and promised to continue the discussion later because I couldn't fit it all into one column.

The feedback that I got from writing that column and others (like the one I wrote months before that about ironic bigotry for shock value) makes me realize that there are just so many different ways of relating to punk, and that my way of relating to it is a minority perspective, and I use the word minority recognizing all of its connotations.

I grew up going to shows in a town where if certain people in the audience were making it impossible for the rest of the audience to enjoy the show by being violent or other-

wise intolerable, certain bands would stop playing and wait for the idiocy to die down before they started playing again. That is punk to me: Creating the kind of atmosphere you want to have around you. Realizing that you are in charge of your own experience.

The point of writing that column wasn't to slam a local band but to show how a community or scene can deal with conflict in a way that doesn't dismiss or vilify the accused party so that actual change can happen. I guess that was a naive goal, because even though I thought I dealt with the issue respectfully, the negative feedback I got was pretty similar to what I would've gotten if I had explicitly called them out as being fucked-up misogynist pigs. Looking back at my own history of calling out and being called out, I always imagine that a more diplomatic approach would bring better results, but that doesn't seem to be the case. So ladies, feminists, people in the scene who wish to confront difficult issues in your communities, go ahead and do it and don't mince your words. It doesn't matter how you say it, you'll get a nasty, defensive response that evades accountability no matter what. Even so, it's still worth doing. Just be ready.

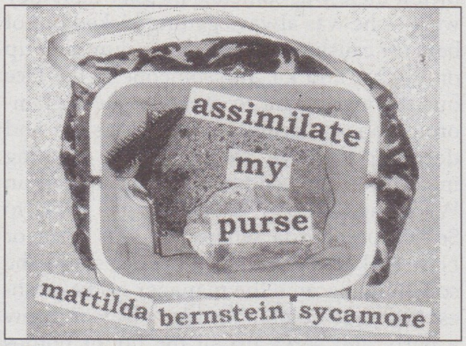
Thanks to the people who wrote me about the difficult situations they've encountered in their own communities—from being sexually harassed in front of your peers and not being supported, to thinking about how to call out a rapist who is well-known and liked in your community. These are important struggles that seem to happen in the margins, issues that most people don't have to deal with.

Local scenes are important, but most, outside of major cities, are very small and limited in their scope. Even though I've lived in cities with pretty large scenes, I don't think I would've been able to survive socially in punk if I hadn't been able to get in touch with other brown punks and queer punks through writing, traveling, and living in different cities over the years. I continue to write this column for the minority of kids who need this liberating tool that is punk rock but who might also potentially be alienated by the people who make up the majority of the subculture. I want to retain you. I don't want you to leave! We are each other's audience and your experiences validate mine. We can support each other, even from really far away.

Anyway, it's time to retreat for a while. It's finally cooled down in New Orleans. The days are short and the nights are long and that means I'm spending way more time inside writing songs, making plans for next year, talking on the phone to faraway friends, working on projects and listening to a shit ton of music. Listening to music is the number one way that I create my own ideal world for myself. Here is my winter listening top ten in no particular order:

Trash Kit
Lydia Lunch – *Queen of Siam*
Fugazi – *Repeater*
Next Stop… Soweto: Township Sounds from the Golden Age of Mbaqanga
Neonates (tape)
Chin Chin – *Sound of the Westway*
Hans-a-plast – *2*
Echo and the Bunnymen – *Songs to Learn and Sing*
Moss Icon – *Lyburnum Wits End Liberation Fly*
Mydolls – *A World of Her Own*
…and lots of old mixtapes!

Write me: shotgunseamstress@gmail.com



I met Truly Outrageous Chrissie Contagious at the March on Washington in 1993. Or, not quite at the March but in Dupont Circle the night before. No, actually I met her a few days earlier, the way this March became a whole week, we met in Dupont Circle but during the day. With JoAnne, who later became my best friend but of course I didn't know that yet. JoAnne and Chrissie came to the March with the queer youth contingent from Seattle, and JoAnne said "I like your hair", and just like that we were friends that's how it worked at the March, the biggest ever of its kind, a million white gays in white t-shirts applying for Community Clout credit cards but also that meant that the freaks, we found each other, and quickly.

Then there was the night before the March, and I was with Zee, who became my first boyfriend, but I didn't know that yet either I just knew that I'd met this hot boy who looked at me with stars in his eyes and when we held each other I got stars in my eyes too and anyway we were dancing in Dupont Circle and Chrissie jumped naked out of a tree, falling in between us screaming girl!!!!!!!!

Maybe two years later, Chrissie came to San Francisco to visit me and JoAnne or maybe she wasn't visiting either of us but she came to San Francisco and we met at a café and she was working, big fake eyelashes and some store-designed club outfit, and she said "girl, I need to change out of this, I can't be seen like this in daylight I'm embarrassed" and I said "honey, don't ever be embarrassed to turn it out" or actually "turn it out" came later to my vocabulary but it's what I meant, and whatever I said Chrissie would repeat for years like it had changed her life and it's funny when you meet someone at such a formative time—back at the March on Washington Zee and JoAnne and Chrissie and I were all nineteen or twenty but we wanted different things. I was there to protest with ACT UP for universal healthcare so I was disgusted by the overwhelming apathy and this was the moment when gays in the military became the big issue and I felt squashed. I'd grown up in DC too, so there was a lot more to the story, I mean I hated that town, everything about it, and when I got bashed the day after the March, right in front of the late-night restaurant where I used to go in high school, ended up in the hospital where they pumped saline into my eyes to save my vision and everything made more sense than ever.

Chrissie came to the March to party, she had so much fun that she ended up staying and working at the strip clubs, the part of DC I never got to know because I left right after high school, but she would tell me stories, she decided we were sisters right away, the way we both spent a lot of time in worlds of clubs and drugs, selling sex for a living and moving from place to place in search of something we would never find. We were looking for different things, but we were both looking, honey we were always looking.

I guess we really became sisters because of JoAnne, I mean because of JoAnne's death—when someone that important to you dies, you become closer to the others who are left. JoAnne died because she was kicking heroin and the hospital refused her healthcare, I was living in Boston at the time but I went back to San Francisco because I didn't want JoAnne's parents to get her journals, the dirty old man who she needed to imagine in order to get off, her father. San Francisco welcomed me like a widow and so when Chrissie decided to move down from Seattle I welcomed her, we were both widows and for just for a second here I'm going to mention Andee, even though she's not part of this story exactly, I did meet her in Seattle through JoAnne when we were becoming so close by talking about addiction and sexual abuse and rage, and when JoAnne died Andee was also a widow.

Chrissie came down from Seattle, and that was when I'd decided that the only good drug was Special K, maybe it would help me avoid the rest and then I ended up with three whole bottles of liquid, liquid is how it starts when it's still an injection drug so you can perform operations on cats, I bought the bottles for someone who got all excited that I had a connection for the real stuff but then left me with them. I figured Chrissie was in town and she was the party girl so we could sell K together for some cash. I cooked it all up because that's how you make K into that white powder that everyone wants at the clubs, you put it on a dish in the oven, but then I would come

home and there was Chrissie snorting lines, "oh well I guess I'll do a little." One night we ended up at The Hole in the Wall and Chrissie picked up some blonde suburban boy, her type, I was never ready to go home when the bars closed so when they said let's go to Blow Buddies I was there with them and when the boy pulled out a credit card and started chopping up some crystal and held it up to my nose I snorted it right up, I always said people should do their drugs in public but then as soon as it hit me I thought "oh no, I just ruined my life." And then: "might as well have fun."

Even when I wasn't trying to avoid drugs I was trying to avoid crystal—it was part of the reason I left San Francisco the first time around, but anyway then we got kicked out of Blow Buddies for saying "girl" too much, and then I cleaned my room while Chrissie and this boy tried to have sex, or whatever people do on crystal, while I gritted my teeth from a few feet away because my room was tiny, I was trying to act like I was organizing until the boy took out the drugs again, oh sure. Eventually they were trying to sleep and I was still up and then the boy went home so Chrissie and I went to the End Up and I'd never realized before how amazing it was to alternate crystal with K, like you were dancing ten feet in the air the air was the ground there was no ground except the way you were dancing. And when Chrissie left in her chenille leopard print pants to do a porn video I bought two bags of crystal, I kept alternating it with the K and of course more cocktails to keep me from getting too wired and then I guess it was about 24 hours from when we originally left The Hole in the Wall and we were back. I poured out this huge bump of K, a whole capful, I knew I would end up in a K-hole but I thought I could pull myself out with all the crystal but K hadn't really arrived in San Francisco so the bartenders didn't know what to do when my friends said no, leave her alone, she can't move, they dragged me out to the street and then I could feel my head splitting open, holding on to Rick's hand because I was so angry at Chrissie and I could feel the life leaving my body, the way everything flashes before you until this homeless guy said pour cold water on him and everyone looked confused but I nodded my head and the cold water brought me down enough to get into a cab. And a week or two later when the ordeal was over I decided I would stop doing drugs, drinking too, because it always made me decide that of course I would do a few bumps, even if I hadn't had anything to drink.

JoAnne and I had been friends in the way that meant it would never end, we knew that for sure, and then the hospital told her to go home with active TB and a bladder infection, she died the next day. When I moved back to San Francisco, for a while all I could think about was death, but I'm trying to tell you about Chrissie so I'm telling you about drugs. She always needed someone to party with, at any cost to herself or the people she loved or hated and maybe even dated except that was another thing that connected us, we didn't really date. I guess I just told you about my first boyfriend, but then my second boyfriend was eight years later and I don't remember Chrissie ever dating anyone really—no wait there was Brian in Seattle, that's right, and now it's been another eight years for me but that's a different story.

Chrissie was the type of queen who everyone liked to talk about because that meant there was someone messier than they were—she was always getting kicked out of bars for causing a scene, maybe jumping up on the bar and kicking someone in the face but she just meant to demonstrate a glamorous cancan, stealing some trick's car and deciding to drive cross country, crashing into a cop car and ending up in jail in Wyoming, always trying to get back to Seattle or Florida where she was from or New York and through all the messiness she somehow became the manager of the poshest boutique hotel in Seattle, why not throw a party and serve up all the liquor bottles earmarked for the mini refrigerators? Or there was the drug dealer, former military, trust-fund roommate who pulled a gun on her and she punched a hole in the wall, ended up in the psych ward. When she kept going to the hospital for abscesses—a spider bite, that's what she said. I knew that you couldn't get someone to stop doing drugs, all you could do was listen. I listened, and I tried to get her to tell the truth. Chrissie, that's not a spider bite.

When she came to my house with grey skin and black knuckles, sipping Dust Off from the straw that came with the can, "girl I got cab vouchers, let's go somewhere", and when I took her hand in my hand or really the mitten covering my hand, something about how she was cold, she was sick of it all, she was angry, that's when we were really sisters.

We were both crazy queens and hookers who turned tricks for way too long until it made us distant in ways we hadn't expected. We both liked to share stories starting with "honey" or "girl" or "you won't believe this". We both liked to turn language into a game. We both believed in runway and reading and rage and rapture, but I don't mean to suggest that we were similar. I remember the first time Chrissie stopped doing drugs, I guess it was around when I first stopped doing drugs, now that I think about it, but I didn't think about that then. Chrissie started going to the gym and drinking protein shakes to bulk up and she bought blue contact lenses to cover her deep brown eyes and she tried to imitate some kind of upscale preppy look that before I'd always seen as a joke, but the worst part was that she didn't want you to call her girl. My name is Chris, she said.

Now I remember what I said to Chrissie, that first time she arrived in San Francisco: "don't let them make you change." That's one of the stories she would always repeat, and I loved her for it. And also I loved her. There was never anything balanced about our relationship—I knew she was completely unreliable, and so I never relied on her. I'm not sure if I realized I respected her because she could let everything go, over and over again, in hopes of finding what she wanted. She never did, but neither have I.

Maybe you've figured out that she's dead. Her heart stopped, that's what they said. Later they said it was because of huffing, but I'm sure that's not the whole story. I could tell you so much more. But it was strange the way I found out. Socket left a message saying "I want to offer you support about Chrissie Contagious, I know you must know because it's on Facebook."

Facebook? I don't read anything on Facebook, I mean I read what's addressed directly to me, and nothing else. I started crying right then, but I didn't want to cry yet because I didn't know anything. So I looked—Magdalena left me a link to Chrissie's page so I went there. The page had become a memorial—is this what people do now when someone dies? All these stories about adventures with Chrissie. Someone wrote about how they were sure she was dancing in the stars, and I felt so disgusted. I still didn't know anything.

The last time I talked to Chrissie, she had just listened to me on NPR. She was so annoyed at the announcer for calling me she. "Of course we call each other she all the time," Chrissie said, "but that's because we're camping—I couldn't believe that announcer, the way she kept saying she."

I couldn't believe that Chrissie didn't realize I had asked the announcer to call me she. I never understood how Chrissie could live in worlds filled with freaks and fruits and perverts and whores for so long, but still she wanted to be normal. Sure, she could pull stunts that made everyone else look tame and prudish, but only on drugs.

Once Chrissie fled San Francisco and crystal for the last time, I was someone she would call late at night when she'd been drinking for twelve hours the way she'd been drinking for twenty years almost and even though she mostly stopped the rest of the drugs there was always a cocktail waiting. She'd alternate between getting more ice and asking me about San Francisco and yelling at the TV so I wonder what she'd think about all these news stories about an epidemic of queer teen suicides, an epidemic we all know has been going on for generations. I'm wondering about those of us who do survive—for how long?

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My most recent book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*. I'm also finishing on a memoirish thing called *The End of San*

Francisco—I'm on draft number nine which means it's almost done! I recently finished a new anthology called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots?* I know you're wondering the same thing. I just moved to Santa Fe, and I love it!!! You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore. com, which includes past *MRR* columns, although I need to add the most recent ones. Or you can write to me at P.O. Box 2151, Santa Fe, NM 87504-2151.

"Don't touch my junk!" Will this be the battle cry of the next American Revolution?

If you think about it, it's amazing. Why this? But thinking doesn't have anything to do with it.

There's a good reason. Which we'll get to.

"This," of course, is the intrusive new security-screening regimen at 68 major U.S. airports. You can walk through one of the new "backscatter" body-image X-ray scanners, suck up 2.4 microrems of radiation, and live with the knowledge that a high-res version of your nude flabby body is being stored on some government database so that the Palin Administration will be able to kill you for food and use your cyborg doppelganger as a slave laborer in the living hell that will be the year 2015.

Or you can choose the pat-down. But think twice. By all accounts, the pat-down procedure is thorough. *Extremely* thorough.

"I didn't really expect her to touch my vagina through my pants," schoolteacher Kaya McLaren, an elementary school teacher from Washington state told *The New York Times* about her experience at Dallas-Fort Worth Airport. What prompted this feel-up? "The body scanner detected a tissue and a hair band in her pocket," reported *The Times*.

Verily, the end times draw nigh. *The New York Times* is talking dirty.

A visit to the TSA's official blog (blog.tsa.gov) furthers the impression that the Obama Administration has jumped the security shark. One citizen asks: "Is touching the genitals a mandatory or discretionary part of the pat-down? Will the screener give notice and ask for consent prior to touching the breasts, vagina, penis, or scrotum?" Another asks: "Can they spread the buttocks to feel if something is concealed between them? Can they move the penis or testicles aside to see if something is strapped to a man's leg? Can they lift up breasts to feel underneath them?"

There's something terribly wrong when a federal government website gets too racy for online parental control software.

CNN's Rosemary Fitzpatrick reported that an airport screener "ran her hands around her breasts, over her stomach, buttocks and her inner thighs, and briefly touched her crotch." In Charlotte a flight attendant was ordered to remove and display her prosthetic breast.

It's happening to guys too. Men wearing baggy pants report TSA personnel, some of whom are convicted rapists and child molesters, sticking their hands down their trousers and ferreting out their naughty bits. In a bit of surrealism recalling my "Al Kidda" cartoon (in which terrorists take advantage of the fact that children aren't required to show ID to board a plane) there are now YouTube videos showing little kids getting felt up by the TSA.

TSA workers at Miami Airport got caught passing around printed scans of a man they deemed to fall short in the male endowment department. A 61-year-old cancer survivor from Michigan wound up "humiliated, crying, and covered with his own urine after an enhanced pat-down by TSA officers" at the Detroit Airport. The oafs broke the seal on his urostomy bag.

There was, naturally, no apology.

Remember the good old days of the early 2000s, when the only thing the TSA did was announce their favorite color of the day?

Of all the indignities inflicted upon the flying public since 9/11, the radiation/molestation combo strikes me as relatively minor. I'm still scarred by the sight of the young Iraq War vet in front of me at Kansas City airport security. Both of his legs had been lost in an IED blast in the Middle East. Instead of respect or a free pass at the metal detector, TSA goons repeatedly grilled and humiliated him about the titanium in his body.

Contrast this with Iran. Yes, Iran. As at security checkpoints throughout the country, I was waved past the checkpoint at Tehran's Ayatollah Khomeni International Airport in August as soon as I presented my US passport. As guests, foreigners are not subject to most bag searches. Not even citizens of the Great Satan.

Don't touch our special parts, but feel free to poke around our frontal lobes.

If Richard Nixon had been accused of listening to every American's phone calls and reading their mail, there would have been riots. But that's exactly what the National Security Agency has been doing since 9/11. Bush started it; Obama made it official. They're reading your email and listening to your phone calls and tracking your bank statements. It's a fact. And no one cares.

Personally, I'd rather have the government touch my junk than rape my brain.

Now that they're feeling up our privates at the airport—with, truth be told, considerably more justification than the NSA has for reading your Facebook status updates—the American people are freaking out.

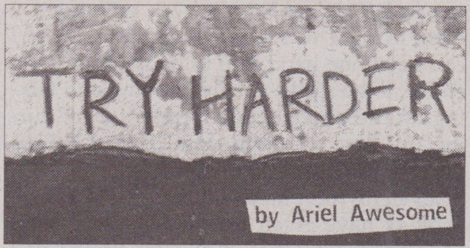
Which should come as little surprise to Obama's pet louts at the TSA.

The United States, after all, was founded by Puritans. The folks we're celebrating this Thanksgiving week were religious fanatics, prudes, crazy repressed, and so far off the charts that they were too uptight to get along with the British. Immigration has helped loosen us up, but that's still our national culture.

I had hoped that when the revolution came, it would be about economic injustice or torture or racism. But to paraphrase Donald Rumsfeld, you don't revolt with the revolutionaries you wish you had. If this is the beginning of the end, so be it.

Say it all together: "Don't touch my junk!"

(Ted Rall is the author of *The Anti-American Manifesto*. His website is tedrall.com.)



It would take 70 cups of coffee to kill me. I probably won't drink that many today, but it's a good number to keep in mind. The actual number I'm trying to avoid, the number of cups that turns me into an itchy, flush, psychotic pseudo-philosopher, is unknown—but 70 will do as a reminder, an order of magnitude. I have things to get done today, no time to have a caffeine-induced existential freak-out.

I finished my last session of student teaching for the semester. Now all that stands between me and two months of creative freedom and leisure is a three-hour-long test on anatomy.

It is almost pure memorization, that familiar dance of call and response. I've invented a series of weird mnemonic devices and incantations set to the tune of punk songs to remember certain sequences or pathways. The stack of index cards for this final is taller than my tall coffee. The café is filled with chattering shoppers and holiday music. I had coffee before I left the house, a double espresso upon arriving, and am refreshing this cup as it empties or grows cold.

Earlier I had an extended fantasy about the school library at Hogwarts (just saw the last movie, so not an entirely random thought) as my personal study space. I drooled at the thought of rows and rows of books, dark wood tables and chairs, and perfect silence. I know what you're thinking, but I've tried all the libraries in a fifteen-mile radius of my house, and they are never open, or if open they are filled with screaming children on neon cell phones—and I'm not allowed to have my coffee with

me.

So my pathetic fate is to spend the next week at this café, which is filled with conversations I wish I could unhear and people I would rocket into the sun if I could. Every couple hours I'll try to figure out how many cups of coffee I've had already, and if I could safely have just one more. One of those one-mores will be the one-too-many, and the brain spiral will commence. I have done some pretty good work in that altered state, but I've also spent countless hours fixated on some task that in the fresh light of the following morning made no sense. Activities like reading and elaborately illustrating the archaic rhyming dictionary that used to be my doorstop, or ten hours of tangential exploration of what Wikipedia knows that I don't.

I know I'm useless to myself if I drink too much coffee, but I can't work without it. I even learned to type one-handed so that I can have one hand free to be warmed with coffee at the ready. Chain-smoking and talking on the phone while typing papers during my first go-round with college helped me pioneer this skill, no doubt.

Even my very basic survey classes in psychology have given me the necessary tools to tell you why this is so. The things you believe work often do simply because you believe in them. I believe in coffee. A coffee cup in hand makes me feel determined, focused, studious, and ready, before I take a drink.

We all rely on some kind of irrational habit or belief like this, big or small; rituals, or rabbits' feet. We think they make us stronger, smarter, better. What they really do is allow us to think we can, to get in the right frame of mind to do what needs to be done.

Some of these things we use are not worth the cost to ourselves, the toll they take on our minds and bodies. So I would hope knowing this shit is all made-up would free me to abandon my belief, or to cultivate better ones. Like a dance that makes me witty and calm, or a vegetable I eat to makes me irresistible to potential employers. If it's all bullshit, why not invent a kind of bullshit I can benefit from all around?

Why? Because I believe in coffee. I am a believer. This is my ritual: I sit in the shittiest place, with my headphones on, coffee in hand, typing one-handed while trying not to give myself caffeine poisoning. This is how I write, draw, and memorize shit for school. This is how I convince myself to get it done, that it can be done. I make myself miserable, I get red in the face and irrational and bleary-eyed. I slog through hours of being a convoluted mess and somehow, at the end, I have done what I set out to. I know I don't have to do it this way. Really, I do. Thing is, I kinda want to. I kinda like it.

I think it's all right to cultivate these little weirdnesses in ourselves. So long as you know that drinking whiskey with bow-legged women and a typewriter won't make you Bukowski. Ether, acid, and sunglasses won't make you Thompson. Standing up at dawn with a pencil and parchment won't make you Hemingway. Grilled peanut butter and bacon sandwiches won't make you bloated rhinestone Elvis. You can't borrow a charm. It's not the substance, or the environs. It's all those things over time, its what they mean to you, it's how they make you feel. It's your muse you've got to court it in your own way. Just try to remember to stop before you get to 70.

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If you have any idea how many cups it takes to bring on coffee psychosis, or you want to hear the order of the cranial nerves set to "Pet Cemetery," write to arielawesome@gmail.com.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

PUNK LAW

To tell you the truth, I get bothered a lot. It doesn't take much—during work, which is at a flower shop, I find that I can hardly stand the drunk Irish adulterers and screeching old women who frequent the place and disrupt my zen-routine of assembling bouquets and listening to GBH. I frequent bars, but each time I enter a boozehouse I invariably find myself standing in a corner, sneering slit-eyed at the other patrons in a heaving mixture of disgust, mad hatred, envy, and confused, violent lust. I try, and have lately been succeeding in sleeping with beautiful women, but Doctor, listen, I always get this terrible sinking feeling after we, you know, do it. Post-coital fear and confusion. I sleep poorly, I take all sorts of dangerous and illegal narcotics with frightening and damaging regularity. And I realized today, in fact immediately prior to writing this column, that I complain a lot, in print and in conversation, about all of the above, constantly. But the thing that I always come back to, the cause that has helped me chew the ear off of anyone dumb enough to come close to me, is Punk. I may never be able to quit complaining about things, and I'm not entirely sure that I'd like to, but today, I am will attempt to, no, that's not right, today I am *going to* fix punk, forever.

That punk has strayed far from the course it set some thirty-odd years ago is no new revelation; that we may one day hope to correct this course is a laughable ideal. I offer nothing groundbreaking or earthshaking the column ahead (part one of a two part series, the second of which will appear in next months issue, both of which will someday be anthologized in Chapter Two [subtitled "Pre-Burning Man Works"] of *From Phish to Lesh: The Musical Musings of Brace Belden.*) It is my wish, though not my choice, that the editors of this magazine run this article on two separate pages, so that the reader may cut along the dotted line provided below and display the writings on his fridge or prison cell wall. If you send eighteen dollars to the author c/o this magazine, you will receive a copy printed on gilded Egyptian parchment, suitable for framing at the owners desire. Enjoy.

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Whoever said that punk was about being open-minded and accepting I think mean to use the word "hippie" instead.

1. You can't be a punk and believe in God. This seems such an inherent precept in punk that it seems odd I must even mention it in this list of accords and commandments, let alone first, but judging by the recent controversy splashed on the pages of this magazine I feel it's necessary to reiterate: If you're religious, get out of punk. It does not matter whether one claims to be Christian, Muslim, Jewish, Buddhist or just plain "spiritual;" it's not punk to believe in God. It makes no difference if one was "raised that way;" plenty, and I mean *plenty* of rockers were raised in religious households. If you posses even half a brain, which if you're reading my column is a given, then in this enlightened age the tenets of atheism should appear naturally during childhood. Lesser minds among us might claim that I break this rule by blabbing about my Jewish traits and the history of my peoples all the time, but this fallacy is easily dispatched, as it's common knowledge that being Jewish is funny, if nothing else, and besides that most Jews (including, of course, myself) don't believe in God. Judaism is a religious; simply *being* Jewish is a lifestyle resplendent with money, pretty girls, TV and moderate-to-above-average sized male genitalia. Like any logical human, I'm both amused and slightly disgusted by this "Taqwacore" chicanery (a brief explanation: *Taqwacore* was a fictional book that detailed the lives of various "Muslim" punks, from skinheads to straightedge, and later spawned a grotesque real-life movement by American Islamist punks, who toured the country and eventually Pakistan). Too often the "left" (to which punk is unfortunately associated with) treat Muslims as an oppressed minority, when in fact this is not the case. There is validity, perhaps, to their complaints about treatment in the Western World (especially post-September 11th America), but one must remember that not only is Islam the largest religion in the world, with more than one billion people, or a sixth of the population, practicing it, it's also, even in moderate sectors, a very conservative religion. As a Jew, these people want me dead. As an American, these people want me dead. Most importantly of all, as a

punk, these people want me drawn, quartered, slice to the bone, burned at the stake, violated intimately by barbed phalluses, sent to hell and lower.

I'm sure that a letter will float into *MRR* from someone claiming otherwise, and they might be right—obviously not all Muslims hate me because I was born Jewish, or American, but I'm hardly going out on a limb when I say that many, many do. And for the others? I believe if you're going to do something, go all out, so if you aren't disgusted by my decadent Jewish-American ways, then you likely should be. I won't waste many words on Christianity. For my money, that's been done and sealed since the first argument erupted. If you're stupid enough to believe that there is a higher power that created the universe, then I certainly don't want to talk to you. You believe in something that's completely *made up*. And that's done quite a bit of damage, and besides all that it's boring as hell and creepy. I will waste absolutely no words on "spiritual" types, that's not even worth this one sentence. Regarding punk, religion should not even be an issue, and as of this writing, will never rear it's ugly, nonsensical head again. I very much doubt that this magazines readership would consider a white-power skinhead a punk, or give any validity to the so-called "conservative punk" movement*, so I don't see why any conscious person could possibly consider a religious person to a punk. I don't care that religion "helps people" I find the all of the aforementioned aberrations to be equally (if in different ways) intellectually and morally abhorrent. If you're such a spineless creep as to believe in some made-up God, get your shit-ass out of Punk. It's the only thing more embarrassing than worshipping GG. Which brings me my next point...

2. Do not be a train hopper/traveler. These "people" are a plague, hideous boils and pustules dotting the already disease-ridden body of Punk. I truly do struggle to bring to mind an image more obnoxious and repulsive than the filthy, dyed-dreaded twenty-five-year-old runaway sitting Indian-style outside the entrance of some Austin, Texas punk club, alternating raspy-voiced "playful" insults and pathetic pleas for my barely-existent hard earned dough, growing surlier and raspier each time I refuse to fork over a dollar so they can purchase a bottle of High Gravity Malt Liquor. I live and walk around in San Francisco, a bastion and hopefully, eventually, a final resting place for these self-made degenerates. If you ever stroll down Haight Street, it doesn't matter when, you can't help but feel any and all sympathy towards these adult children erode, replaced with burning, screaming hatred. They yell at you, scream "House punk!" or "Cell phone punk!." They'll try and touch your girl's legs and wail in pain when you kick their grubby, leprous hands away. They beg, Christ, how they beg, whining when you won't give them the dollar you worked to earn. I don't count these as homeless people; I don't see them as destitute. It's not punk legend or rumor that these people, or at least a great majority of them, come from middle-class or wealthy environments. I've never met any "traveler" punk who hasn't been obnoxious, self-righteous, pitiful, or just a plain stupid brat.

3. Making money is great. Forget these abstract "punk ethics" and nebulous bullshit rules forced down your throat constantly by the same people who turn around and tell you "punk is what you make it" (not true). I can't entirely blame the *MRR* mindset of the '80s and '90s and occasionally now for all this—hardcore itself created a money-hating mindset among many, mainly because they knew they weren't going to make it. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'd rather not work one more day in my life. If someone offered me a lot of money in exchange for a song I'd written or played on to be featured in a commercial, I would say yes immediately. I want money. I want to buy every record I've always desired, I want to be able to do coke good enough to OD on, I want to take girls out to somewhere besides Sbarro for dinner. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to be able to afford to buy someone else a drink. I want new computers at *MRR*, a room big enough for a human being to do a jumping jack in, not that I'd ever do one. Take a look at the people also spewing off about "selling out"—usually ugly, talentless creeps who poke and prod into others lives and artistic values when they themselves possess either little or neither of both. Who among them will ever have an opportunity to "sell out," themselves? And what would they do if someone asked them. I do offer a caveat: If you're going to make money, do it right. Make sure you get as much money as possible, make sure that you still make music up to your personal standards, and make sure you don't cash in on one commercial and end up broke in a few months from buying and crashing a couple Nissan Altimas. On the other hand, I feel the need to say once again, fuck Scion for just completely making up a "new garage" scene, and to hell with that bewildering documentary they made with Vice. Fuck it because it sucks, but also fuck it because Scions doesn't pay bands shit, and if you're going to be so tacky as to play a "Scion" fest, make sure you at least get a truckload of money. Also, in regards to corporate sponsorship—it's not like any corporation, Scion being the exception, is going to sponsor an actual punk band, so quit whining about this fake-possibility. Nike is not going to sponsor Kriegshög, and that's likely the only band you listen to, so shut the hell up.

4. Quit complaining to me about there being more white people than black people at shows. There's more white people than black people at shows because there's more white people than black people in America. That, and black people usually listen to music made by black people, to which they can relate more than four Jewish guys from Queens singing about circus freaks and Rockaway Beach. The only actual solid, good all-black punk band (besides a '70s Detroit band called the N*****S which I've read in about in an old *BOMP* but never actually heard) were the Bad Brains, and they turned out to be racist, homophobic religious jerk offs who let Madonna put out one of their records and play the Warped Tour. There seems to be some self-gratifying monologue about race in every issue of this magazine, and I'm willing to bet the majority of our readership is bored to tears. Truth be told, if I was a "person of color," I very much doubt I have any desire to attend some "punk" show filled with people yapping about veganism, sewing circles, men, and any other new ways to make punk even tamer and watered-down. Obviously I'm not a "person of color," a point which I'm sure will be mentioned frequently in the letters section of next months issue and beyond, but people who make race the main topic and issue of their conversations about punk and in general really bore the hell out of me. I've never called a black person a nigger. I've never been rude or mean to someone on account of their race. Sure, I make jokes about the old Asian ladies who freak out on me every day at the (Greek-run) flower shop I slave away at every day, but does this make me a racist? Hardly. Decent people are decent people, regardless of their hue. The same goes for whiney, annoying, self-righteous boors—you'll find those everywhere. I'm moving onto the next topic, I can't wait for your letter (or to get a fucking life).

To be continued....

ANDREW UNDERWOOD

Ugh, I'm completely stuffed. Not just as a result of the past holidays, but because my brain is full of noize! The greatest culprit in that regard is the new issue of *More Noize* zine, of course! Proving once again that Mr. Gunnarsson can do more in a day than I do in a week, issue number five is fat with interviews (RAW'ARSE, YDINASEETON POHJOLA), reviews, opinion, and some really great photography (wink, wink). The undisputed star of the show is a fantastic retrospective of WRETCHED's '84/'85 UK tours, with plenty of reprinted ephemera

including fliers and contemporary interviews plus new interviews with punx who attended the gigs, all presented with Tony's trademark combination of scathing sarcasm and unbridled enthusiasm. It's encouraging to hear that this issue has already sold through one run and has been reprinted. People have better sense than I sometimes give them credit for. At any rate, if you have any interest at all in the world of raw punk and noise you need a copy of this in your hand (or next to your toilet) ASAP. Email direct to slobodanburgher@gmail.com or check your better distros (any distro that doesn't carry this zine is, to my mind, lesser by definition).

I had just been thinking about how pleased I was at the number of tapes I had to write about this column when I was very pleasantly surprised to find a copy of the brand new CONTORT demo waiting for me in my inbox the other day. I was even more pleased when I put it on! The distort and riffage recall early AGHAST, but the occasionally melodic vocals and willingness to ride a slow to mid-tempo groove definitely give CONTORT a unique sound for the style, though at times they almost sound like an ultra-distorted BLITZ or COBRA. Crasher oi? Whatever the fuck it is, it's something I'll definitely be listening to again. Good, dirty recording with a great aggressive bass sound and swarm-of-bees solos, swanky yellow and black color scheme… what's not to like? Hope you guys had fun on the tour with WARNING//WARNING, and thanks for the tape Eric! Pick one up from Distro-Y (www.distroy.webs.com or medistro@yahoo.co.uk).

So, can we talk about *Play Fast or Grave* for a minute? Because MASSGRAVE (not the Canadian or Swedish one, the one from Japan featuring an ex-member of FEROCIOUS X) have a new demo out that sums up their sound in those four pithy words. While a lot of newer bands are mining the late '80s UK stenchcore sound, MASSGRAVE are mixing in quite a bit of Brit-core along the lines of INTENSE DEGREE or a much more metallic HERESY. The booming vocals and zombie art are definitely a bit stench-y, but this shit is fast and faster apart from a few brief chugging breaks and the drumming is just this side of blasting. They may not be reinventing the wheel (especially with that name…) but this is come cool shit that would appeal to both crusters and thrashers at the gig. No lyrics included, which is a shame because I'd love to know what "President's Dick" is about. (Hardcore Survives, 3-37-9-15 Koenjikita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, 1660002, Japan.

LA's premiere (and only) KURO revivalists the HELPLESS have followed up their excellent advance tape/CDr with a new split demo with Melbourne's own LEPROSY, and this new THE HELPLESS shit is just fucking stellar. A bootleg of KURO's legendary *Who the Helpless* was one of the records that put me on the noise path about a million years ago, so I naturally have a soft spot for what these guys are doing, but it's still undeniable that they're damn good at it. The vocals in particular capture that caustic sneering tone just perfectly, and the short noodling solos could be culled from lost KURO session tapes. I hope their long discussed 8" (record, perv) finally sees the light of day sometime soon. And maybe an SF gig? LEPROSY are no slouches either with their Finnish-style '82 attack. Quick without being terribly fast, vocals reverbed to fuck, and just this side of out of tune in the best possible way. Something about this echo-y recording makes me picture the band playing in a big room to about ten violently pogoing punkers, and isn't that how noisy punk should be enjoyed? This is a great split and it's limited, so pick one up while you have a chance (Black Shit Noise, www.blackshitnoise.com)

This month's "holy shit, how have I not heard of this before?" award goes to Japan's ILLYA and their *Destruction Impulse* demo. I picked this up on a whim, and goddamn does it smoke. Seriously, these guys are doing FORWARD better than FORWARD has done it for years! Just totally swank Burning Spirits-style driving hardcore with viciously screamed/roared vocals, galloping drums, and killer guitar solos. I mean, this sounds like a record by a band that's been around for years honing its craft, the songwriting is that good and the recording is masterful. I hear top forty songs that don't sound this awesome. I almost don't know what more to say about this. If Japanese hardcore in the vein of DEATH SIDE, FORWARD, TETSU ARREI, later GUDON, etc. is your jam, then you fucking need to hear this. If I had the dough, I'd be putting this out on vinyl tomorrow! Of course, this is a totally pro tape with no contact information whatsoever. Isn't that always the way? Scour the internet, put your ear to the ground, find this demo.

This last one is going to be a bit rough, so bear with me. The band is called SCREAM or maybe A SCREAM? For the record, it's H:G Fact #275. I don't know, everything's in Japanese and I'm relying on bad translation here. This EP starts off with a kind of strange SONIC YOUTH-meets-AM REP repetitive workout, but the rest is killer bouncy female-fronted punk in the vein of the STALIN with more than a touch of British post-punk influence a la WIRE in the mix as well. The singer's got a really phenomenally powerful voice (like "when she lets loose I actually flinch back from the speakers" powerful!) and the band is really tight. Except for the first track I could totally see this fitting in with the ADK records roster alongside bands like MASTURBATION and KIKEIJI. Fortunately, this unreadable (to me) EP was released by a big label, so this shouldn't be too hard to find. (H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact/)

Fuck yeah tapes. Send me more. And I'm still looking for that DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12", goddamnit! Sell me one! Write me a letter (c/o *Maximum*)! E-mail! agunderwood@gmail .com! Thanks! Take care 'til next month!

I said those things, I did those things…

2010, what a year. Not really. I feel 2010 sort of failed to deliver on its promises.

So here I am left to examine my work, like so many morning visits to the lavatory after that second cup of coffee.

What I did, what I learned:

RIVAL MOB – *Hardcore For Hardcore* (Six Feet Under)

This EP took too long to make, but it's kind of crazy to think how many people have heard it in the last six months. Not really that crazy, though. Firstly I learned the virtues of patience, and of course how far those can be stretched for me. Always important to know your limits in life, and if you're gonna hang around making records in your spare time, patience will be necessary. Hopefully, though, you don't have to record the drums twice. More practically, I learned a bit about how much is too much in regard to low-end frequencies. I actually mixed this record twice. The first time the thump from the kick drum was so obnoxious it was totally fucking up everything else. I crave a thick-sounding kick drum but at times I get down right irrational, and this was one of those times. In the end we came out with a really good mix that I kind of tried to model as a hardcore version of Martin Birch's early '80s heavy metal production. I should be so lucky to make something sound as good as *Mob Rules* or *Killers*, but I can certainly try. As much as I like the sound of bands like OUTBURST and BREAKDOWN, we did that the last two times, and it was enjoyable to inject something else into this one.

SQRM – *Rodeo* (Youth Attack)

In November, SQRM played a show with MIND ERASER and IRON LUNG at Harvard, and they unquestionably stole the show that evening. They owned the room with their miserable ramshackle sludge, and I told them if they ever wanted to make a record just to call or write me. I sorta didn't think they'd take me up on this, and it was a bit of a surprise when they kept mentioning RIVAL MOB as the reason for wanting me to make a record for them. Of course I had no idea they'd want to record an LP and

a 7" in the same day, but SQRM are nothing if not efficient. I think we spent about four hours tracking forty-five minutes of music (including setup), and then did the vocals in a couple evenings a while later. Most of the sound of this album ended up being the room mics: one a few feet from the drums, one about fifteen feet from the guitars (in a big tiled room), and one about eight feet from Tony, the singer. Biggest challenge here was trying not to smooth out the rough edges, but still trying to distinguish it from your standard boom-box-originated practice tape. I think using the depth of the room so much kept it rawer sounding with the close mics just filling in a little more detail than there might normally be. Who the fuck knows, really? I really like how this came out.

MENS INTEREST – *More War* (Home Invasion)

WASTE MANAGEMENT – *Power Abuse* (Painkiller, forthcoming)

Both of these (the WASTE MANAGEMENT has been released on cassette this year) were studies in efficiency and I enjoyed both a good bit. I have a tendency to record music mostly one instrument at a time, which can often be tedious and counterintuitive when you're trying to work out something like a guitar break as an overdub. In both of these scenarios the bands recorded entirely live with only vocals added later (I'm not Bob Johnston and I don't do the *Blonde on Blonde* thing) and so I got a good lesson in isolating amplifiers and, I suppose, blending sound together in a room. For me the biggest challenge is not losing too much saturation from an amp because it has to be turned lower (in order to not bleed too much into the drum mics). I don't have a separate room for amps most of the time (on the MENS INTEREST session I actually did but it was only on the other side of one fairly thin wall), and so a lot of creative positioning of guitar cabinets (usually under a pile of pillows as far from the drums as possible) tends to be the way to deal with things.

NEW LOWS – *Harvesting the Carcass* (Deathwish)

The idea for this album was that it would be a more raw treatment than a band like NEW LOWS typically gets in a studio. In the end it went through more "post-production" revisions than most things I've recorded. Literally every instrument recorded was malfunctioning in some way, some of which I didn't notice until later, so I suppose I learned that if you aren't careful—and sometimes even if you are—there may be a big mess to clean up later. I also learned that sometimes you work really hard on an album, and then the band breaks up and they all hate each other. That's more of a life lesson, though. I hated myself through a lot of the process on this record because I found that no matter how much preparation and planning I put in, something may (and did) still end up screwed up. In some ways it may have just been the kind of luck this band has. That's nobody's fault really, or at least not my fault. So really the lesson here is sometimes things are just going to be this fucked. For the record I think it worked out in the end, at least insofar as the record sounding right. The members have not really resolved their differences—such is life.

FREE SPIRIT – *Free Yourself* (BBB)

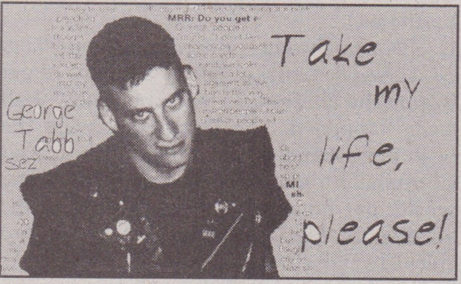
Proof that when a band works hard, and stays focused, they can make a good record in a weekend. Also proof that no matter how good a record they might make, and no matter how much you might try and make it sound like a NYHC recording from '87, they might put a stupid painting of a hot air balloon on the front of the record sleeve.

This year I also did recordings for SOUL SWALLOWER, MIND ERASER, STRAIGHTJACKET NATION, BATTLE RUINS, IRON LUNG (actually this was November '09 but mixed mostly in 2010), NO TOLERANCE, RAMPAGE, PUT TO DEATH, and at least one band I'm in without a name yet, but these aren't finished or are nowhere near being released so I'll save 'em for later. Or If I'm lucky, never.

Afterthought:

In January I bought this seemingly none-too-special pedal made by BBE called "American Metal Distortion" that was on clearance through a bunch of outlets around then (Guitar Center, Musician's Friend, etc.). It was like $20 or something (SRP was originally $120, I don't know why). I think every recording I did this year except SQRM and WASTE MANAGEMENT ended up making use of it for guitar or bass. I couldn't tell you why—it's not much more than a grimier sounding DS-1—but it has been good for adding a little extra bite to a few bass guitars, and also has a pretty good range for guitar players. I feel like something getting that much mileage at least deserved a mention down here. If you see it kickin' around cheap give it a shot.

2010: I won't really miss you, but we had some good times anyway. Onward to annihilation. Onward to the future. Onward to 2011.



A Punk Rock Christmas Story, continued from last month…

"George, pick up the fucking phone, it's G.G. Allin."

The ghost of Punk Rock Christmas Future. It figures. The last time I saw G.G. he was laying in a coffin wearing a jockstrap that said "Eat Me" and a leather jacket.

I picked up the phone and said hello. Suddenly G.G. Allin appeared in my apartment. I hoped he'd already had a bowel movement today.

"Hey, G.G.," I say to the bald dead guy, "the last time I saw you they'd taken out your brain and put you underground."

"That's right, Tabby Cat," G.G. said to me. He used to call me that. Tabby Cat. I hated it. I also didn't like his stage shows too much. He would shit, eat it, and then throw or spit it at the audience. He'd also hit people with mic stands, kick them, and piss on them. It was entertaining. Once. But then it got boring. I once asked him if he ever got tired of doing the same thing over and over, and he said, "It's show biz, Tabby Cat."

"Okay, G.G.," I said to the ghost, who, somehow, managed to smell like a combination of whisky, sweat, piss, and shit, "where are we going?"

"I am the ghost of Punk Rock Christmas Future and I am here for you, George Tabby Cat," said G.G., in his low, mean voice.

"I know, G.G.," I said, "Let's get on with it."

"Show biz, Tabby Cat," explained G.G., "I'm still in it. In fact, I'm more successful then ever. I know you can't really understand this, but up here, I'm playing to packed houses. It's like Vegas. I'm doing country music."

"There's an equivalent of Branson, Missouri in Hell?" I ask him.

He tells me it's not an equivalent. It's the same thing.

"D'oh," I say.

"Tabby Cat, what part of your future do you want to see?" asks G.G. Allin. Pretty dead.

"Umm," I say, "the part where I'm rich and famous and playing the Garden to lots of people. The part where I'm rolling in money, and chicks are lined up to get in my pants," I tell G.G.

"Okay," he says.

All of a sudden we are at Madison Square Garden, and I see a large yellow banner on stage. With red letters. It's huge. It says "Furious George". I smile at G.G. G.G. smiles back at me. He's still missing some teeth. Bad dentists in Hell, I figure.

"This is your future," G.G. says to me as he takes a swig from a Jim Beam bottle.

"Looks good to me," I say.

"Yeah, just watch," says the Geeg.

The lights get dim, and a spotlight hits the Furious George logo. The theme from *Star Wars* comes on over the P.A., and suddenly I see the band run out on stage to the applause of the entire Garden. I see Evan, in a leather jacket, looking as good as ever. I see Michael, our drummer, and am surprised he is still in the band. Drummers never last that long. Then I see myself. I'm wearing leather pants, have long blonde hair, and am wearing a fishnet shirt. I have

earrings, and a pierced nose. And I'm wearing cowboy boots.

"We're Furious George," I see myself say to the audience, "Merry Christmas Eve, are you ready to rock?"

I feel myself get nauseous.

"Then let's rock!" I see myself say, and I watch the band kick into "Betty Crocker, Punk Rocker", only now it sounds like a bad East Village hair band song. No melody whatsoever.

"We suck," I say to G.G.

"Uh huh," says G.G., "you sold out. You are no longer punk rock. Just rich and famous."

I watch as the band plays, and young girls take off their shirts and throw them up on the stage.

"Well, it looks like I'm rich and successful. I guess that counts," I say to the ghost of Punk Rock Christmas Future.

"For what?" says G.G.

"I dunno, for something," I say. "I mean, hey, I made it. I'm at the top, I must be pulling in a six-figure annual income, at least. I'm somebody. People want me. To be me. I'm famous."

"But are you happy?" asks G.G.

I look at the longhaired me on stage. Rocking out in cowboy boots and wearing hoop earrings. I seem pretty damn happy.

"It looks that way," I say to the ghost.

"Yup," says G.G., "It does."

Suddenly we are in a dressing room. Backstage. There is a long mirror against one wall, and many wardrobe cabinets that are stenciled with "Furious George".

I look over at G.G., and he looks over at a figure sitting in front of the mirror on the other side of the room. I look over and see it's me. Long blonde hair and boots and everything.

"It's after the show," explains G.G.

"Why am I sitting there alone?" I ask the ghost.

I look at myself drinking a beer, and looking at myself in the mirror. I hear a phone ring, and see myself answer my cell phone.

"Yeah," my longhaired self says.

I see myself listen to someone, then hang up the phone.

"It was your lawyer," says G.G., "he just told you that your album went triple platinum, and you've been nominated for eight Grammies, including a new category, one for best hair."

I look at myself. I'm not smiling. I'm alone. Drinking a beer.

"I'd never look like that," I say to G.G., "I'd never sell out like that."

"Uh huh," says G.G.

Suddenly we are in a huge apartment overlooking Central Park. There is a large Christmas Tree in the middle of the room with no presents under it. I see myself, with the long hair, seated alone on my couch. Playing a game on Playstation.

"I do that now," I say to G.G.

I continue to watch as I play a *Doom*-like game. I seem sad and alone.

"This sucks," I say to G.G.

I watch myself get up, turn off the television, and go into the kitchen to get another beer. Then I walk over to a CD player, and put on some Christmas music. Jim Nabors. Singing. I then sit on the couch again. And drink. Alone.

"I've lost it," I tell the ghost. "I mean, I'm a schmuck."

"Yeah, Tabby Cat, you are," says G.G.

"Is this what is gonna become of me?" I say, "am I gonna be some long-haired rock star, alone at the top? Am I gonna have no one to share Christmas with? Am I going to be filthy rich, and yet be unhappy?"

I look at myself, alone. Miserable. Rich.

G.G. says nothing.

I feel like throwing up.

Suddenly, I'm back in my apartment. The *Star Wars*-type game is playing on the television, and G.G. is gone. I've seen myself. Past. Present. Future. And I'm not happy with me. At all.

I turn off the damn television and throw on my coat. I need to go out a get a few more Christmas presents. So what if I have to stand in lines? So what if people are pushy and the holiday is way too commercial? So what if it doesn't mean the same thing it used to? So what?

As I walk up Broadway, people push and shove into me as they rush, like me, to buy last-minute presents. I bump into some Chinese guy by accident and he says, "Fuck You". But I don't care. A taxicab almost runs me over, and again, I don't care. I just smile at the driver.

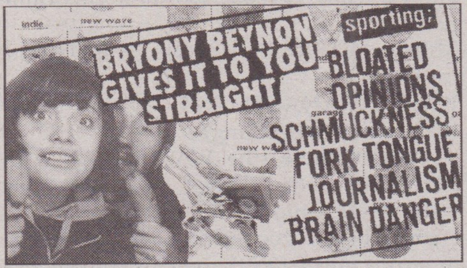
I make it to some stores and buy lots of gifts. For everyone. I spend every cent I have. I buy my nephews and niece lots of gifts. I buy presents for my band. For Spendy. For Nick. For my brothers. For all my friends.

I figure it's all a good investment. I want them to like me when I sell out. It can be lonely at the top. Might as well have some people up there along with my hair spray and cowboy boots.

Take My Life, Please & Happy Holidays!

Endnotes:

1. Cheetah Chrome's REAL new book, *Tales Of A Dead Boy*, fuckin' rocks. Buy this or get it from the library and read about how it all *really* happened. The Dead Boys were the best *punk* band in history. Period. And Cheetah Chrome is the best guitarist in the world. Bar none. His story is so much like all of ours. He is a great, great man. You rule, Cheetah.
2. The above story is fiction. Duh.
3. ROIR re-released The Stimulators' cassette-only album on CD! *Loud Fast Rules*, well, loud fast rules. Great stuff. And with a vintage Nick Mardin and Harley Flanagan? Hells yeah!
4. The new Madball album called *Empire* still sounds like the Cookie Monster singing over A.J. Novello riffs. Whatever! Only, he's really angry. There really must be NO cookies. He even sings about it in Spanish.
5. *Rock Band 3* out for all the major video game consoles now is really pretty fucking cool. The guitar now has real strings, and if you try hard enough, you can learn to play it along with the game. So if you are not ready to start a band yet, but want to practice, here you go! Coolest product out this year.
6. It is an honor to still be here at *Maximumrocknroll*. Next year and it will be twenty years! Thank you, gang, for keeping "The Bible of Punk Rock" alive! And healthy!



Whiteout! Snow days are here once again. Not usual enough in this country to warrant suitable infrastructure, but common enough to start feeling like a cold, cold inconvenience. I'll be a child and admit it; it's still nice out when it's white out.

The invincible Texan from a few pages back (or forwards, who knows what the column order is this month) is gracing us with his presence, so once again I'm using foreign humans as a good excuse to put off that which I "should" be doing, and appealing to my base instincts, eating and hanging out. They'll bury me with a fucking to-do list.

I've said it once, I'll say it again: post is the illicit thrill on which punk rock thrives. Christmas every day. This, the month when real Christmas occurs, has nevertheless been a great one for post. Of course receiving and then finding ever more ingenious places to hide Christmas presents is all part of the fun, but the best thing that came in the mail recently was an accidental present to my frayed and dusty brain…

There is a breed of literature that focuses on the pyschogeography of a part of East London that is called Hackney. You might know it. It's an historically poor area, often blessed with accolades such as "worst place to live in Europe," but rich with the stuff of intrigue, of plots, murder, gangs old and new, from aspirational hipsters to cabals of gambling traders and covens of developers, opportunistic fraudsters (see the London 2012 Olympic Delivery Authority). It's also a borough tangled up in demarcations for the biggest racket of all: state-endorsed gentrification. Some would call it regeneration, point at shiny billboards, vacant luxury flats, terminal diversions and gleaming scaf-

folding, but the displaced, the migrants, the names at the bottom of the housing list, they all know different. I read a bunch of books on these kinds of topics as they relate to every urban center in the world, trying to map it onto this area of East London and my new home on the peripheries of Dalston—a newly-crowned hipster ground zero (Shoreditch had become too pricey)—while I lived there for a short time, to enliven something I had to write for school. Iain Sinclair, whose writing I find captivating, although shot through with some of fuzzier ideas like ley lines that I don't know if I can fully get behind, wrote a brilliant account of Hackney's continued metamorphosis in *Hackney, That Rose Red Empire*. He would occasionally touch on the long-running squats that were slowly and calculatedly erased from the borough, remaining only now in small defiant pockets using secrecy as a necessary strategy. While his book taught me much about subterranean Molemen, council corruption (on an industrial scale), and Baader-Meinhof fugitives hiding in the park, I was still keen to learn more about Hackney's punk history.

Quite on a punt, I ordered a zine called *Splitting the Atom* that was, by wild coincidence, "commissioned" by Sinclair as an accompaniment to various talks at the opening night talk for *HTRRE*. Written by performance poet and artist Aaron Williamson, the zine's full title is *Splitting the Atom: The Birth of the DIY Punk Movement in Dalston 1977*. It's beautifully unselfconscious and traces the author's dilemma over what to focus on in addressing punk for this purpose. Williamson begins by briefly examining Hackney as the contested ground where Rock Against Racism was born (an event he attended aged sixteen), a movement created in response to increasing racial tension during the city's first wave punk explosion, that culminated in a march and concert in Hackney's Victoria Park. While he concludes that "aligning punk to the anti-Nazi cause was one of the greatest political coups of post-War British politics," Williamson's own coup is in identifying that the nature of a huge outdoor festival like RAR ran counter to the spirit in which many of the smaller bands of the time were creating their music, that even in a musical climate where X-Ray Spex, The Clash, or Jimmy Pursey could be Top Ten pop chart acts, there was something quite separate going on in the shadows that went far beyond "reconstructing the rock star system." The zine goes on to pinpoint the Desperate Bicycles' first recording session, which took place in Dalston at 570 Kingsland Road, as that atom-splitting moment for DIY musiculture. DBs did actually play a RAR gig with Sham, but you know. Maybe this kind of thing is only captivating if you have trudged up and down and down and up this very street, always with your headphones in, eyes unfocussed on the rubble where that very studio, so it turns out, once stood, and indignant at the permanent building site there in its place, which has (since the publication of said zine) become the hollowed-out fascia of the new Dalston Junction train station built to serve Olympiad tourism traffic. That, and a fried chicken shop. The zine includes a lovingly researched loose-leaf plan for a Desperate Bicycles walk checklist with different activities, and it made me wish I'd had this knowledge and action plan while leading a snake of bemused Australians up the very same stretch of road.

I learnt a lot from Williamson's splendidly single-minded (and placed) zine, how the band's refusal of every interview since 1981 led him on endless quests to find out the hows and wheres of their first recording session. He pored over aging microfiche to find traces of Desperate Bicycles gigs advertised in the *Hackney Gazette*, and located Nicky Stephens through some nerdario's blog who had posted about being overjoyed to have hired a carpenter to help him put up record shelves that played keyboards in the fucking band!

So, as with most punk-related work from the art world or academic spheres, I found myself wondering about this person's background, their upbringing, and inevitably their teenage bands, how punk might have informed their work even though they are now somehow separated from it, and how that came about. It was perhaps the biggest revelation of all to find out that Aaron Williamson is profoundly deaf. Despite dedicating a few thousand words to them in *Splitting the Atom*, he has not heard the Desperate Bicycles single since the 60% residual hearing he was born with deteriorated to total silence a few years after said record's release. As such, no doubt, his original copy must be even more prized than most, and adds untold weight to the part where he sits in the chicken shop which he has newly discovered is the site of where it was recorded, and summons what he calls an "acoustic recall" to mark the moment. Thinking about his deafness initially blew my mind, in what is kind of a pretty condescending way as I reflect on that, I suppose, but it was my thought process anyway. I tried to think about how you would approach writing about punk without the baseline of, well, the bass line, or the riff, or any of the other initial germs that wriggle their way through your ears to your brain and infect you forever. Where would you start? It was then that I answered my own question, as a slightly shameful admission occurred to me, that for the purposes of my nothing-much of a story I will recount: I too, dear reader, have never heard the Desperate Bicycles.

I know of the band, of course. I have read about them in zines just like this one, and books, and heard their shamble and off-kilterness referenced enough that I could draw you a mental sketch of their record covers. I know that cool logo of the off-center hub they had, and could even have given you some lyrics. But for the duration of my devouring *Splitting the Atom*, as far as their music went I must have just had half my mind on some Swell Maps tune or other that I soon disentangled and was left with, what? Silence. Therein, you see lies the magic, because I'd say that silence isn't really silence at all. It's so crammed with referents that the hole where the tunes are seems already full. It explains completely why, sensory loss or not, the aural stimulation itself is merely one jumping off point for so many other pathways. Does that make sense? The name of that zine came from a John Peel interview where his response to the question of what still reverberated from the punk period was simply "The do-it-yourself idea. It's like splitting the atom. You can't unlearn it." As such, Williamson's amazing writing about punk holds up the truth that this, a culture built on accidents, obscurity, and weighty bricks of dust and air, is absolutely, to resurrect the most cloying of nineties phrases, "more than music." And so that terminal lesson, which stays somehow un-unlearnable, preaching from snide shoulders well into adulthood, sniggering as you sell off prized teen rarities, or age into placidity, or shock-horror, maybe even try to make that dirtiest of livings, a creative job, well it continues to echo up and down Kingsland Road, far beyond Hackney, I know.

The high irony that Dalston has become epicenter for some of the higher-profile, less-than-fruitful attempts to play on hollowed out repetitions of the DIY idea is not lost on me. Those are the unwelcome distortions, a bending of sound that doesn't quite ring true when there are mealy-mouthed PRs and reasons with the Queen's face on behind some people's tunes—unresolved harmonic tensions that sit unanswered in your ears as you stand alone in sold-out venues and try and tap your foot, but these shoes don't fit and up and down and everyone scared of each other, everyone's scared of themselves, and the only thing being xeroxed is a press release. Of course the tunes themselves will always be the root note, but all the way through reading *Splitting the Atom* I was consumed enough by the story and the place and time to not even really need the songs, what the Desperate Bicycles and their medium (which to Aaron, and to me, and to you, I hope, is still, the ultimate antidote to tedium) meant, and a hundred other bands you could probably make a decent case for having just as much influence. Right now I'm going to Google "Desperate Bicycles medi-afire" because I'm a young future person and that's what I do, and think how bummed I'm going to be if it totally sucks. (It won't though, right?)

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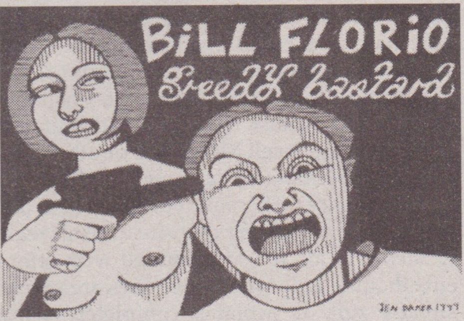


I've been up for 39 hours right now. For 36 of those hours I've been thinking about why I planned to put myself up to a full day, a full evening of activity, a full night of boredom, a long plane trip and then a full day of work. I also planned to write my column when it was due, which was at the start of the 29 hours, but then I decided there is a slight chance this would come out better if I wrote it in total delirious state. I realize there's a much bigger change that whatever I write will make less sense than usual, but if you started reading this chances are you've read crap I winged out at the last second before and will deal.

So I went to see The Ergs last night, they did a reunion show for a good cause which is nice, and there are few bands I will trek out to see a reunion of and not feel like I'm wasting my time. I did notice two things about them,

1. Mikey threw out that there were 40 songs on their set list, while I appreciate the nice round number, very few bands have 40 good songs and no matter how much someone will claim to be the biggest fan, after a while you're just fucking around.

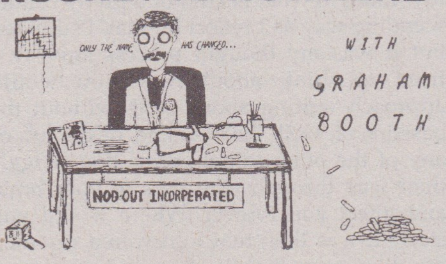
2. Reunion shows are always several different kinds of sad. It's a combination of remembering the past and having it be enforced that things can never be this way again. Even if it's just a stupid band, even if it's your own stupid band, people spent a lot of time and effort to make an experience, and the truth is, you can never recreate that, and yes you can pretend to, but pretending is also sad in one way or another.

The other thing I was thinking is that going to this show took a lot of psychological energy. There was the excitement of seeing the band play again, the agitation that it sold out in two minutes, the annoyance that I tried to buy a ticket five minutes too late, the further shame that I hate buying tickets to anything in advance and then failing at it. The shame of wanting to do something in New Jersey at all. Then the hassle of trying to figure out how to get someone to sell me a ticket, the elation that someone offered at the last minute. Rearranging the overall travel plan so I can get to the show see the band and somehow get to the airport and fly to the west coast by noon the next day. And finally knowing you have to write about something before you pass out after 39 hours.

I just wanted to say that I think everyone should do something like this at least once or twice a year I mean people do it every day; they do a bunch of drugs and stay up all night. I'm not talking about that, to tell you the truth, that's totally boring and lame. I think you should plan something stupid just for the sake of it being somewhat of a challenge. I mean I pictured myself sitting in the airport reading a book about man's evolution and it's relation to quality cooking utensils. I planned feeling this crummy and attempting to write about it. It's fine, mostly because it's over and I can go to bed, but sometimes you need to convince yourself that you can put up with shit and still smile through it.

Of course, there are morons who come up with really bad ideas and follow through just to say they did it. "I'm going to eat a bucket of fried chicken for breakfast lunch and dinner until I've gained 75 lbs." That's not what I'm talking about, What I mean is, while sometimes you must exert a good deal of effort to try and achieve a certain positive goal, sometimes you can exert a good deal of time and effort to not achieve any set goal. For one thing, there's no chance of getting bummed out if you don't end up with an expected outcome, and I think sometimes it's good to just be able to follow a set path even if it doesn't accomplish anything. It's like when you're a kid and you dug that hole in the backyard but then after two days of digging deeper and deeper, the cat took a shit with blood on it and you decided you were too creeped out to continue and ended up filling the hole in over the turd just so you didn't have to deal with it any more and you didn't even take a picture to remember digging a hole that deep, Shit, I did that when I was ten and I still remember it and I went on to dig other undocumented holes. Doing stuff like that even when you're not twelve anymore will keep you feeling young and keep you humble, like hey, if sometimes I make as little sense as I did when I was twelve, maybe I'm not such a fart after all.

ROCKET TO NOWHERE



Whoa, is it a New Year already? Time really flies when you're not paying attention. In punk collecting terms, the developments of 2010 were pretty damn odd. It's hard to imagine where things could be headed in the future, since I didn't see most of it coming. Let's recap…

Early punk collectors had a pretty depressed year. It seems we have finally gotten to the point that new big punk discoveries aren't happening any more. I can't think of one KBD punk monster 45 that was unearthed/unveiled this past year. There were a fair amount of punky, even decent "punk" unknowns to surface on eBay, which seems to be the last remaining venue to "discover" new old records. It sure as hell ain't happening in the real world.

So instead of scrambling to get the recent discovery of the moment, early punk collectors spent their money filling longtime gaps. For the most part, prices seem to be down a bit, so if you had the cash, it was a good time to grab those wantlist staples, although many of them never come up. There were some exceptions: prices seem to be way up for Australian and UK rarities, one of the few areas where prices still cleared four digits.

While supplies may be down, Early punk collector demand remains high, so the brave and moneyed continue to branch out into equal parts powerpop and new wave. I still remember when, just a few years ago, the mere presence of keyboards on a "powerpop" record deemed it unsellable garbage. Well, it seems the powerpop masses have finally come around on the keyboard. Similarly, New Wave seems to have lost its dirty word connotations amongst punk collectors. For those of us who sell records on the side to help pay for the habit, it's been a good year for selling new wave detritus. If it's got the right edgy pop or punky sound you can often squeeze a hundred bucks out of it, keyboards be damned. But don't take my word for it; they'll need a soundclip please.

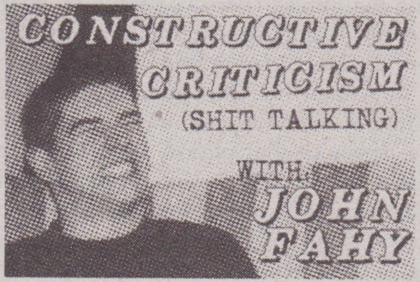
Meanwhile, early hardcore has finally entered the blue chip realm. Bad news for those of you still scrambling to fill out your want lists, prices for top rarities have been steadily climbing into four digits. Thankfully most hardcore is relatively common, with hundreds of copies changing hands in a given year, you can still get most of your Dischords and Touch & Go's for a couple hundred bucks. Not so for the rare stuff tho, you might as well give up on BAD BRAINS or KORO or the FIX *Vengeance*. Same goes for Euro and Japanese hardcore: Prices remained steady for the gettable, but got up in the high hundreds for the impossible. With each passing year, demand seems to be growing, while records are steadily getting sealed up in collections. If there are any early HC stragglers you'd like to own in your lifetime, it might be a good time to throw down on the things that are still attainable, since I imagine prices will continue to rise, especially if the economy ever bounces back.

I often wonder when people will start touting super obscurities from the late '80s

and early '90s, but 2010 wasn't the year it started. We all know the exceptions that have always been in demand, NYHC, SXE, pop punk, riot grrl, etc. Even most of that had a pretty weak year, it seems that stuff still needs more time to percolate giving the bad taste more time to subside.

I'm not super up on new releases, but it seems like the frenzy for ultra-limited manufactured rarities continued in 2010 for both Termbros and Mysterious Guy Hardcore. Appetites didn't seem as voracious as they were in 2009, but the grip and flippers continued to milk it for all it was worth. It will be interesting to see how many of these bands become forgotten, fad cast offs, and which ones "make it" and get dragged along into the 20TEENS. Who is the GREEN DAY of 2018? I would like to know so I can buy all the records now for cheap.

So that was a pretty generic recap of 2010. I imagine 2011 will continue on many of the same trajectories. The real question is when is the economy going to rebound? I've been pretty amazed how much money people have been willing to spend on records this year, despite being, you know, UNEMPLOYED AND BROKE. Where is all this money coming from? Maybe punks are better at keeping jobs than normal people? Or maybe punks are better at living on less? Are punks even in a recession? I ask this, because it's hard to tell whether current record prices are normal, or if they are deflated and depressed like everything else. If the economy rebounds, are prices going to get even higher?? Sounds pretty damn expensive to me!!



THE STANDARD

I think sometimes maybe I'm too immersed in punk culture and other times that I'm not immersed enough. I think the ideal my friends and I try to live up to is a difficult one to attain, almost to the point of naiveté, but that it makes trying all the more worthwhile. Dealing with issues of identity is a prime example.

Moving to Fort Myers, I think I was beyond lucky to find a group of people that had the exact same opinion as I as far as how we treat our partners and co-conspirators, especially in such a small, grotesque culture like Southwest Florida. Meeting the friends I have here, I was relieved to find a place where I could exist without feeling totally out of place. I think punk culture can provide this kind of belonging by setting the standard of proving worth by work, dialogue, behavior or action. The relief of finding this kind of safety is something anyone should want to develop, share and expand, so we've tried to do that.

I grew up in my beloved Long Island (many believe it to be a shithole but to me, its awfulness belies its grace), son of immigrant Irish parents and at sixteen, brattily dropped out of high school and moved to Ireland, demanding adventure and Real Life experience. I think growing up in an immigrant Irish family gave me a sense of identity that made me feel some of the same feelings of belonging I'm talking about, but even after moving to Ireland, I still felt out of place. Sure, I met incredible people and shared experiences, saw a different view of the US and its citizens and learned of political oppressions I would have never remotely known at home, but still, I was a punk. I didn't feel the same way as boys my age about how to behave toward women. I didn't feel the same way about how to behave toward homosexuals. While some of my Irish friends were politically rebellious, they weren't culturally rebellious. They didn't seem terribly far from some of the jock dickheads I felt alienated from in high school. This was still a very lonely experience, though it may have been very good for me in the long run in a multitude of ways.

I came home because my father wanted out of New York and suggested I help with the move. He decided on Florida and I came along and wondered how I'd fare in a part of America that was alien to me. Finding a small, yet clearly political and punk group of people was a big fucking deal to me. It is very comforting, especially in a place like Florida, to find a group of kids that are loudly in opposition to a strong Christian Right. We had bands and shows and a house to work on projects and party and joke around about genitals. While punks could find comfort in coming to shows at our house, they also knew a certain standard was to be met as far as being respectful.

Strangely, it barely needed to come up in conversation with guests and visitors. It was almost as if the vibe permeated the space, that no disrespect/intolerance to one another would be tolerated, even remotely. It went almost without saying that drinking was not cool until the show was over and therefore, the all ages event had ceased. This was, again, a big deal to me. Making friends, creating art (or whatever we're doing), dealing with problems—together—we challenged each other to become better punks and people. Even at our best, though, we never had everything figured out and have had to take on problems as they come.

Complaints, arguments and discussions about how we handled things in our backyard were significant. Were we going to indulge bands we thought were detrimental to punk culture and exploited it? Were we going to have fun, rowdy shows or ones where everyone could not worry about getting beaten senseless during a set?

Dealing with issues of sexual and/or racial identity rarely came up. We set our standard to dealing with punks as punks and not majorities and minorities. While not making sexuality or race an issue may seem like a naive way to handle things, the way we felt about it was, if any issue was made, it would make exposing prejudice much easier. I haven't seen any evidence of this being proven faulty.

The idea of someone handling me with extra care or doubt because of my race or gender is bullshit. Punks should be working off of ideals of integrity. Where anyone is treated with doubt or prejudice, punks should be the ones judging on action and merit. In a world as awful and destructive and alienating as this, we are all each other have. My nationality could not provide me with the security and direction that punk culture has. While it's a part of who I am, it's not the forefront. If my identity relied upon the aspect of who I am that I had no control over, I wouldn't be a terribly interesting person.

This month I wrote an ill-thought-out column directed vaguely at someone whom I'd never met and ignored my responsibility to speak clearly to whoever may read this column. Luckily, *MRR* bigwigs gave me a second shot to cover some of the same ideas here. My misdirected ramblings came out intolerant and stupid and I'm glad I could clear myself up about how I feel about some of those ideas.

Society is cold. Any punk who has issues of body image, mental illness, disability or feels prejudice of any kind should feel especially safe here and the onus is on every one of us to make sure that is safeguarded.

While I want to learn about anyone else's human experience and what's brought them to this underground, I don't feel the need to use any labels. Friends can be sexually unsure, or racially mixed in such a way that any such term doesn't quite do justice to who they are.

I don't think they're often times anymore helpful than referring to the Haitian guy at your job as "African-American." He's not.

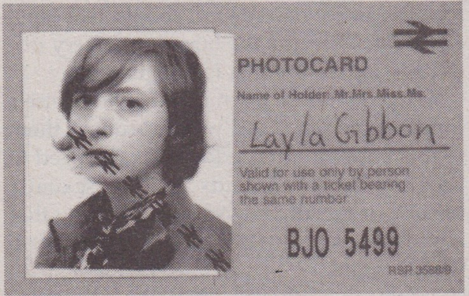
Many of us feel that punk culture is often times not much better than regular everyday society. It sometimes feels that way, but I don't think I'd be loitering around just for the records and smalltalk, something makes me want to be here, even with all of the bull-

shit. What is important to me is that a level playing field is applied, and that ideas, work and behavior determine how we are treated. Society would like us to be influenced by the bullshit that's been propagated over the years, colonial, exploitative and yes, colonial-corrective, oversensitive attitudes that are a less threatening yet just as condescending means of prejudice.

Up the fucking punks.

ENDNOTES:

1. Just returned from Tampa with an armful of releases that are superb. DADS have released a VHS/audio cassette combination that is musically as loud, noisy, and wild as everything else they've done to date, as well as being genius-ly idiotic and hilarious in their video editing. OLD SMOKERS have released a sleazily raging demo on West Palm Beotch Records that is great and holds much promise for the future, especially now that they've added a member. NEON BLUD's Neon Nights VHS is terrific, the obvious result of a bunch of kids trapped in a suicidal addiction to pop culture: off-putting and wonderful. MERCHANDISE have released a tape of different mixes of album tracks on audio cassette that would seem like an afterthought but actually stands on it's own as a release—more hypnotic, beautiful noise from these kids. In a similar tone is the cassingle by (), Dave Vassalotti's solo project. Two tracks of lo-fi new wave/post punk excellence. A sign of more to come, I'm hoping...
2. Please write me, send me mixes, send me records, send me noisy punk demos? John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Drive / Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers / FL / 33919 or fahy_john@hotmail.com <mailto:fahy_john@hotmail.com>
3. Check out IFB records for the upcoming(out very soon) PANZRAM 10". 7" to follow soon. "Restraint" Tapes still available from me at the above addresses.



This is going to be a short column, even though it's probably one of the hardest ones I have had to write... *MRR* is one of the most inspiring life changing frustrating things I have been involved in. This month, at the year end shitworker meeting I gave my six month's notice as content coordinator of this magazine. I do not intend on leaving the Bay Area, or stopping working on the magazine totally. I just realized a few months ago that I would like to come home from a days work at my crappy retail job, and not have to work for another six hours on the magazine, then do the same thing the next day and the next day. This is partially due to my own workaholic nature, I know this, which is why I am not abandoning ship totally. I just want a break. I intend on continuing to write for this rag—that includes coming up with content, (you should do this too! Interview your favorite band and send it in!)—and of course to continue on with the epic work that goes on behind the scenes. Most of you will have no clue how much effort goes into this thing you hold in your hands, every month, year after year, over one hundred shitworkers and three coordinators all working for free.

I want to continue to be involved in the magazine for years to come, which is why I am handing in my dance card or whatever twee way there is to put such a thing. I think it's time for some new blood to take over... I have volunteered here for seven years, and I will have run this magazine for three of those years, which is a pretty good average. I think Arwen did six as coordinator? No one has beat Tim Yohannon of course, but a shitworker expressed surprise that I wasn't planning on trying. I mentioned before that the workload was intense, it is, but the main thing is how totally life encompassing it is. I have friends I have not seen since I started coordinating *MRR* and I haven't been in a band or written for my own zine *Chimps* either. I find it difficult to leave town for a few days without feeling guilty.

Punks are always surprised when they come here; that it's not a squat-like building filled with GG style miscreants. Some kids from NYC dismissed me and Cissie as a bunch of "old ladies in sweaters" when they stopped by the house when she was still coordinating the magazine last year, which I thought was funny. Like how do people think this magazine happens? A bunch of punks grab glue bags and typewriters and hope for the best??!! Actually, that is how it happens. *Maximum Rocknroll* is not an easy thing to run. Essentially you are running a small business, a magazine, in the face of the supposed death of print media. You get to pick what runs in the magazine, but you also get to work twelve to fourteen hour days in a building with no heat, figure out how to do the yearly sales taxes for every county in California with no "boss" to tell you the right or the wrong way to do it, figure out how the rent is going to be paid each month, and deal with the fact that your house is a community space, a library of punk. This is awesome when you want to listen to Rutto 7"s and read old issues of the classic San Jose zine *Forget It!* Shitworkers will call me boss sometimes, but it always makes me feel weird. *MRR* is what it is because of all of the people that volunteer here, whether that's the punks that email or mail in interviews and scene reports from Nepal, Venezuela and St Louis, or those that spend the Bart fare to get here from Oakland to green tape records. Punk is what you make it, whatever Brace says, it isn't an outfit, it's something you do. This magazine is evidence of that fact and I am proud to have been a part of its continued existence.

Are you interested in applying to be coordinator of *Maximum Rocknroll?* Email us mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for an application. Must supply own gluebag. Actually, no gluebags allowed.

layla@maximumrocknroll.com

whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

I have been hearing lately that punks hate the phrase "person/people of color." It seems like those who think it's unnecessary are less likely to understand or listen to someone when they preface a statement with that. For as much complaining as people do about that phrase, it seems to me that it has more to do with understanding what exactly it means and less about the person using it. I guess it makes some people uncomfortable because it brings some issues to mind that others may not be well versed in. Well, let me begin by saying that as "people of color" it is not our job to educate you. But in the spirit of good will (this is my Birthday month), I am gonna help you out... Maybe it's presumptuous, but I assume that the disputed phrase will some times come up in conversations about culture, art, politics, religion, music, wait...oh shit! Could a person's culture, ethnicity, gender and socioeconomic backgrounds inform their current experiences? My mind is blown... OK, sorry, this "person of color" is being a sarcastic dick, but the point I am trying to make is that the phrase often functions as a general term that includes

the "minority experience" so that we don't have to explain every little detail. Depending on the audience, it could be inclusive, or in the case of the white punks I hear complaining about this phrase, exclusive.

So what's the point? Is this something to separate us? That's what I hear people say when they complain about this phrase and here is where I will sound like a broken record (ouch!): Whether you like it or not, Language is Important. What people may not notice is that prior to this phrase, the alternatives were few. There is the idea of giving specifics like, "as a twenty two Ecuadorian male coming from a rural background that immigrated here in the 1980's via..." but the same people who hate the phrase "person of color" may shut off at the beginning of that statement. I understand, these are subjects that would come up naturally within a friendship or relationship of any level, so these specifics may not be needed at first meeting, but would anyone disagree that similar information about any person is important? Doesn't a persons experience factor into who they are, how they live, and how they interpret the world around them? Whether or not you care, it does. If you aren't a sociopath, you might want to interact with the world around you. I know that in some places (like San Francisco) people can wrap themselves up in an isolated comfort zone in which these situations are minimal, but eventually your ignorance will come to light, my friend. What will you do then?

Again, Language is Important. Can you recall what term was frequently used prior to the popular use of "Person/People of color" in books, academia, popular culture, etc...? Non-White. How's that for exclusive? This term is not about what you are, but what you are not. I can hear the arguments on the other side now, "People/Person of color does the same thing!" Wrong. The term is an inclusive one. It does not reference what group we do not belong to, but that what commonalities the minority experience has. Sure, all of us know that every ethnic culture has many differences, but this term lets us remember that in this country we are not isolated by these ethnic groups as non-whites, as "others" outside of the group that has power over us. We are many and when you add us all up, we are greater in numbers than "White" people. I think this is where the term "people of color" seems exclusive, because for once this doesn't include white people. Given the institutional racism in this country, do you understand how funny that is? It's not as if "people of color" are going to forget that humanity has unifying experiences beyond their ethnic make up, that some of the seemingly color coded issues that "people of color" are faced with are also shared by "white" people, that we can all get along and that times can be tough all around. What is so threatening about "people of color" having something of their own in a country that is unfairly divided? I am sure that to some it is pretty scary to think of "people of color" unified in similar experiences, having empathy for one another, having a laugh over some of the dumb shit we have dealt with and maybe even helping each other out based on some of the inequities that "people of color" have been subjected to. The term is a unifying and I can see where it would make some uncomfortable... All of us savages learning to get along... Scary, isn't it?

Again, I am being a little sarcastic, but I hope that this gets a point across. I know that the term "P.O.C." has replace "P.C." in some minds, but again Language is Important. Do you remember where the term "Politically Correct" comes from? Not from the people it is talking about. The origin of terms is important and the reclamation of terms is important. Just think a little. Whether you like it or not "people of color" will probably still be using this term. Some punks seem to think it that clutters conversations, that it should be implied, or that its overkill. Boo-Hoo... Until we find some utopian punk Mecca, it's here to stay. Hundreds of thousands of years of ethnic history is not going to be wiped out by the few decades punk has been here. But why the hell do you think numerous "people of color" are attracted to punk? When it comes down to it, punks are fighters to some degree and when you add up the few decades that punk has been around and the centuries that "people of color" have been fighting, well... you have some strong punks. Don't under estimate us. Don't overlook our experience, because, really, many of us have been living with the White American Experience our whole lives, especially in punk. People aren't complaining when they use the term "person of color" and if that is what you hear, then you are an idiot. If you want to change that situation, quit being so defensive about it. I'm not. Listen a little. If we can party together, play in bands together and listen to some of the same good punk, why can't we talk about this? If people don't wanna listen, so be it, but it won't stop anyone from trying to be heard. Whether it's through music, zines, speech, what have you, "punks of color" are here to stay.

On another note, so it's on...the search for a new coordinator. I hope there is someone out there that will be into this because it is a labor of love. The work is as heavy as the stress, but the rewards are great. Working with Layla has been awesome and I have learned a lot, but I understand that she is ready to move on. She has done a lot for the magazine, so I hope she knows how many people appreciate her. Thanks for everything Layla.

I just want to take a moment to talk about what I am, personally looking for in a co-coordinator... We need someone that has some music knowledge, particularly Hardcore, but definitely Garage. While I like some Garage, I do not have the knowledge. We also need someone that has some decent grammar skills. You don't have to be some spelling bee champ, but you have to be able to adhere to our style sheet. Also, we need someone that can handle running a business. This means boring financial shit that everyone hates to do. It's not the most glamorous part of the job, but it is definitely one of the most important. We also need someone that can handle living with several people in a high traffic house. It's not always chaos, but there is always a lot of cleaning to do and certain times of the month, much like a period, we have constant visitors. Can you deal? I also want someone that can be firm but not rude. There are times you gotta put your foot down and take care of business without being a jerk; knowing when and how to bring up unpleasant subjects. The record collection needs protection, care and maintenance, so if you are a vinyl dork that is savvy to all the message board happenings about new releases, cool, cuz I hate doing that shit... Lastly, I need a co-coordinator that can get the job done without being mothered, but can still take care of themselves. This job could drive some one crazy if you let it. It's pretty high stress, as I said before, but it's probably the most fun job you will ever have.

If you look on the back of this magazine, you will find an ad for the Coordinator position. Email us for an application!
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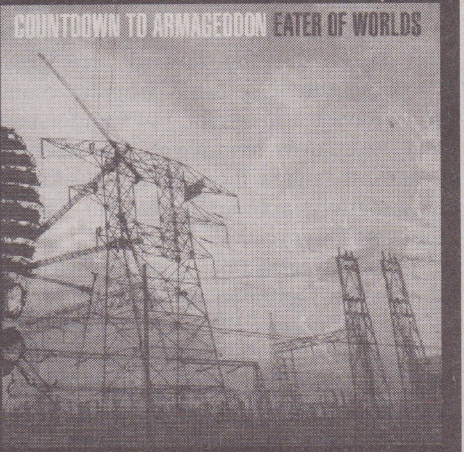

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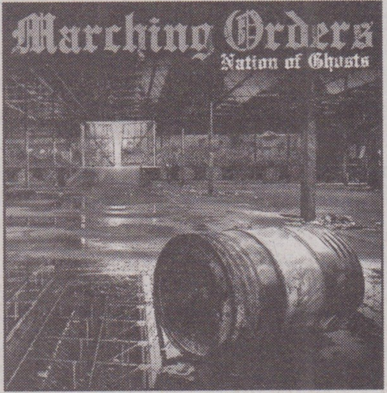

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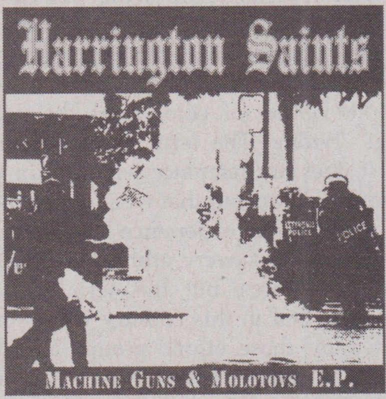

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I GREW UP ON AVE. D IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE NYC - I WAS BORN HERE & RAISED HERE & I DON'T THINK I'M EVER LEAVING - I WAS BORN IN 1976 - MY MOM CAME HERE FROM PUERTO RICO WHEN SHE WAS IN THE 4th GRADE - I DON'T KNOW WHEN MY DAD GOT HERE - HE STILL CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH - HE IS IN HARLEM NOW - HE COULDN'T AFFORD IT HERE ANYMORE & THE REST OF MY RELATIVES WHO LIVED IN THE PROJECTS MOVED OUT TOO - THIS NIEGHBORHOOD WAS DIFFERENT IN THE 70'S - I REMEMBER NOT SEEING MANY WHITE PEOPLE - BUT I WOULD GO TO THE PARK - HANG OUT IN TOMPKINS SQUARE & I STARTED MEETING PEOPLE - I THINK THE FIRST PUNK GUY I MET WAS THIS DUDE CALLED ARMY - HE MADE ME A BUNCH OF MIX TAPES WITH STUFF LIKE THE MISFITS, DEAD KENNEDIES, RAMONES, SEX PISTOLS - I WAS LIKE "HOLY SHIT!" - IT WAS LIKE SOMEONE PUNCHED ME IN THE FACE & KISSED ME AT THE SAME TIME - THEN I JUST WENT FULL ON HANGING OUT IN THE PARK & GOING TO SHOWS - IT'S WHAT I LIVED FOR - FORGET SCHOOL - I WAS 12 GOING ON 13 & THEN I STAYED 14 FOR LIKE 3 YEARS - MAYBE I WAS 12 - 14 JUST SOUNDED SO MUCH OLDER - ALOT OF THOSE YEARS ARE A BLUR - A LOT OF PARTYING - GOOD TIMES THROWING BOTTLES AT COPS - AT 17 I GOT PREGNANT & LEFT THE SCENE FOR A WHILE - I HAD KAYLA WHO IS 15 NOW! I HAVE A FCKN 15 YR OLD!! I THINK IT WAS Y2K THAT I JOINED 86'd - KENDALL WAS TRYING TO GET ME TO BE THE SINGER & I SAID NO WAY! BUT SHE FINALLY CONVINCED ME - I HAVE REALLY BAD STAGE FRIGHT - USUALLY I WOULD BE IN A BAR SINGING ☆ - ALONG TO WHATEVER SONG AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS BUT IN THE CORNER - ITS A WHOLE DIFFERENT THING TO GET ON STAGE - I LOVED PLAYING WITH 86'd BUT WE JUST COULDNT GET OUR SHIT TOGETHER - WE PLAYED IN PITTSBURG ONCE & IN BROOKLYN A LOT BUT THEN WE BROKE UP - SINCE THEN I DID A BAND CALLED GRIDLOCK MAYBE 4 YEARS AGO & WE PLAYED OUT FOR A WHILE BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT - NOW I HAVE THIS NEW BAND - WE DON'T HAVE A NAME - I GO ON LONG HIATUS BTWN BANDS - IT'S LIKE HAVING MY HEART BROKEN - I'M ALSO WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT MY LIFE STORY GROWING UP IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE & IT'S GOING TO BE CALLED "YOU CAN'T MAKE THIS SHIT UP!" - LETS JUST LEAVE IT AT THAT.

Zero - 06/12/2k10 - Lower East Side - NYC

Zero is a genuine Lower East Side Home Girl! - i can't remember when I actually met Zero but I do remember seeing her get up on stage at a Summer's Eve show at C Squat back in the early '90s - she jumped up onstage & sang & then she shimmied up a rope - straight up to the ceiling!! & if you have ever been to a C Squat show you know that is a high ceiling!! - i was very impressed - Zero was also in the great band 86'd & i was excited to do a cover for their 7" that came out on Communichaos records maybe ten years ago - Zero's new band is called Agitatör and "we are playin our next show in January on the 23rd with Reagan Youth, Yuppicide and Beer and Cable!!" - no website as of yet but i m sure something will be up soon - to contact FLY email fly@peops.org - PEOPs #4 & #5 zines currently available at microcosm-publishing.com - also check out new Zinester's Guide To NYC (published by microcosm)

Out Now!

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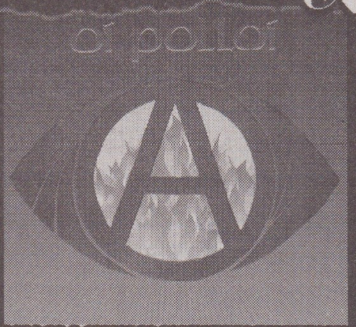
FRONT COVER



OI POLLOI & KANSALAISTOTTELEMATTOMUUS

Split CDEP- 2 brand new tracks by each band housed in gatefold digipack with huge booklet. Benefit for the Cyklopen autonomous centre in Stockholm, Sweden that was burnt to the ground in an arson attack by Neo Nazis in 2008. Volunteers are now rebuilding on the original site and the book tells one of the most inspiring DiY stories you're likely to read this year - of how they built the original centre (yes built!) and how they are doing it again only this time making it fireproof! We cannot stand by and allow the Far Right to think they've won! For more information on the project go to: www.kulturkampanjen.se/

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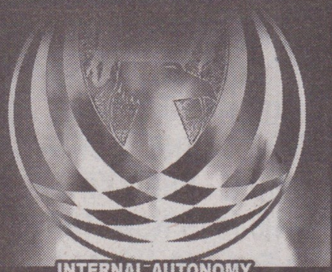
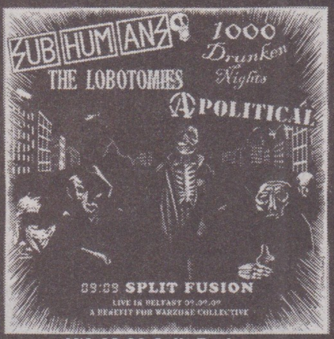


INTERNAL AUTONOMY

Double CD discography in deluxe gatefold box with booklet. First time on CD with tracks from all their vinyl and cassette releases plus tracks from the unreleased 2nd album, rare compilation tracks all remastered from original master tapes plus 4 brand new recordings. 80's anarcho-punk - imagine the Poison Girls meets Siouxsie and the Banshees with a touch of Crass. Proceeds to Rape Crisis!

$15/£8/€10 postpaid

WARZONE RECORDS
is back!



V/A 09:09 Split Fusion

Subhumans, A-Political, 1000 Drunken Nights, The Lobotomies Recorded live in stereo on 09:09:09 – excellent quality double CD in digipack and 12 page booklet, including a full set from the UKs Subhumans -benefit for Warzone Collective. This is a quality recording and contains a few rare tracks too! Features new artwork from Dick Lucas!

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA GIBBON

A HIDDEN LABOR FORCE RESISTS

By Michelle Chen from In These Times

On December 9, a diverse group of nonviolent protesters across Georgia stood up for their rights, calling for decent wages, better social services and respect for their civil liberties. It didn't take long for the government to crack down on the demonstrations, however: the protesters were already in prison.

The uprising of Georgia inmates defied the stereotype of the chaotic "prison riot" in the public imagination. Yet neither did "Lockdown for Liberty" fit within the conventional model of civil disobedience or industrial action. But when the inmates in at least six different prisons refused to leave their cells to report to work and other activities that day, a strike began. And it effectively paralyzed a small chunk of the bureaucratic monstrosity of America's prison system.

The incarcerated have historically filled the dregs of the American workforce, an emblem of racial subjugation often invisible in the politics of labor and social policy. It was against this hidden legacy of exploitation that the Georgia inmates, with the support of the NAACP and other civil rights advocates, raised issues common to incarcerated people nationwide: abusive treatment, degrading living conditions, a lack of accountability in the administration and parole authorities, and a lack of basic educational and social services (see below).

Pointedly invoking the term "slave" to describe the circumstances under which they toiled, the strikers showed how historically entrenched racial divisions play out today in the black-white disparities throughout the criminal justice system. Still, Georgia protesters included Latinos and whites as well as blacks, in a joint effort to resist and challenge structural injustices.

Their demands were hardly radical, but rather, embodied mainstream standards for reasonable and humane treatment: protection from cruel and unusual punishment by officers, affordable medicine when they're sick, and above all, fair pay for their labor. According to the *Atlanta-Journal Constitution*, "state law forbids paying inmates except for one limited program."

Final Call quoted reports trickling out from inmates earlier this week:

"One brother told me, 'We will ride until the wheels fall off,' and that's been the sentiment amongst the men when they started this," said Elaine Brown, a spokesperson for the strike... Part of our purpose for doing this is that Georgia is the only state that does not pay its inmates at all. Some guys in here work seven days a week and they don't get a dime," said Dondito, one of the strikers, who requested anonymity.

You can almost hear the zero-tolerance conservatives in Washington now: how dare these criminals demand better treatment from the state? The official reaction was to immediately curtail what few resources the inmates possess. According to news reports, prison staff locked down four facilities, attempted to transfer out the leading troublemakers, cut off the hot water, and revoked cell phone privileges (yes, according to *Facing South*, "Cell phones are contraband in Georgia's prisons, but widely available for sale from correctional officers.")

The strike was called off after six days, following reports of violent crackdowns and rising fears that the situation would escalate. But by then, the inmates had made their mark with one of the largest prison protests in U.S. history. The decision to end the strike, moreover, seems like the beginning of another phase in the inmates' collective action, now that they've caught national political attention. The AJC reported:

An inmate at Smith State Prison in Glenville said in a telephone interview prisoners had agreed to end their "nonviolent" protest to allow administrators time to focus on their concerns rather than operating the institutions without inmate labor.

"We've ended the protest," said Mike, a convicted armed robber who was one of the inmates who planned and coordinated the work stoppage. "We needed to come off lock down so we can go to the law library and start... the paperwork for a [prison conditions] lawsuit.

The proactive militancy of the strike organizers underscores the fact that the entire action not only proceeded largely without violence, but also spread rapidly through several institutions thanks to careful planning and clandestine technology—messages spread via cell, expanding the traditional jailhouse grapevine.

It may be a while before we see another prisoner strike going viral, as the potential for prison-based activism remains constrained by the criminal-justice power structure. But the Georgia inmates helped change the public face of Americans who've been caught up in the country's incarceration industry. Under the most oppressive of conditions, they used disciplined strike tactics to align their grievances with broader struggles for human rights.

It makes sense. Prison is the everyday reality lived by a huge swath of the population (roughly one in one hundred, according to recent surveys) Meanwhile, the impact of prison labor leaves a hidden imprint on our economy as well. Noah Zatz of UCLA Law School has estimated that, "well over 600,000, and probably close to a million, inmates are

working full time in jails and prisons throughout the United States. Perhaps some of them built your desk chair: office furniture, especially in state universities and the federal government, is a major prison labor product. Inmates also take hotel reservations at corporate call centers, make body armor for the U.S. military, and manufacture prison chic fashion accessories, in addition to the iconic task of stamping license plates."

As a captive workforce and disenfranchised populace, the prison system reaches deep into American society, and the distance between the people on the inside and those on the outside is increasingly a matter of luck—whether you're unfortunate enough to have been born the wrong color or in the wrong neighborhood. If the movement launched by the Georgia inmates, and their demands for dignity, look surprisingly familiar, there's a good reason for that: they are us.

The strikers' demands, which they continue to press with state officials, are as follows:

A LIVING WAGE FOR WORK: In violation of the 13th Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude, the DOC demands prisoners work for free.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES: For the great majority of prisoners, the DOC denies all opportunities for education beyond the GED, despite the benefit to both prisoners and society.

DECENT HEALTH CARE: In violation of the Eighth Amendment prohibition against cruel and unusual punishments, the DOC denies adequate medical care to prisoners, charges excessive fees for the most minimal care and is responsible for extraordinary pain and suffering.

AN END TO CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS: In further violation of the Eighth Amendment, the DOC is responsible for cruel prisoner punishments for minor infractions of rules.

DECENT LIVING CONDITIONS: Georgia prisoners are confined in overcrowded, substandard conditions, with little heat in winter and oppressive heat in summer.

NUTRITIONAL MEALS: Vegetables and fruit are in short supply in DOC facilities while starches and fatty foods are plentiful.

VOCATIONAL AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT OPPORTUNITIES: The DOC has stripped its facilities of all opportunities for skills training, self-improvement and proper exercise.

ACCESS TO FAMILIES: The DOC has disconnected thousands of prisoners from their families by imposing excessive telephone charges and innumerable barriers to visitation.

JUST PAROLE DECISIONS: The Parole Board capriciously and regularly denies parole to the majority of prisoners despite evidence of eligibility.

"YOBS" ATTACK PRINCE CHARLES' CAR

From the Daily Fail

"They were lucky not to be shot": Police chief says armed officers showed "enormous restraint" as mob attacked Prince Charles and his wife, the Duchess of Cornwall Camilla. Met chief Sir Paul Stephenson today mounted an extraordinary defence of armed protection officers after the worst Royal security blunder in a generation. Sir Paul hailed the "enormous restraint" of the team guarding Prince Charles and his wife the Duchess of Cornwall, implying the rioters were lucky not to have been shot.

Camilla was left terrified as their Rolls Royce came under fire from a snarling mob of student fees rioters as it made its way to the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium. The car was kicked, rocked and hit with paint bombs as up to 20 demonstrators attacked it and chanted "Off with their heads!" and "Tory scum," leaving the couple visibly shaken. The Prince and Duchess were not hurt but the potential risk to their safety raised worrying echoes of the 1974 kidnap attempt on Princess Anne. As serious questions were being asked about Royal security, Britain's top policeman condemned the "hugely regrettable and shocking incident" but insisted proper procedure was followed. Sir Paul said: "I do think that the officers who were protecting their Royal Highnesses showed very real restraint—some of those officers were armed." The Met Commissioner promised there would be a "full and thorough" investigation but stressed there had to be a balance between security and allowing the Royals to interact with the public.

The Royal vehicle was ambushed by a "steaming gang" of masked protesters, who attacked the car with their firsts, boots and bottles. Photographer Matt Dunham, who captured Camilla looking aghast, said: "It [the car] was unable to move because it was surrounded. It was stuck in a gridlock. There were people kicking it and screaming. So I raced towards it and then saw it was Camilla and Charles. Charles seemed to be waving calmly at first, trying to be amicable, but then he looked worried. Camilla was visibly agitated." One witness said Charles kept calm, gently pushing his wife towards the floor to get her out of the line of fire.

David Cameron, who described the attack as "shocking and regrettable," insisted lessons had to be learned and those responsible held to account. "It's no good to say this was a very small minority. It wasn't. There were quite a number of people who clearly were there wanting to pursue violence and destroy property." London mayor Boris Johnson hailed Charles and Camilla's "great fortitude of spirit" and called for an end to the violent tuition fee protests. He said: "Clearly, it is very regrettable that in the heart of London, the heir to the throne can be surrounded by agitators and his wife can be put in a position where she's plainly alarmed."

The couple's ordeal began as their limousine, escorted by three police outriders and an unmarked police car, turned into Regent Street from Piccadilly Circus. At first they were seen talking happily and waving at passers-by. But then suddenly the crowd began to close in around them, swelled by student fee protesters who had run to the scene from the riot outside Parliament. Bags of rubbish, traffic cones, bottles and plastic barriers from road-works started to rain down on the Rolls-Royce, which was stopped in its tracks when a large bin was thrown in front of it. Rioters, wearing balaclavas and scarves over their faces, surrounded the car, banging on the windows—one of which was open—and shouting 'Tory scum' and 'off with your heads'. A lone policewoman tried desperately to clear the mob. Camilla could be heard screaming as she gripped Charles's hand. Terrified for her safety, she then dived on to the floor of the car. One witness said Charles pushed her down in an attempt to protect her. The Prince, however, defiantly remained sitting in his seat and continued to wave at the crowd. More police appeared and cleared the mob, allowing the car to continue its journey along Regent Street. But shortly after it drove past Hamley's toy shop, it was hit with a can of white paint that smashed a passenger window.

MAN DRIVES MUSCLE CAR ONTO BUSH'S LAWN

From NBC News

DALLAS — A suspect accused of driving a muscle car erratically onto the lawn at former President George W. Bush's north Dallas home Wednesday night was detained by the Secret Service. The former president and former first lady Laura Bush were in the Preston Hollow neighborhood home at the time but were unharmed and never in danger, officials told NBC station KXAS. The male suspect had not made any threats, KXAS said, and officials do not believe he intended to harm the former first couple. Officials told KXAS that the suspect went to a friend's house in Bush's gated neighborhood to show off his Plymouth Barracuda.

FBI WITCH HUNT AGAINST ANTI WAR ACTIVISTS

From Change.org

The FBI on Tuesday added four more names to the list of antiwar activists subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury as part of an investigation into whether members of the peace movement provided "material support" for terrorism. In all, 23 people have been subpoenaed since September 24, when the FBI raided the offices and homes of prominent activists in Chicago and Minneapolis. None has been charged with a crime. Several have also refused to testify in what they say is a witch hunt aimed more at intimidating those who dare speak out against U.S. foreign policy than uncovering actual ties to terrorists.

And they're probably right.

Thanks to a Supreme Court ruling this past June, the definition of "material support" for terrorism is now so broad as to include any sort of "advice" to a State Department-designated terrorist group, even if that advice is "stop engaging in terrorism and embrace nonviolence." Groups such as the ACLU and Human Rights Watch have spoken out against the ruling.

The following can be attributed to former President Jimmy Carter, founder of the Carter Center "We are disappointed that the Supreme Court has upheld a law that inhibits the work of human rights and conflict resolution groups. The "material support law"—which is aimed at putting an end to terrorism—actually threatens our work and the work of many other peacemaking organizations that must interact directly with groups that have engaged in violence. The vague language of the law leaves us wondering if we will be prosecuted for our work to promote peace and freedom."

Because the definition is so broad, though, it provides the perfect legal basis for the government to go after those opposed to its policies abroad. And as the Bush administration ably demonstrated, there are plenty of people in government who would be all too happy to equate opposition to the U.S. wars in Afghanistan, Pakistan and Yemen—just to name a few—as de facto support for terrorism.

"We are being targeted for the work we do to end U.S. funding of the Israeli occupation, ending the war in Afghanistan and ending the occupation of Iraq," says Maureen Murphy, editor of the news outlet *The Electronic Intifada* and one of those subpoenaed on Tuesday. "What is at stake for all of us is our right to dissent and organize to change harmful U.S. foreign policy."

Meredith Aby, another prominent antiwar activist who had her home raided by the FBI, likewise believes she is being targeted for exercising her right to free speech, not because the government actually believes she and other committed pacifists would actually support terrorist violence. She says that the questions U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald wants activists to answer—like which activists they met with abroad and what ideas did they express—proves as much. And like other activists, she said she wasn't interested in answering.

"I've never killed anyone," Aby says in an interview. "I have no blood on my hands. The blood is on the hands of the U.S. government, on the Israeli government, on the Colombian government. I'm not interested in helping kill people, and so there's no way that I can testify at a grand jury about what people's political ideas in places as dangerous as Colombia and Palestine. We need to send a message that this has gone far enough," she said. "We need to send a message to politicians that they will understand."

Her advice? Tell Attorney General Eric Holder, President Obama and U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald that you oppose using the law to intimidate committed, nonviolent peace activists whose only crime is exercising their right to dissent. Fitzgerald's office can be reached at (312) 353-5300, while Obama and Holder can be contacted by signing this petition.

"At the end of the day, these men are politicians," Aby says, "and they will make their decision in a political fashion about ... how wide this investigation will go."

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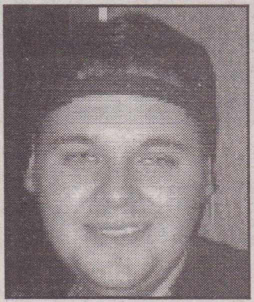
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

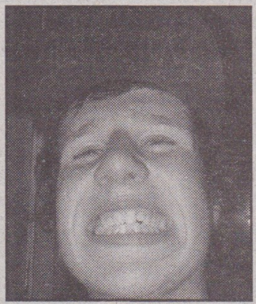
This month's question: What's your New Year's resolution?
(asked at an Oakland house show with Mauser, Cardboard Funeral, and others)



David, 27, Redwood City
Be more like David Bowie.

Meredith, 25, Redwood City
I wanna grow the fuck up.

Bekka, 22, Oakland
To book as many touring bands as I can in the East Bay.



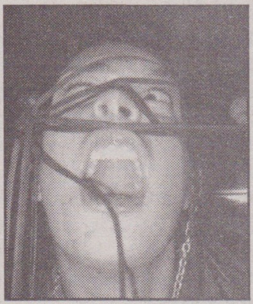
Jacob, 17, Oakland
I'm gonna unite the skins and the punks this year.

Jessica, 27, Oakland
Go to Europe for three months, and then move to New York.

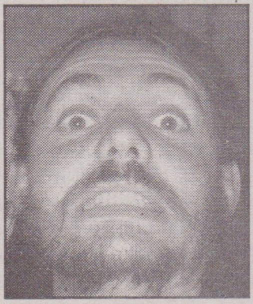
Natalie, 24, Oakland
Walk the dog more, and to pick up after it.

Bill, 24, San Francisco
I'm too punk for New Year's resolutions.

Noelle, 23, San Francisco
Get hitched.



Adrien, 22, Gainesville
To get my advanced, open water certification for scuba diving, and dive master certification.



Clint, 29, Oakland
My resolution is to remain exactly the same. Everyone else needs to change, not me.

VENEZUELA: THE PUNK WE SAW GROWING. GENESIS AND LETHARGY.

VENEZUELA: EL PUNK QUE NOS VIO CRECER. GÉNESIS Y LETARGO.

BY RAFAEL UZCÁTEGUI FROM EL PERIODICO EL LIBERTARIO

Venezuela, a country located in the northern region of South America, shares with its neighbors the poverty and exclusion of the majorities of its people, yet has its own characters that profile it in a different way as well. While in Latin America the military regimens where installed, in the Caribbean country democracy arrived, uninterrupted and formally at least since 1958. At the same time, its "lucha armada", or armed resistance, lasted less than a decade contrary than the brave aim that in the rest of Latina America the guerrillas have. In all the continent the countries where trying to substitute the exportations following the CEPAL indications, in Venezuela, its very high oil rent was creating and developing the "port economy".

The same spirit of resistance against the political flow is confirmed with the appearance of the first countercultural expressions, like punk, in the Simon Bolivar's grip. While in countries like Brazil, Argentina and Mexico were developing their owns punk scenes, Venezuela, it should has to wait ten years until starting to know the "no future" expressions. And in the same way, while in countries like Peru, Chile and Colombia punk was a phenomena extended in popular classes and suburbs, in Caracas first wave of punk was located in the east of the city, cradle of the very "rich children". Nonetheless, we have to say that in this country full of Caribbean sea, the culture of rock is a phenomenon typical of the middle class media. The youth of suburbs always prefers tropical rhythms like salsa, merengue or mix sounds, like rap, hip-hop, ragamuffin.

At the end of '80s in Venezuela the first wave of punk was developing. Bands such as SEGURIDAD NACIONAL, SENTIMIENTO MUERTO, ZAPATO 3, DESORDEN PÚBLICO, CUARTO REICH, CHICARACAS CHICAS y EL ENANO DE LA CATEDRAL were pioneers of a genre imported to the country by "sons of daddy," that in theirs vacations to Europe and USA, absorbed the last vestiges of the first world punk wave. Protest lyrics, dressing a mix between London and San Francisco fashion, the first fanzines editions and alternative magazines and even a "miniteca" a kind of "portatil discoteqs" were the first content that a new movement in the country. The majority of these bands mutated to another musicals styles, gaining popularity with the edition of their first records in big discography companies.

Venezuela, país al norte de Suramérica, comparte con sus pares la pobreza y exclusión de las mayorías, pero también posee rasgos propios que la perfilan de manera diferente. Mientras en América Latina imperaban los regimenes militares, en el país caribeño la democracia se instaló, ininterrupidamente y formalmente por lo menos, desde el año 1958. Asimismo, su período de lucha insurgente armada duró menos de una década, antagonizando con la fortaleza que la lucha de guerrillas mostraba en el resto de Latinoamérica. A lo largo del continente los países intentaban sustituir las exportaciones siguiendo la receta de la CEPAL, cuando en Venezuela su altísima renta petrolera interiorizaba la cultura de la llamada "economía de puerto".

El mismo espíritu contracorriente es reiterado en la aparición de las primeras expresiones contraculturales "punk" en la cuna de Simón Bolívar. Mientras en países como Brasil, Argentina y México se testimonian punks desde finales de la década de los '70s, en Venezuela se deben esperar casi diez años para conocer las primeras expresiones del "No futuro". Asimismo, mientras en Perú, Colombia y Chile el punk es un fenómeno extendido entre las clases populares de los suburbios, en Caracas su primera oleada se ubica en el este de la ciudad, cuna de los "niños bien"-ricos-. Sin embargo hay que decir también que en general la cultura rock es un fenómeno, en este país de costas bañadas por el Mar Caribe, típico de clase media. La juventud de las barriadas populares se inclina por los llamados "ritmos tropicales", como la salsa y el merengue, o en géneros más proclives al mestizaje como el rap, el hip hop y el raggamufin.

A finales de la década de los '80s en Venezuela se desarrolla la primera generación punk. Bandas como SEGURIDAD NACIONAL, SENTIMIENTO MUERTO, ZAPATO 3, DESORDEN PÚBLICO, CUARTO REICH, CHICARACAS CHICAS y EL ENANO DE LA CATEDRAL, entre otras, fueron las pioneras de un género importado al país por los "hijos de papá" que, en sus vacaciones a Europa y Estados Unidos, absorbían los últimos estertores de la primera oleada punk mundial. Letras de protesta, vestimenta a medias entre Londres y San Francisco, la edición de los primeros fanzines y revistas alternativas y hasta una miniteca—una especie de discoteca portátil- formaban

The most representative band of this period is, without any doubt about it, SENTIMIENTO MUERTO (SM), or Dead Feeling in English, was formed in 1981 and were influenced by English bands like SEX PISTOLS and the CURE. Their first material was opened to radicals and anarchist lyrics. Singing against the police, the influence of USA and the corruption of the dominant political class in the country. SM was a pioneer band in the using of alternatives and independents keys of work and spread his material, way of work that was popular in other locations at the middle of decade, but not in Venezuela.

Symphonic and heavy metal bands dominated the very small rock scene in the country, so when SM got to a movement it introduced a new climate to music and esthetic. SM was formed by Pablo Dagnino (voice), Alberto Cabello (Drums), Carlos Eduardo "Cayayo" Troconis (guitar), Edgar Jiménez (guitar) and Wincho Schaffer (bass). Dagnino and Cayayo were the most known and charismatic's since then. Besides the making of fanzines, demo tapes semi pro, t-shirts with its logo (a red heart in a prohibited sing) and graffiti all over the walls of Caracas, the band made a huge impact with concerts that included theatrical visual performances, some thing very alien to stage performance in that time. The band had raised a very loyal public that popularized their songs. In 1987 SM recorded their first LP, *El Amor ya no Existe* (*Love Doesn't Exists Anymore*) by the hand of a big record company, with Fito Paez as producer. This was its best record out of three, with a sound nearest to post punk and with the inclusion of some of their classic songs. The band walked on the path of lyrical introspection and musical experimentation. In the year of 1993 they broke up.

The beginning of the next decade was greeted by the kind of events that promoted, influenced and developed the apparition of the second wave of Venezuelan punks. The events of the Bolivar devaluation (1983), the Amparo Genocide (1988), el Caracazo (1989) and two major failed attempts of fighting the State (1992) were the context when punk came out of the east of Caracas to extend itself in zones of the middle class in all the city, including universities. In this part, in some cities like Maracaibo, Barquisimeto, San Cristobal, Merida and Valencia were developing a core of punks. In Caracas, for example, punk was very political, trying to develop its owns channels of diffusion and expression. The city watched as three principal cores of punks developed:

El Ateneo de Caracas, Base of Colectivo Rajatavla that has its owns bands (HOLOCAUSTO, 27-F, DEVASTACIÓN, VÍCTIMAS DE LA DEMOCRACIA, DESKARRIADOS, ODIO QUE?, PRIMERO VENEZUELA), fanzines (*Caracas Resiste* y *Ataka*) and a politic discourse that served to reinvigorate the fight for national liberation and left wing organization in the continent, similar to their political equals in the Communist Parties and the Socialist League of that time.

The second was the collective called Altamira, named after a park with that name in which they were settled. They had their owns bands and fanzines, their speech was a mixture of nihilist "no future" and "protoanarchism."

The third collective was located in the Universidad Central de Venezuela, sometimes called the Acratas with their own bands (AUTOGESTIÓN,

la primigenia escena punk del país. La mayoría de estas agrupaciones mutaron a otros estilos musicales, popularizándose con la edición de sus primeros discos por parte de grandes compañías discográficas.

La banda más representativa de este período es, sin dudas, SENTIMIENTO MUERTO (SM), la cual se formó en 1981 con el nombre de "Dead Feeling". Influenciados por bandas inglesas como SEX PISTOLS y the CURE, sus primeros temas eran abiertamente anarquistas y radicales, cantando contra la policía, la influencia de los Estados Unidos o la corrupción de la clase política dominante en el país. SM fue la agrupación pionera en la utilización de herramientas independientes de difusión, que si bien ya eran habituales a mediados de la década en otras latitudes, en Venezuela eran desconocidas. La limitada escena rockera del país estaba dominada por bandas de rock sinfónico y heavy metal, por lo que la irrupción del conjunto no sólo significó una renovación musical sino estética. SM comenzó siendo un quinteto con Pablo Dagnino (voz), Alberto Cabello (batería), Carlos Eduardo "Cayayo" Troconis (guitarra), Edgar Jiménez (guitarra) y Wincho Schaffer (bajo), de los cuales Dagnino y Cayayo eran los integrantes mas carismáticos y conocidos. Además de la realización de fanzines y demos semiprofesionales, autoedición de camisetas con el logo de la banda (un corazón dentro de un signo de prohibición), y grafitis en las paredes de la ciudad, el quinteto realizaba una impactante puesta en escena con la realización de performances, visuales y gestos teatrales, algo desconocido en las tarimas locales en aquel momento. La banda había cultivado un público leal que coreaba algunos de sus temas. En 1987 graban su primer LP, El Amor ya no Existe de la mano de un gran sello discográfico, quien contrata a Fito Páez como su productor. Si bien es el mejor disco de los tres que grabarían, con un sonido más cercano al post punk y con la inclusión de algunos de sus canciones clásicas, la banda transitaba un camino de mayor introspección lírica y experimentación musical. Para el año 1993 se habían disuelto.

El comienzo de la siguiente década es saludado por una serie de eventos que van a promover, influenciar y modelar la aparición de una segunda generación de punks venezolanos. La devaluación del bolívar (1983), la Masacre de El Amparo (1988), El Caracazo (1989) y dos intentos de golpe de Estado (1992) es el contexto en que el punk sale de las urbanizaciones del Este de Caracas para extenderse a barrios y zonas de clase media de la ciudad, incluyendo a las Universidades. En esta etapa, a su vez, se desarrollan visiblemente núcleos de punks en ciudades del interior del país: Maracaibo, Barquisimeto, San Cristóbal, Mérida y Valencia. En Caracas, por ejemplo, es un punk decididamente politizado, intentando desarrollar canales propios de expresión y difusión. La capital ve desarrollar tres epicentros alrededor de los cuales orbitan los punks de la ciudad: El Ateneo de Caracas, sede del Colectivo Rajatavla quien contaba con sus propias bandas (HOLOCAUSTO, 27-F, DEVASTACIÓN, VÍCTIMAS DE LA DEMOCRACIA, DESKARRIADOS, ODIO QUE?, PRIMERO VENEZUELA), fanzines (Caracas Resiste y Ataka) y un discurso político que reivindicaba, en general, las luchas de liberación nacional y los partidos de izquierda del continente, teniendo como equivalentes políticos los partidos comunista y la Liga Socialista. En segundo lugar se encontraba el colectivo genéricamente conocido como Altamira, debido a que se concentraban en esta plaza de la ciudad, quien también poseía sus propias agrupaciones musicales y publicaciones, teniendo un discurso de mescolanza entre el

OCTAVO PASAJERO, ALLANAMIENTO MORAL, and some others), their publications (*Combate*, *La Gazeta*) and a more anarchist, academic and intellectual discourse.

All the collectives shared the position and philosophy of DIY, but their relations were not so polite and ended in aggression, gang fights, etc…, especially between the two first, who meetings could be the beginning to a very sustainable dramatic narrative. This second season of punk, was inherently political as the whole country rallied against the application of a devastating economic program, the "paquete economico," and the country's collective anger against the president at that time, Carlos Andres Perez. This second wave fo punk lasted until 1994 or 1995.

The band that best represents this time is VÍCTIMAS DE LA DEMOCRACIA, a hardcore band influenced by DEAD KENNEDYS, related to the Rajatavla Collective. With their front man Elias Yanez, the band developed a more specific and "well done" approach to politics lyrics than others, elaborating on themes such as the abuse by the Contras in Nicaragua, the imperialist interest in Latin America, calling for popular insurrection and struggles of the farmer, among others. Along with this new lyrical approach, they included a potent and compact musical execution that was superior to any band of the time. They recorded a demo and took part in a classic Venezuelan movie called *Sicario*. Though the push for their first official album was present, the project never managed to take shape.

The third generation of Venezuelan punks began in 1995, and is decidedly Anarchist. EPOCA DE RECLUTA, VICTIMAS DE LA DEMOCRACIA, LOS RESIDUOS are the bands that make the transition from one stage to another, opening the spectrum to the other that would continue to developed until the end of the decade. The *Libertarian* punk musical groups that are most known inside and outside the country: APATIA NO, DOÑA MALDAD y DOLARES. The bands support and participate in editing the newspaper *The Libertarian*, by benefit concerts and albums, and distribute materials at events. It is in these years in which these bands begin to be known specifically as "anarcho-punks." This different expression started a small alternative circuit in cities across the country, even initiating visits from foreign bands like GARROTE VIL (Canary Islands) ARGIES (Argentina), COJOBA (Puerto Rico) and DESARME (Colombia), and initiating local bands for their first tours across borders. These are the times in which punk activism attempts to socially extend itself and it's effect by organizing events like the Libertarian Culture Fair Libertarian and, later, Anarcho Days.

The reference band in this third cycle is undoubtedly APATIA NO. Formed in Caricuao population, from the creation of a zine in 1994, the band made a strong commitment to publishing and distributing independent material, which it laid it's own path. This intense exchange enables the band to play different tours in Latin America and Europe, which after the release of several solo albums reaching a pinnacle with the band moving to Europe and the release of their album *El Ruidio de Antes… Los Opresores de Siempre* with the Skuld Releases label. After several years in Germany, the members returned to Venezuela in 2007, releasing a new album shared with the Mexican band FALLAS DEL SISTEMA. The band has not officially disbanded, but has limited playing concerts and releasing material.

nihilismo "No Futuro" y el protoanarquismo. En último término se encontraban los punks de la Universidad Central de Venezuela, a veces denominados como "los ácratas", con sus bandas (Autogestión, Octavo Pasajero, Allanamiento Moral, entre las más conocidas), sus publicaciones (Combate, La Gazeta) y un discurso político más academicista y anarquista. A pesar de que todas compartían la actitud y filosofía del "Hazlo tu mismo-a" entre estas tres vertientes las relaciones no eran cordiales, llegando los enfrentamientos a las agresiones físicas y peleas de pandillas, especialmente entre las dos primeras, cuyas escaramuzas darían material para una sustanciosa narración dramática. Esta segunda etapa punk, politizada tanto como un país movilizado en rechazo de la aplicación del llamado "paquete económico" y el descontento hacia el presidente Carlos Andrés Pérez, se extiende hasta 1994 ó 1995.

La banda que mejor representa este período es VÍCTIMAS DE LA DEMOCRACIA, una banda de hardcore, influenciada por los DEAD KENNEDYS, cercana al Colectivo Rajatavla. Liderizada por Elías Yañez en la voz, el grupo desarrolló un tipo de letras políticas más elaboradas que el promedio, relatando los abusos de los Contras en Nicaragua, los intereses imperialistas en el continente, el llamado a la insurrección popular y campesina, entre otros temas. Asimismo, una potente y compacta ejecución musical era superior al sonido de la época. La banda grabó una maqueta, participó en la película Sicario y aunque siempre se anunció la aparición de su primer disco oficial, dicho proyecto nunca logró concretarse.

La tercera generación de punks venezolanos, iniciada en 1995, es decididamente anarquista. ÉPOCA DE RECLUTA, CRISIS POLÍTICA Y LOS RESIDUOS son las bandas que hacen de transición entre una y otra etapa, abriendo el espectro para el resto que se desarrollarían hasta finales de la década, cuando dan sus primeros pasos las agrupaciones musicales de punk libertario que más se conocerían dentro y fuera del país: el trío conformado por APATÍA NO, DOÑA MALDAD y LOS DÓLARES. Las bandas acompañan y participan en la edición del periódico El Libertario, haciendo conciertos y discos a beneficio y distribuyendo materiales en los eventos. Es en estos años en el que estas bandas comienzan a denominarse específicamente como "anarcopunks" y en el que las diferentes expresiones inician un pequeño circuito alternativo en varias ciudades del país, recibiendo incluso la visita de bandas extranjeras como GARROTE VIL (Islas Canarias), ARGIES (Argentina), COJOBA (Puerto Rico) y DESARME (Colombia), e iniciando para las bandas locales sus primeras giras allende las fronteras. Son los tiempos en el que el activismo desde lo punk intenta trascender socialmente, organizando eventos como la Feria de Cultura Libertaria y posteriormente las Jornadas Anarcopunks.

La banda referencial en este tercer ciclo es, sin duda, APATÍA NO. Formada en la población de Caricuao, desde la realización de un fanzine en el año 1994, la banda realiza una decidida apuesta por la edición y distribución de material independiente, lo cual les abre un camino propio. Este intenso intercambio hace que la

In early 2000, Venezuela experienced the rise of punk music being commercially sponsored by MTV, which begins a fourth generation of Venezuelan punks, developing different styles, recapturing the carefree attitude and punk aesthetic of the first generation. Thus, the trends were three: the neo-punk on one hand, who played at clubs and wanted to be signed by record labels, the punk who claimed the "old school" and the attitude of the '80s and '90s and, finally, anarcho-punks. DOÑA MALDAD and APATIA NO edited their first punk vinyl from Venezuela, and in general, advances in technology made it easier for bands to access the recording studios and used the internet to make themselves known.

Nevertheless, an intense political polarization had begun in the country that year, and reached its greatest intensity in the period 2002-2005, when a coup d'etat against President Chavez, a national workers strike called by the main power station of workers and the traditional union of industrialist workers and employers, among other events, fragmented and scattered all areas of Venezuelan society, whose effects extend to cultural world, including "punk." Circuits, spaces and activities are reduced to a minimum, while an movement "alternative" movement beings to be promoted by the Bolivarian government itself, by subsidizing spaces, rock concerts and, particularly, different nuclei of the so-called "arts circus." During these years they have punk concerts with money from mayors and governors, with logistics and security provided by police agencies and whose platforms exhibit election propaganda deployment of the movement of President Chavez. Use of state resources in the punk movement, consequently causes an implosion of a historically weak independent scene, because before the possibility of realizing events with high resources and without having to strive for autonomous organization, it motivated the abandonment of the self-sustaining way that had characterized the majority of local punks. At this point it should be stressed, moreover, the development of a more nationalist racist skinhead movement, which established various connections with the Bolivarian process. In general rock and punk, in particular, have lost their anti establishment roots, joining in the dominant discourse of power.

Reactively to the situation, on the one hand, and as a strategy to ongoing violence at concerts, the anarcho-punk movement that had developed in recent years has receded in visibility, with respect to previous years, taking on a- "ghetto-ized" characteristics. While initiatives in different cities develop and maintain channels of communication with each other, they have not been able to articulate a political response and/or social front to face the country therefore maintaining weak relationships with the non-anarcho world. In many dimensions, because of the generation gap, their forced disenfranchisement from the basic social fabric, the institutionalization of counter-discourse and practice, and the absence of autonomous social movements, Venezuelan Punk must reemerge starting almost from ground zero. Therefore, the reversal of this scenario depends to a large extent on breaking down the false political polarization, both inter-bourgeois struggle for control of oil revenues, and the resurrection of the values of independence, autonomy and self-management in the citizen and popular initiatives in the country.

While there not one band which alone can represent the present moment, there are several that can be named: A / / NARCOLEPSY, DISSENSION, GAGGED and GENOXIDIO. It should be noted that it is the country's eastern region where the attempt to promote the old values of independence and self-management, with the realization of events, concerts and publishing and circulation of materials is taking place.

banda pueda realizar diferentes giras por América Latina y Europa, lo cual tras la edición de varios discos en solitario alcanza su mejor nivel con la mudanza de la banda para Europa y la edición de su disco El Ruido de Antes… Los Opresores de Siempre con el conocido sello Skuld Releases. Tras varios años en Alemania, los integrantes vuelven a Venezuela en el 2007, editando un nuevo disco compartido con los mexicanos "Fallas del Sistema". La banda no se ha disuelto oficialmente, pero han limitado la realización de conciertos y la edición de materiales.

A comienzos del año 2000 Venezuela experimenta el auge comercial del punk promovido por las pantallas de MTV, con lo que se inicia una cuarta generación de punks venezolanos, desarrollando diferentes estilos y propuestas, retomando la actitud esteticista y despreocupada del punk de la primera generación. Así, las tendencias eran tres: el neopunk por un lado, quien tocaba en locales nocturnos y deseaba ser fichado por sellos discográficos, el punk que reivindicaba la llamada "vieja escuela" y la actitud de los '80s y '90s y, por últimos, los anarcopunks. APATÍA NO y DOÑA MALDAD editan los primeros viniles de punk venezolano, y en general, los avances de la tecnología hacía que fuera más sencillo para las bandas acceder a los estudios de grabación y el internet para darse a conocer.

Sin embargo, la intensa polarización política que se gesta en el país en ese año, y que alcanza su mayor intensidad en el período 2002-2005, cuando ocurre un golpe de Estado contra el presidente Chávez, un paro nacional convocado por la principal central de trabajadores y el gremio tradicional de los empresarios, entre otros eventos, fragmenta y dispersa todos los ámbitos de la sociedad venezolana, de lo cual no escapa el mundo cultural ni la propia movida "punk". Los circuitos, espacios y actividades se reducen a su mínima expresión, mientras que comienza a desarrollarse un movimiento "alternativo" promocionado por el propio gobierno bolivariano, mediante el subsidio de espacios, conciertos de rock y, particularmente, diferentes núcleos de las llamadas "artes circenses". Durante estos años se realizan conciertos punks con dinero de alcaldías y gobernaciones, con logística y seguridad suministrada por los organismos policiales y cuyas tarimas exhiben el despliegue propagandístico electoral del movimiento del presidente Chávez. La utilización de recursos estatales por una parte del movimiento punk, en consecuencia, implosionó la históricamente débil escena independiente, pues ante la posibilidad de realizar eventos con altos recursos, sin tener que esforzarse en su organización, motivó el abandono del camino autogestionado que había caracterizado, en su mayoría, al punk local. En este punto hay que resaltar, por otra parte, el desarrollo de un movimiento skinhead más nacionalista que antirracista, el cual establecía diversas filiaciones con el proceso bolivariano. En general el rock, y en particular el punk, han perdido su carácter rupturista, acoplándose al discurso dominante del poder.

Reactivamente ante esta situación, por un lado, y como una estrategia ante la violencia presente en los conciertos, el movimiento anarcopunk que se ha desarrollado en los últimos años ha retrocedido en visibilidad, con respecto a los años anteriores, asumiendo características de ghetto. Si bien desarrollan iniciativas en diferentes ciudades, y mantienen canales de comunicación entre sí, no han podido articular una respuesta política y/o social frente a la situación del país, y mantienen débiles relaciones con el mundo no-anarcopunk. En muchas dimensiones, debido a la ruptura generacional, división del tejido social de base, institucionalización del discurso y práctica contracultural y la ausencia de movimientos sociales autónomos, comienzan un recorrido partiendo casi de cero. Por tanto, la reversión de este escenario depende, en buena medida, del quiebre de una falsa polarización política –en tanto pugna interburguesa por el control de los ingresos petroleros- y la resurrección de los valores de independencia, autonomía y autogestión en las iniciativas ciudadanas y populares del país.

Si bien no hay una banda que por sí sola pueda representar el actual momento, hay varias que pueden ser nombradas: A// NARCOLEPSIA, DISSENSIÓN, AMORDAZADOS y GENOXIDIO. Habría que destacar que es el oriente del país la región en donde se intentan promocionar los viejos valores de independencia y autogestión, con la realización de eventos, conciertos y edición y circulación de materiales.

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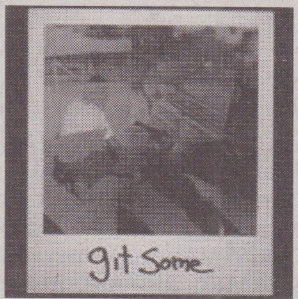

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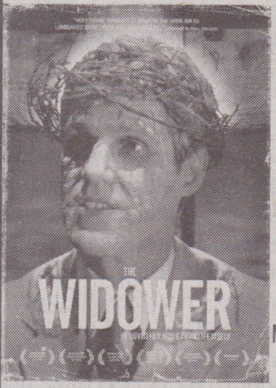

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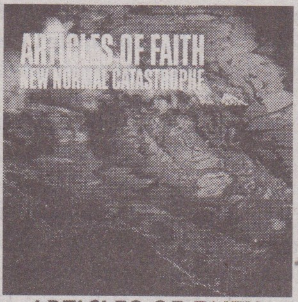

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OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON SCENE REPORT

Written by Ben Trogdon/Hayes//Oly scene header art by Lauren Likely

The drummer for MUTIOD MEN and SHARK PACT fell backwards and broke a large window while mooning a room full of people. DEAD HEAD's drummer just got tested and is completely clean of all STD's. WHITE WARDS' drummer is leaving for college and during the first song of his last show in the band, the singer punched out a light in his own living room. They will have a 7" out soon on Iron Lung Records. DEHUMANIZED's lead singer is a beautiful dancer. SIXES lead singer does front flips off the kick drum. PITTED YOUTH has two lead singers. The singer of now defunct, CHRISTMAS, was written about in "Fortnightly Single!" the blind date feature in the local free biweekly newspaper. RVIVR has a new bassist, Tammy of SICARII. RED AND BLACK are a groovy hardcore punk band. SCARY MAN is a thrashy hardcore band. OUTLOOK is a hardcore band that's getting proggy. FALL OF ELECTRICITY is a complex rock band. TWIG PALACE are a folky rock band. MAKING LOVE is going to really rock this town hard. POLLY DARTON is going to rock this town in a different way. New local skate video, *Wrecked Em*, stars members of RED AND BLACK, DEHUMANIZED, WHITE WARDS, and SCARY MAN. New band, HYSTERICS' logo is the BLACK FLAG bars as bloody tampons. IN BED is a new band. HIVE DWELLERS, ZARGENT and BLUES DRUID are new but have all been around for a while. SPIDER AND THE WEBS are inactive. RAINBOW BRIDGE broke up, but, Adam has been seen as a guest player in LAZER ZEPPELIN and VIOLENT FLAME MEDITATION. BLOOD BONES are back together. WEIRD TV is trying to get it together. MILK MUSIC's upcoming LP is entitled, *Beyond Living*. BROKEN WATER finished another hand letter pressed new 7." CHRISTIAN MISTRESS put out their first LP and just got back from a US tour with THRONES.

GUN OUTFIT played a show with TRAGEDY in France. WHITE BOSS played a show at the Olympia Public Library. SON SKULL played a show at the pizzeria. OUTDOOR VOICES put out a new cassette tape of '90s inspired songs. HARI KARI played on the radio in Sacramento. RAZZ M'TAZZ played a show, over the summer, in a giant field. MORGAN AND THE ORGAN DONORS played a private party, where each person received one free beer, at a bar downtown. MECONIUM plays a guitar found in the trash. Ruth from MARGY PEPPER went to Philadelphia for the summer where she may have worked at a pizzeria. WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM live just outside of town. BONE SICKNESS are ashamed to admit they're from Olympia. SWORD FERN is moving away from Olympia, to Oakland. CHIN UP, MERIWETHER! might not live in Olympia anymore. VRADIAZEI will be playing shows again in December. LEGS THE CRAB broke up. After almost ten years, FUNEROT broke up. HOODED broke up because Guy is moving back to New Jersey. The HAIL SEIZURES dressed up as the X Men for Halloween. HPP is growing their hair long. Local fanzine, *NUTS!*, put out issue #5 and unlike previous issues, it isn't about Olympia. Downtown Dean moved in with his mom in Tumwater and doesn't hang around anymore. BLINK 182 Sunday happens once a week in the back of The Old School Pizzeria. Forever 21 opened a new huge anchor store at the Capital Mall. Maryjane sez: "TRAINYARD always talks about how they're going to play, and the lead singer, who is James from DEHUMANIZED's brother, recently got married. What's going on with LAKE?" Emmalee sez: "HELL WOMAN has a new guitarist. She's really good. Her name is Emily too." Anton sez: "I saw a band of ukulele playing, Jesus worshipping, freaks at the FAMILY STONED show. Neil asked them if they really believed in Jesus and they said, 'Oh, that's such a loaded question.' and then started talking about their dad."

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There are currently a lot of great bands in Olympia. The following interviews are not a complete picture of Olympia music, but a somewhat diverse selection and hopefully an interesting one. All of the bands chosen to be interviewed, I thought, would appeal to readers of this fanzine, have released a full length recording this year (except HYSTERICS who released a tape and SON SKULL who released a 12" EP), and are exciting. There is a lot of overlap of members in the bands interviewed. As a rule, no person was interviewed twice. So, some of these bands have more members than were interviewed, but are included in one of their other bands' interviews. For example, David is in SON SKULL, WHITE BOSS, and MILK MUSIC but is only interviewed for WHITE BOSS.

Interviews conducted and edited by BCT • Co-edited by Daniel Swire Thanks Hayes

HYSTERICS

This interview with HYSTERICS took place after they played their tape release show at the Phoenix House, during a BLACK FLAG cover band's set in the basement.

MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?

Jessica: It's the weirdest city I've ever lived in. I've only lived here for a year, and I'm actually moving away, but there's no other word besides "weird" and "awesome" and "cool." Well, I guess those are three words.

Stephie: It's raging. As far as I'm concerned, if you're interested in independent music and you're interested in punk, it's the only place you need to be right now. Right now something insane is going on here. I don't think it's really going on anywhere else. The coolest thing is that nobody really knows it yet. There's no crazy media attention or any bullshit like that. So it can exist, in the way it's existing. It blows me away.

MRR: What emotions do you want your band's music to express?

Stephie: Dissatisfaction and, this is going to sound dorky but, sincerity.

Adriana: Focused anger

Jessica: I want our music to be accessible to everybody. I want everyone to listen to it and feel something in it.

Avery: Raging cunts

Stephie: I don't want it to be one sided. I want people to be able to be like, "Oh! I get that in some way and I want to now talk about it or communicate it" At least feel that you're not the only person thinking the way your thinking about the way your shit is set up in the world that you're living in. I know that sounds really melodramatic. [During our performance] I talked a little bit about the way patriarchy is effecting me in hardcore, and somebody came up to me after the show and was like, "Oh, weird, I'm thinking the same thing," and I felt so validated. Hopefully people can start communicating in a way that's not dictated or framed by the structure anyone exists in.

Adriana: I wanted to both comfort or reassure people who feel like the square peg going in the round hole, yet also stir people who think that their world is all set up for that.

Jessica: I want everyone to feel the way I feel right now. That is the hippiest thing I'll ever say in my life, but, after tonight and after playing, being in this band, it's the best thing I've ever done.

Stephie: It's up there for me too. It's nice to carve out a space, do it with your friends, and do it in a way where other people can vibe with it.

Adriana: I think we're all buzzed right now from the show being awesome.

Jessica: As someone [who is in their] first band to ever do anything, just go out there and do stuff.

Stephie: Start a band.

Jessica: For so many years, I'm about to turn 21, and I've been listening to punk and hardcore since I was 14. I've wasted so many years of not feeling this. I should have not wasted that time. And even if we're not the best band, who cares, how much this means to me. It's helping me go through my life. I want that to come across.

Stephie: I hope that people participate in things that they felt like they were only set up to be able to watch. It's fucking punk. Even if everything in your scene, or society, is telling you that you should stand by and watch, to break that, and instead create with people that can create with you. Also, we think that Martin should review our demo when we send it to *MRR*.

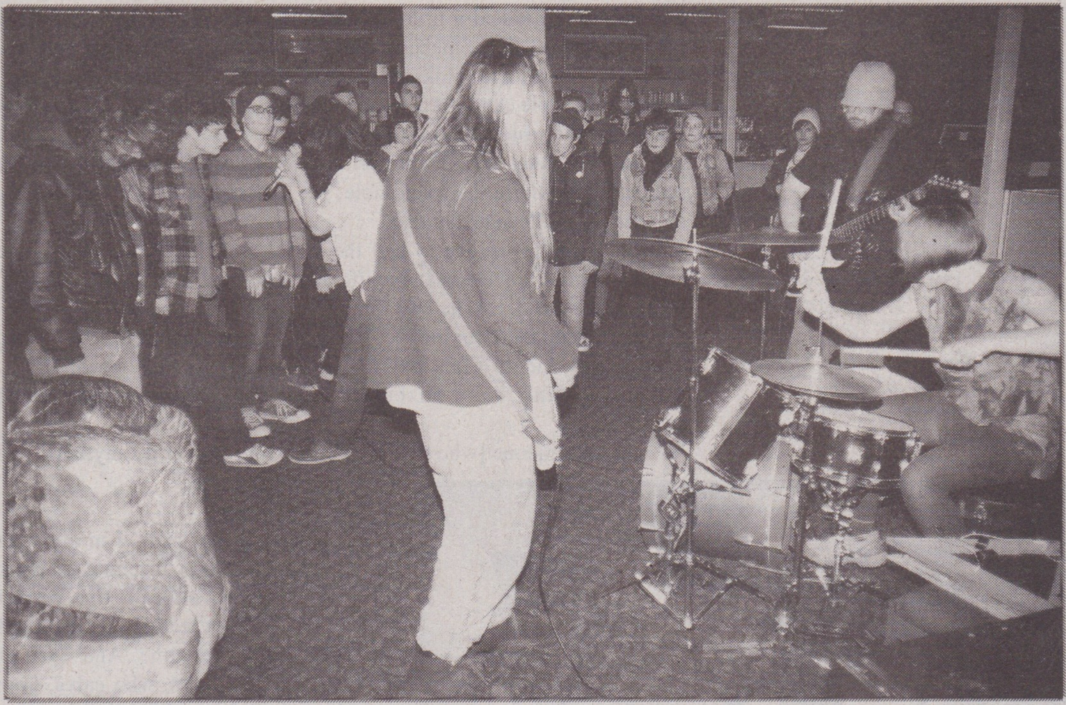
Adrianna: I think the biggest challenge right now is for people to feel like they have agency in their lives. Like they can actually do things. Another female identified person came up to me after the show and was like, "Wow, that was really amazing. Where was this band when I getting in to hardcore and I was confused because no one who looked like me was playing in bands." It feels weird when you're in situations where you feel adversity from all sides, but if there was one thing that is the best possible outcome from someone listening to our band is to feel empowered and try to go do something, and make something, create something, despite all the bullshit tells us not to.

Stephie: And realize scene structures, or whatever bullshit, aren't really as strong as they look like. You can break them real easy; all you got to do is start doing your own thing. And then everyone's suddenly, "Oh, what?" There's a space for everybody if you make it. It's hard sometimes. It's fucking hard, and sometimes all this shit is against you. If anything, do it for your own sanity.

Adrianna: Also, for people who don't have to think about these things because they are in positions where they don't think about their gender, their sex or anything, you got to wake up and realize that you're the minority in the world. How you express your gender, or you being you, can effect those around you. So, be conscious, look in to what it means to be male identified. We're making space for ourselves, but you've also got to be aware that you've got to give up a little too.

Stephie: [[Listening to the BLACK FLAG cover band in the basement]] This song is so good. This song slays. I think we should cover this cover, "Modern Man." I am modern man. I am modern man.

WHITE BOSS



This interview took place on the front porch of a house on the Eastside of Olympia before they had band practice. WHITE BOSS' first full length record was released this summer on Perennial Records.

MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?
Jean: It's easy when I have some sort of idea of what I'm going to do for the day. Like today I'm supposed to be here at noon and I was half an hour late. I like going to the [food] co-op everyday. It's right by my house.
Heather: Good food, good water, good people.
David: It's cheap. You can practice and play shows easily. It can be incredibly stifling, alternating with incredibly relaxing. It's only good if you get out of town for a good portion of the year. If you stay here all year it's like *The Shining* or something.

MRR: What emotions do you want your band's music to express?
Jean: Groovy. Like a grooving feeling.
David: I like it to be ambiguous. I like people to be able to imprint what they're going through on to it.

RVIVR

This conversation was conducted in a bedroom of RVIVR's house on Halloween night. RVIVR has a LP and two 7" EP's out on their own Rumbletowne Records.

MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?
Kevin: Quite nice, actually.
Matt: It's cold and wet.
Erica: But that's nice, sometimes. That's a weird question for me because I was born here. It's comforting, it's home. It changes every couple years. It's interesting.
Matt: I like living here. It's really different from the East coast and New York, where I'm from. I like that about it. It's slower and cheaper.
Kevin: Yeah, it's slow and cheap, and "run in to everybody" style instead of "you need to make plans and go far away." If someone lives a ten minute walk away, it's maybe a little bit too far to visit them.
Erica: Sometimes Olympia can feel too small and slow, because of this close proximity thing. But Olympia is a dynamic enough town with lots of really different lifestyles and perspectives to keep things interesting and challenging, if you're seeking that. You can sink in to thinking that Olympia is just one way. Olympia's got all these folds, and you can live in your fold and really think that that's the way Olympia is, but Olympia has got more diversity than you can tell just by looking at it at a glance. There's dozens of bands in Olympia that I've never even heard of, that are playing all the time and have their own microcosm world going on, outside of the world of constant shows that we're always going to. That's really interesting for such a small town.

MRR: What emotions do you want to express with your music?
Erica: Whatever ones that are just happening. Whatever's coming out.
Matt: Honesty. But, honesty isn't necessarily an emotion.
Erica: On the last record I was feeling like shit and a lot of the songs are like, "I feel like shit." But then, writing them and playing them made me feel better.
Kevin: Kind of excitement too. Forward thinking. Looking forward to what's ahead.
Matt: Honesty is a twisted answer because it's not really an emotion, but that is something that is really important in music and in how you're expressing yourself. Rather than "I'm going to express this sad thing", or "I'm going to express this pissed off thing", or "I'm going to express this political thing." More like, trying to take a hold of whatever's coming out, and grab on to it and let it take you to where it's going to go, and hoping that sounds and feels honest. I think that's something that's really important in an everyday setting, with people and interactions.

This interview took place at Joe's apartment in downtown Olympia. MILK MUSIC just recently put out their first LP.

MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?

Joe: It's pretty weird because I work in Seattle and live here. Right now, it's pretty relaxing, because I come here and I sleep, chill out, and practice, and then I work up there.

MRR: Why do you work in Seattle and live here?

Joe: Because it doesn't pay very well here. It took me forever to find a job here. It pays a lot better up there. It's worth the commute, plus, paying for this record is really expensive and to keep up on drum equipment stuff. But other than that, I like [living in Olympia]. It's really social. The whole college scene here is really social, a lot of young kids. Then also you have a lot of government people who work for the legislature, so that adds a funny element to it. The surrounding areas, like Lacey, a lot of funny small town slightly redneck flavor going on there too. So there's a mixture of that.

Alex: What's life like in Olympia? Shitty. [LAUGHING] Olympia's weird, man. I became pretty inspired by it, essentially that's why we moved down here. It's really cheap. Olympia has got the shittiest weather in the country. It's the armpit of the Puget Sound. It's really humid and dirty. It gets twice as much rainfall as Seattle. It's littered with bums and people coming for Evergreen that want to live and be poor dudes like us, but they're not, so it's really annoying. People have too much privilege and too many ideas are out there, so it's like constant mental warfare. It's really PC. It's crazy, you're seeing everyone you know. There's a lot of weird phoniness because a lot of people are here on this four year, "I'm out of my mind" kind of thing. Coming from a city, I find myself feeling old and stern sometimes. Sometimes I feel like I'm losing it all together. It's really hard to get a job. I'll make $700 a month, which I can do, because I only pay $125 to live in an attic, but I can't stand up all the way, and $700 is still $700. It's just weird, maybe it's a limiting environment. You have to get really good at providing yourself with a filter, because there's so much bullshit. You can only take so much. The flip-side is that Olympia has the best music in the country. The handful of bands, actually doing something real. It's a shame that all those people [in the bands] are always trying to leave Olympia, they're sick of it. Which kind of sucks. The drugs are really good here. I strongly believe that Olympia has the best drugs and music in the country. It can be a real wild place too, if you're in the mood to get wild, because there are a lot of freaks.

MRR: What emotions or feelings do you want to express with your music?

Joe: Sweet emotions. [LAUGHING] Just, coming from the heart, you know?

Alex: We're real. We're the real deal. We try not to get too hard, because it's so hard! It's all beauty, art, human emotion. We're definitely an "of hardcore" band but we try not to fall in a lot of the same pitfalls.

MRR: "Of hardcore"?

Alex: Love the energy, but my battle is internal. We're trying to do art, we're not trying to do anything else. There's something dark, weird, confusing, and sometimes inspiring, constantly moving around inside of me. I deal with a lot of weird ups, downs and mood swings. There's a lot of doubts. There's a lot of weird stuff. We're trying to make it beautiful and powerful. You can look at a color, or something really simple, and see so much in it. That feeling of something fucking exploding.

Joe: Life experiences.

Alex: Life, man. The heaviness of life. The great eternal swell. Everything on fire. The abstract feelings in life. The stops and the release. Explosions.

Joe: Music's my own personal release from life. It's like my daily life all bunched in to one and when I play it all comes out in one big ball of energy. My day to day life can be pretty frustrating. It's also good, but when you constantly run in to certain obstacles: having to get up at six in the morning, catching two buses.

Alex: We're crusaders against the bullshit. When you work as hard as we feel like we do, and put as much in to it, with no compromises, to put out a quality product, and to bring it every time. Like, "Ohhh, my guitar didn't quite work, I'll just borrow this little..." that shit doesn't cut it with us. We've got to do everything in our power to fucking bring it, to make it sound perfect, to make the records look perfect. This is what we're spending our time doing. I didn't go to college. Our record coming out is like my college graduation. This is what I've done with my life instead, I've invested time. It's really fucking easy to make music and put out a record, we know that. We want people to know how much effort we've put in to it. We're drawing that line in the sand. Because music is very sacred to us and the way I feel is very sacred to me. That's all. No one has to agree with me, or even dig it. I'd like to have that acknowledgement. Because we're paying for it all ourselves. We don't really have a life outside of this, and it's given us a cool life. I'm really just trying to channel my frustrations in to something positive. This is me, this is my brother, this is us. We're beautiful strong men. There's nothing wrong with that. This is what's going on inside of us and we're putting it out there. We're not trying to fight for anybody else. This is us, this is where we're coming from, middle class, lower middle class, hard working, guys. That's it, man.

HPP

This was recorded on a Tuesday night at HPP's practice space in downtown Olympia. HPP's released a record this year on Perennial.

MRR: What is life like in Olympia?
Aaron: Monotonous but safe.
Will: It's OK.
Dillon: It depends on which band you ask, I bet you there's a lot of kids with money, they don't have to worry about shit and they don't work either.
MRR: I'm talking about your life.
Dillon: Good. I drink.
Aaron: Working. Buying people beers and people buying you beers. Mostly people buying me beers.
Dillon: There's a community here, it's pretty nice. It just depends on what community you're in.
Michael: Easy, rainy. It's cool. Nice people.
Will: I don't see anything wrong with living here. No big problems.
Michael: Five good bands. Maybe six.
Dillon: I don't know, man, there's so many good bands.
Michael: Allright, seven.
Dillian: There's a lot of good bands, but there's a lot of different kinds of music being played. There's really good bands that I don't like, but they're good.
Michael: Hip hop is super under represented still. As it has been for the past fifteen years.
Will: I don't know. 2 $hort came through. That's a good sign.
Aaron: I was in a rap group. I played bass. It was called VESSELS OF BEDLAM.
Michael: It's a pretty emo name. Was it screamo hip hop?
Dillian: Probably white dudes.
Aaron: Oh, yeah. Very white and backpack. Actually one of them had a rap that went like, "Got a backpack, it's a mobile home that needs no gas"
MRR: What feelings and/or emotions do you want to express with your music?
Michael: I think if we could express it verbally we would all be writing short stories or doing slam poetry.
Aaron: I think it might be that we don't want to express any emotions. Maybe that's the emotion, indifference. I want to give a shit about what I'm doing, and I do. Part of giving a shit is not giving a shit. Part of giving a shit is not caring if you forget a song, because you can write other songs.
Dillon: It feels good to do it. There's a lot of shows I go to, around here especially, in the Puget Sound area, there's nothing that feels good, unless I'm doing it. Whatever, I still go to shows. I still respect bands I like. It feels real good to expose yourself to music and different scenes. Going on tour and playing with bands and kids that have heard you and have never seen you. You play for them and then they're like, "That's fucking awesome, man" and you're like, "Well, thanks." That's all I want to do. I want to expose you to my music. You heard a recording, yeah, but you see a live show, and yeah, it's fun.
Aaron: And it's not Do It Yourself because it takes everybody else too.
Dillon: We didn't do it. We just showed up and fucking rocked and now we're gone.

HAIL SEIZURES

This interview was recorded on early afternoon before the HAIL SEIZURES' band practice, downtown, at the the Red House. The HAIL SEIZURES self released a CD earlier this year entitled For the Run.

MRR: What is life like in Olympia?
Camille: Pretty easy, in general.
Ely: Coffee, Four Loko.
Cameron: Shows
Ely: Food, food stamps.
Jeff: It's a little bubble that you get to leave sometimes and then you start to hate it here. Or I start to take it for granted and then I leave, and then I'm like, "Woah, Olympia is such a cool bubble, I'm glad to go back here."
Jim: We live next to a very liberal college which effects the town a lot and makes us very hypersensitive to gender issues and issues regarding race and things like this, even though there's not that much diversity, everybody tries to work on it as much as they can and that's pretty cool. It fosters a lot of anti...
Ely: Anti-anti-ism Jim: It makes people a lot more aware of hardships that other people have, which is cool. That's something exemplary of this place, how liberal it is.
Camille: It's a really cool place to live if you play music and are in a band because everyone is so supportive of each other in the scene. Everyone is really excited to be going to shows all of the time.
Cameron: All I do is play music and go to shows, then sometimes work, but not that much. It's pretty chill.

MRR: What emotions and/or feelings do you want to express with your music?
Cameron: I feel like it's usually anger, frustration, depression. Frustration at the world. It's an outlet.
Jim: I like to talk about things regarding change. I grew up with a lot of end times rhetoric. That's something that interests me a lot.

MRR: What is end times rhetoric?
Jim: The rapture. That we're living at the end of the world, and how terrible it is. There's nuclear bombs, crazy diseases and everybody's acting

all crazy and evil. That's what I like to write about. More so, how underneath that there's this sustained human will that's pretty awesome and mighty that has gotten us to this point. Maybe it looks really scary, but maybe everyone always thinks they're the last generation. I like talking about really mystical stormy things.
Jeff: Something that I [think about] as an artist or musician, [is] trying your best not to be vapid. Trying to let all of the things you do have some meaning and significance. That you might understand, [or] you might not, but to be really focused on the process of what your doing, as well as the end result of it. The world needs political bands right now. I think a lot about the devastation of the Earth, like we all do, in this band especially. So, it's important for all of us to infuse our music with that sense of urgency. That shit is totally fucked and it is important to try to do something about it, if not just sing about it really loud.
Ely: The lyrics and music are very intense and have this sense of urgency, but at the same time our performance tends to be celebratory, us having a good time and really enjoying playing music and enjoying playing music for people. Not taking ourselves too seriously. To put it out there and also be able to let it go, and move beyond it.

BROKEN WATER

This interview was recorded over the phone while BROKEN WATER was on tour in Santa Fe, New Mexico. They have a self released 7", a LP on Night People, and a new single out on Fan Death.

MRR: What is life like in Olympia?
John: Inspirational.
Kanako: Depressing. It's depressing because of the alcoholism. [Olympia is] cold, rainy, soggy, peaceful, quiet and slow.
MRR: What emotions and/or feelings are you trying to express with your music?
Abby: Muzziness. Which is an actual word. It means distorted and fuzzy.
John: I think the songs are kind of sad, but they have this overall feeling of floating.
Abby: Dreamy
John: I like that feeling. I like expressing that. I like making other people feel it.
Abby: Like an alternate universe inside you.

SON SKULL

This interview with SON SKULL was conducted in a kitchen on the Eastside. Hayes and Charles are brothers and Mary and Hayes have two children together. SON SKULL has a record out on local label, Perennial.

MRR: What is life like in Olympia?
Mary: Start with Charles because he's been here for eight days.
Charles: I don't know.
Hayes: Right now: it's cold, there's no power, there was an earthquake this morning.
Charles: Gets dark at four o clock.
Dan: There was an earthquake?
Charles: It was a 4.3, you almost died.
Hayes: Very public life, everyone is a celebrity. Everyone's on *People*. Everyone's on Olyblog. net
Charles: Dan, you've lived here the longest, right?
Dan: Yeah
Charles: Why don't you answer it?

Dan: [Olympia is] fine.
Hayes: It's like a living hell that sometimes can be paradise.
Mary: You can't say that.
Hayes: Why?
Mary: You can say that about anything.
Hayes: It's too cliché? [Olympia] is the cliché.
Charles: It's a really boring town where there is a lot of interesting people doing interesting things.
Hayes: Boring like how?
Charles: Boring, like there's four people on the street on Friday night.
Mary: Living in Olympia for me is

like having this really intense support system that you don't get to turn off. The thing that supports you makes me feel smothered or claustrophobic at times.

Charles: Olympia is just so weird. It's a town full of all white people in this weird leftover quaint fishing village, turned college town. Everyone's really hyper sensitive about race and gender, especially about race, but it's only white people forming educated opinions about other kinds of people, when they only surround themselves with one kind of [person]. That's one of the things about it. The other thing about it is that it's a bunch of laid back dudes shredding the goof and hanging out.

Hayes: Was that a gender neutral "dude"?

Charles: What?

Hayes: When you said "dude" was that meant any dude? Or dudes and dudettes?

Charles: I don't think "dudettes" is a term now. It's like Juggalo and Juggalette, they just made it in to one thing. Dude is just one thing.

Hayes: That's fine, I'm just trying to clarify. Because, you know, mom would always say there are definitely dudettes in the world.

Charles: Mom's old school. Maybe it's because it's a small town, people are hypersensitive and a little bit worried about how they appear to be in other people's eyes.

Hayes: Always on stage.

Charles: Sometimes I feel more judged when I'm in Olympia and sometimes I feel more welcomed. It's a really double-edged sword. You make really good friends because people all keep their heart on their sleeve, and you make them really fast. And you make enemies really fast, because of a passing thing you said that was misinterpreted, or something about your past. There's a hot and coldness to it. People either love you or hate you. It's weird for such a small town to make that many relationships that fast.

Mary: Every other place I've lived I felt like I could get a hundred things done in a day. Here it's like moving through mud. It's really hard to get anything done, except bizarre things. I don't know if it's because when I've lived other places I didn't have kids, and now I do. That could be a lot of it. But I see a lot of people not getting much done.

Hayes: I feel like that has to do with how Olympia has a pretty bare infrastructure. A lot of cities, there is hundreds of years of infrastructure, whether it's social or just plain architectural. It either holds you back or facilitates you. Olympia is a town that always builds up and tears down, builds up and tears down, builds up and tears down.

MRR: There is a tradition of rock music here.

Hayes: That tradition is celebrated now, but four years from now it will be like it's not there anymore. When I first moved here it was not happening.

Mary: The tradition was there.

Hayes: The tradition was there, but a lot of traditions are here. It's hot and cold. It's either celebrated or forgotten. It's like downtown. There are no old buildings. The old library is the Christian Youth Center and right next to it, the old city hall, which is now whatever government building. Everything else has been torn down and some other thing put back up. Same thing with Evergreen kids. A lot of the population is only here for four years and then leaves. It's real transient.

Charles: When you're in this environment [you] don't remember the rock legacy that it has. But, I remember when we were in Atlanta fixing [Hayes'] and Dave's amp, I was leafing through this Analog Sound Quarterly or something, and the interviews that were in there were all recording engineers that either went to Evergreen or recorded a band from Olympia. The further away you get from it the more exciting it seems. I think that that's true right now. If you pick up *MRR*, or someone picking up a copy of *Nuts!* in Texas, Olympia seems like this really exciting place where things are happening but, it's still peeps hanging out in their room being like, "Check out this cool lick I just wrote, man!" It's just a bunch of teenagers, who are thirty, making stuff.

Mary: Exactly. That's the real answer to that question.

MRR: What emotions do you want your band to express with your music?

Dan: I guess I would hope to not put a certain emotion in to something that I do. Feeling an emotion is obviously a broad spectrum. So I guess, no, I don't want to try to do anything, I would hope that something comes out naturally, that will be expressed in however someone feels it.

Hayes: You're trying to express immediate honest expression?

Dan: Yeah

MRR: Your band has a specific sound. There must be some base your coming from. You've honed it somewhat.

Hayes: We honed it to ourselves. We're not trying to be like, "OK, this one we're going for jubilation." I'm with Dan, honest immediate emotion. Coming direct, real, how you feel, unadulterated, come off the top, say what you mean.

Mary: Sometimes I write words about something, or a song feels a certain way, but depending on how I'm feeling at the show a different thing could be coming out. I imagine what comes across is a lot of struggle. Because we struggle to get to shows, play, gear stuff, to be able to practice. It's not a band that's flying forward with tons of momentum. We struggle to exist. It's beautiful, it's real.

Charles: What you were saying is that the struggle is getting there and making it happen, and the release is when you finally get to play it?

Hayes: There's still a struggle even when you're playing it, there's the process you go through. In some songs it's like the struggle and then the release, and then jubilation. And sometimes it's just struggle and disappointment.

MRR: Like you're driving home and then you feel jubilation?

Hayes: Then you feel tired. Then maybe the next day you feel less shitty.

Charles: I didn't write any of these songs, but I was way in to the band before I was in it. Whether it's at the show or you listen to it on the record, there's obviously some lyrics, like, you listen to "Housing" and be like, "Oh, those dudes are pissed. They are really mad." There's also subtleties in the aesthetic of the sound that are coming through. It's all about whoever's experiencing it gets the privilege of the emotion that they're conveying whether it's on purpose or not. The person who experiences art is the person that conveys the emotion. It's just like eating comfort food. If you eat chicken fried steak and you're from Tennessee, and you're like, "Oh this is delicious. I think about my mom, how she used to make it for me." It could be that same way when you hear music, like, "Oh it reminds me of that one band I used to really like, man!" I think some people could get that out of it. Some people could be thoroughly depressed when they hear our songs.

Hayes: Revealing of forgotten emotions.

Charles: It's just an experience. Every person has an individual experience when they hear something. Who are you to ruin it for them by telling them what exactly you wanted to convey in that song? But I feel stoked when I play the songs with these guys. Sometimes it can be annoying when you don't have gear, or your gear's broken, or you don't know if you're going to get paid. But, it's always really fun to play these songs, no matter what kind of mood I'm in.

Txu Txo and Frida (Mary and Hayes' kids)

This interview happened after SON SKULL was interviewed in the next room. The Angelina Ballerina movie was paused while they answered.

MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?

Txu Txo: Bad. I don't want to be interviewed!

Frida: I like Olympia.

MRR: What do you like about it?

Frida: Being there.

MRR: What do you do when you're there?

Frida: I play and go on an airplane.

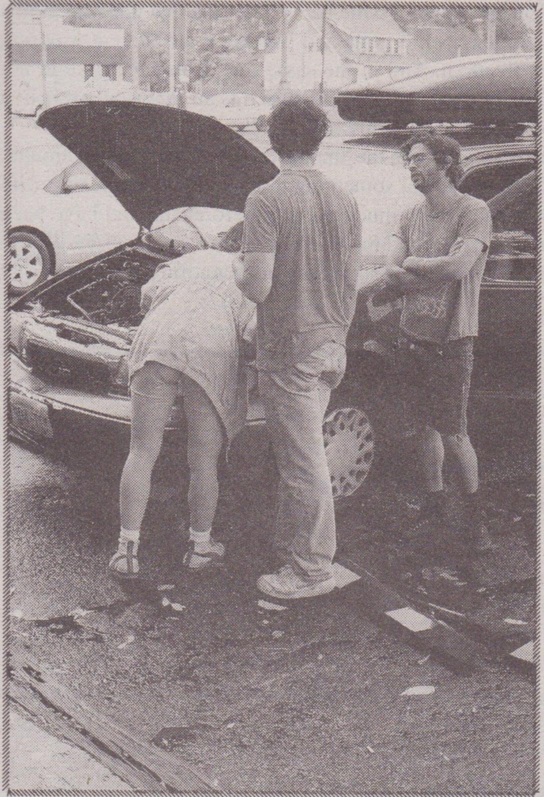
Mary: [LAUGHING] This is Olympia.

Frida: I play and watch movies.

Txu Txo: Now can we turn on the movie?

GUN OUTFIT

This interview with GUN OUTFIT took place a couple days after they got back from their European tour, while drinking a bottle of white wine that Dylan had stolen from Fred Meyer. GUN OUTFIT has a 7", and two LP's out on PPM. A new 12" EP will be out soon on Make A Mess Records.



MRR: What is it like to live in Olympia?
Carrie: My friend came up with a good answer for this: Living in the town that you grew up in is like learning how to breathe underwater.
Dylan: Living in Olympia is like living in a very large house, with a lot of rooms, with different people doing similar things, in different ways.
Carrie: Good answer! [LAUGHING] It's a rather small village. You could say that.

MRR: What feelings or emotions do you want to express with your music?
Dylan: All of them, I guess.
Carrie: All of them?
Dylan: Yeah. One giant expressive shout.
Carrie: I feel like that's a trick question. Because you're going to leave something out. Because we're not a high concept band.
Dylan: That's why I said...
Carrie: That's a fake answer, too. All of them? Saying all of them is like saying none of them, right?
Dylan: So? It's not fake.
Carrie: So I'll say none. No emotion.
Dylan: Sure, go for it. We reached an agreement. It's consensus.
Carrie: No, not consensus.
Dylan: How can I make my answer more real?
Carrie: By giving a real answer.
Dylan: Like a more specific answer?
Carrie: I think that we're trying to express joy and then also the lack of joy. Is joy an emotion?
Dylan: Happiness is an emotion. Yeah, joy is an emotion. Is glad an emotion?
Carrie: [LAUGHTER] Yeah

WEIRD TV

Hayes did this interview as Ben from Weird TV put together this scene report… Weird TV is refreshing, adventurous and the future. Weird TV has a tape out now, and will have a 45 on Perennial in 2011.

MRR: Who do you guys hate being compared to?
John: God/smack
Lizet: I don't hate anything we've been compared to so far. Mostly I think we get compared to the Brat, Ultimo Resorte, the Bags, and Nirvana. I love all those bands, but I don't think we sound anything like those bands. Well, maybe Nirvana.
Erika: There is nothing, or anyone that I necessarily hate being compared to at the moment. I personally don't mind being compared to the bands Lizet has mentioned. I thought it ruled when Lizet told me what some dude sed at our show in San Francisco, "was that like a Nirvana cover band?" or something like that...
Ben: I, personally, hate being compared to Jiwm Morrison.

MRR: You guys put out a real Chicana/Chicano vibe, como se sienten sobre eso (how do you guys feel about that) especialmente as a band in a pretty white town? ie is Chicano a color or is it the way you live/think and feel?
Lizet: It makes me feel empowered/empowering. I don't write anything especially "political," but I realize that writing in Spanish makes a real statement. I can't speak for everyone else, but I make it a point to put out that Chicano vibe. Being a Chicana to me means being brown, appreciating the struggle my family went through to give me a better life, accepting that my ancestors were conquered,

that I have both indigenous and Spanish blood, and that I can appreciate a good Old School slice as well as tacos. I feel that living in Olympia because it's predominately white makes me push that Chicano vibe to the fullest. Mostly for my own sake though. I honestly thirst for the Spanish language and my culture.
John: I am from California so I have felt connected to Chicano culture since I was a little niño, even though I'm [un] gringo/guero.
Erika: I don't know if it's so much like me putting out this "vibe" of being Chicana, but rather that I am a Xicana, and I play in this weird band. This in itself is not apolitical or something, and it certainly is not a passive act, especially playing in a predominantly white scene in Olympia. *Au contraire*, I'm pretty honored, and I feel inspired that I get to participate in a diverse community in Olympia. I feel good being part of this larger momentum that I think gets to happen in Olympia. I feel good being part of this band because I think the sound we carry in our music is representative of a rage that is carried inside living up against oppression all around. To me being a Xicana that grew up in Los Angeles, playing punk rock is, was and will continue to be a way out, an expression of freedom. And in the same line, I also feel free in not needing to explain, or excuse my art because it is art that is an extension and reflective of my culture and my reality.
Ben: I'm not Chicano. I'm from the "majority" white world I live around. Representing Chicano/a is not something that I foresaw happening with this band. I didn't know very much about it beforehand and have been learning about myself, my band mates and a new (to me) culture. I'm so stoked to be somewhat apart of something as beautiful and inspiring as chicano/a.

WEIRD TV

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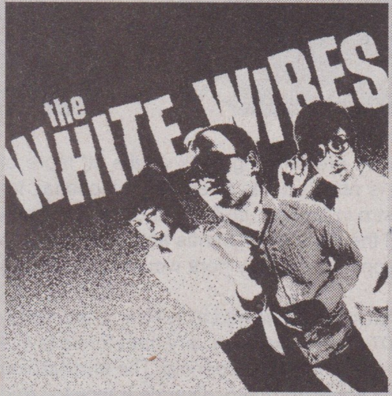

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RAI KO RIS

Rai Ko Ris, from Nepal, visited us last October. Barcelona was their last European destination where we experienced the excitement of watching the band play live. We shared several days together eating tasty food and having long talks, one of them at Radio Bronka, reproduced here. As personal experience, with more than twenty years of punk on our backs, meeting people like these gives us hope and meaning to our everyday struggle.

Interview by Juan Mota and Gata Negra for Antipatia zine.

Photos by Sareena Rai and Martin.

MRR: First of all, what's the meaning of Rai Ko Ris?

Sareena: "Rai" is my second name; it is a tribe from the eastern part of Nepal. "Ko" means "of" and "Ris" means anger, so, it means "Anger of the Rai." And everybody knows in Nepal that Rai people are very nice, very calm; they are kind of farmers in the mountains, but if you piss them off they are going to be really angry.

MRR: And what about this European tour — what can you tell us about the shows, the places you have been through and how was the experience?

Sareena: For us it was really important to come to Europe and it took nine years to get here. We were lucky to get invited to a festival in Denmark that paid for our plane tickets. And we decided, yes, we are going to do this so we can tour the rest of Europe and meet other comrades. I think it has been an incredible experience, not just for us, but also for everyone who we have met or who came to our shows, because I think there is maybe not enough information about Nepal in the rest of the world.

And we also realized that maybe we are bringing back a little bit more of the human element of what punk is about. It has been very emotional, for example I went to an info shop/distro in Leipzig, in Zoro, in Germany. And I saw our vinyl, *Tank Girl*, among all the other great bands and tears came to my eyes. I couldn't believe that people all the way here would care about a small band in Nepal.

Olivier: It is important also to say that in Nepal we had a civil war, a revolution from the farmers, from 1996 to 2007, and it has been very hard for us to live in a village surrounded by a lot of horrible things happening. The army raping and killing, and throwing bombs on people, torturing, disappearances... And that is the background of us doing a punk band and singing about what we are angry about.

So in this context also, the band was formed in 2000, but also an info/shop and an anarchist publication that we do in Nepali. All of this was created within the context of the civil war and the farmer uprising was against the Hindu religion with its caste system, which the king also represents. The farmers won the revolution, there is now no more monarchy and the country has become a Republic. But the big problem now is that Capitalism is replacing Hinduism and doing the same damage in a different way. From our perspective, in Europe you have a lot of more experience of how to resist capitalism.

MRR: So after the revolution and civil war, the country enters 2008 as a Republic then the wild capitalism of Europe and America arrives. What role did the USA and Europe have during the revolutionary period?

Sareena: Of course they didn't want a Communist state and the leaders, let's say the organizers, of the political party that sided with the farmers were the Maoist party. America doesn't want any communist example in Asia.

Olivier: And for America or even India, the big neighbor that has become

really capitalist it's a very bad example to have a place like the Himalaya, which is even bigger than Nepal, where you have a lot of uprising of farmers. So they don't want farmer uprisings to succeed because it will be a very bad example and it will show the way and other minorities in the region will rise up against Capitalism and cooperate. So for example the US government and the Indian government were providing training, cheap armaments, transportation to the army of the Nepali government who were trying to crush the farmers. They were giving training in torture and (arranging) disappearances. Now because of human rights violations, the American Congress at one stage could not help the Nepali army anymore. So what they did was change the context. They went through Israel. Because the American congress is not allowed to help the Nepali government, they sent Israel to do it. And Israel was replacing America in providing trainings and also weapons. But all this is never in the media, the mainstream press.

M R R : Strange, because the USA has an embassy in Nepal? Is it also a power maneuver?

Sareena: It is a huge compound; they obviously have their own marines inside there. I have been inside. There is a big rumor, that I am sure is true, that it is actually a communication base for the South Asia region. It is not just an embassy. And when they built this embassy they didn't use any local Nepali people for manpower. They brought in a manpower agency from Turkey. So we had all these Turkish workers suddenly working in this secret embassy. Nepalis have no idea of what's really inside.

MRR: So now, after this civil war revolution and after this Republic was established in 2008, how is the situation? Is society still built around casts or class differences?

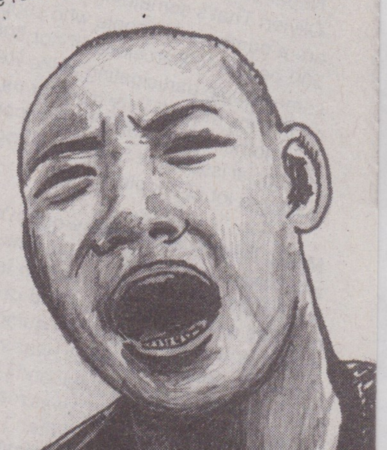
Sareena: I think just like any country where there has been a war, there is definitely a big victory for the first month and after that it is back to confusion. Because to change the caste system will take generations, it is not going to happen with laws. As we know, we don't fight for laws. We have to try to change ourselves and this is something people have not understood or people don't want to change. People are not going to suddenly embrace their neighbor who is low caste. It is going to take their sons and their daughters, and their sons and their daughters…

Olivier: The Maoist, Communist party won the election after the civil war. But in the process of trying to grab the State power of the center, they started to face all the difficulty of the Parliamentary system. They went into the election and parliament resisted them and started to face a lot of problems with that. So they had to start diplomacy with the embassies from rich countries, diplomacy with India… And when they tried to pass laws in favor of the farmers they saw that big corporations behind the politics scene were buying politicians to make obstacles to the laws being passed. It was not fair politics. It was all about money. And with this corruption it is easy to get any politician to vote anything. So farmers have been quite disappointed by the result of winning the revolution and the communist party trying to grab the state.

So now, at this time there is a puppet government of many different parties from the fascist right to the center and the left, only with people who were bought with money provided by rich corporate leaders outside of the country. And in this context we feel it is very relevant, it's very important to disseminate anarchist ideas, which are an alternative to Communism. So that people can get the idea that they don't have to wait for the state mechanism, central in the capital—they should develop their own community for themselves.

I think it is the main reason our band came to Europe. First to give this information that you don't read in the press, and also to meet lot of Anarchists here in Europe, for us to get more ideas and to keep on trying to disseminate ideas in Nepal.

Sareena: Actually back in 2001 we had a song that talks about this issue and it says, "Katmandu is not Nepal." If you go to the city and you ask the same questions you are asking us to people who have shops, or who are living in the city they would not answer you in the same way we are answering you because their life is so different. People in the city want this Capitalism. They are addicted to it already and for them American Democracy is so appealing, they like it. The main problem is that they have confused human rights with Capitalism. It is the same for them.



MRR: Talking about these big differences between people who work and/or live in the countryside, how are they organized? Can farmers work the land by themselves or do they depend on others? Do they have to work for others?

Sareena: It is hard work. Of course it's easy in the sense that they can do it themselves, yes, definitely. But you have to understand that all the young people want to move out of their villages because they have bought this idea that being in the city is being educated like Western people; that it's the best way, so they all are migrating to the city. Nobody wants to break his or her back on the land.

Olivier: It is really important to understand the mechanism of how the artificial rich middle class was created in Katmandu. What happened is that a lot of Nepali people go to work abroad for low wages, which are higher than the normal wage in Nepal. So, people go to work in the Middle East, Malaysia or they are employed actually to work in Iraq, Afghanistan to do mercenary work or whatever. Their money goes back to a bank in Katmandu. But they are exploited abroad for cheap money. This money becomes big money, because there are a lot of people in this situation, so it becomes a big mountain of money in the bank in Katmandu. As a result, all these people working abroad means that Nepal is not developing its own resources. Then the wealthy foreign corporations export goods, food, anything to Katmandu. A fridge or oven, cars, anything… And all this money in Katmandu that is earned abroad, paid by foreign companies, is spent on the foreign goods, this new wealth goes back to the already wealthy foreign country.

MRR: It is like a vicious circle…

Olivier: Yes. And they create this rich middle class that supports the Capitalists. But it is very important to point out that there is a will to keep Nepal undeveloped, and not using its own resources, this way they can keep on exploiting the people for cheap labor.

MRR: Watching how wild capitalism is being introduced in Nepal, could you tell us about the difficulties of the Anarchist struggle, running an info shop, protesting against this situation…and the repression that can be suffered?

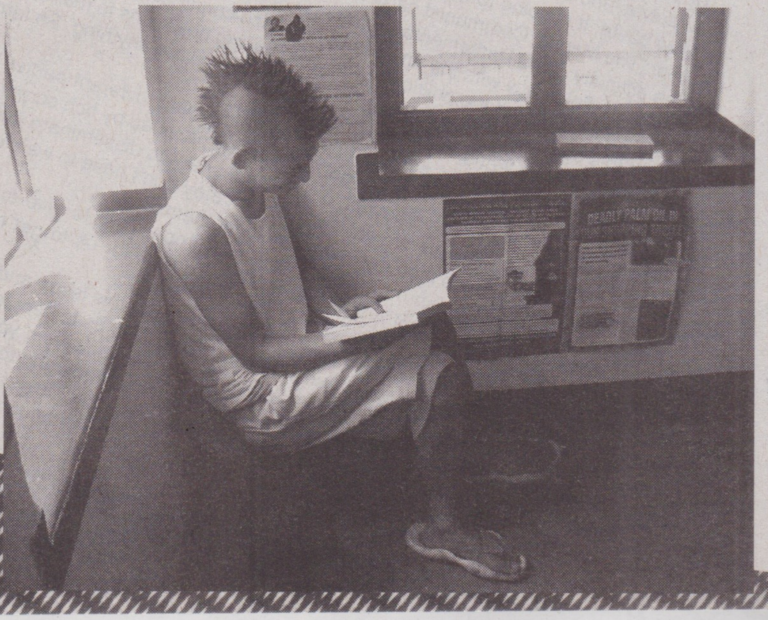
Sareena: Right now we are kind of okay, but during the conflict when we were running the info shop in 2004, we had to keep a very low profile, we were also doing our own reports about what was happening, doing our own independent online site. We had to be very careful. If you even had a leftist book in your hand you could disappear. So, it was actually a really good thing to be hidden behind punk music. Because to the outsider punk music looks like fashion. We put a painting of a guy with a Mohican in the front of the info shop, so it looks like a record shop or something. During our shows we also talked about what was happening, but our flyers are always made in English because we know the police are not interested in anything they have to read in English, but if it was written Nepali we could really be in trouble.

Olivier: That's something you also see in Europe. Basically, these days to be anti-capitalist, you could easily be called a terrorist. But I can see that there are a numbers of people who support one another, a lot of solidarity, you look after each other. If tomorrow you disappear I think there would be at least 500 people in Barcelona, if not 5000 asking about you. But for us there are maybe five or ten people who share this Anarchist thought. And there are some people participating in the Revolution who are anti-capitalist but they are still in their minds Communist, so they are not really anti-capitalist. These conditions make it very risky for us because there is nobody to back us or support us if anything happens to us. We have to go very slowly.

Another issue that is very important for us to fight for in Nepal is the condition of women. It seems less dangerous, less political for people, and more of a social issue, but Sareena being a front person in a punk band talking about feminist issues is already very big. I think it's already changing things and making a lot of people think.

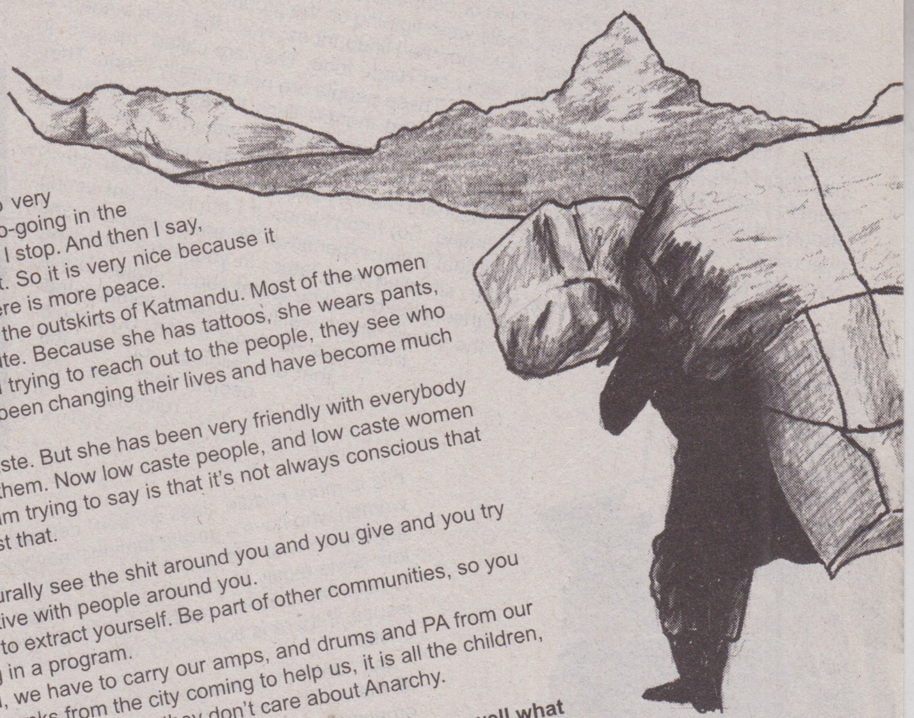
MRR: Talking about the women's situation in Nepal, I would like to ask Sareena about her experience. You have just told us that having a punk band is a confrontation in itself. How has it been using your band as a tool to express and protest about women's issues?

Sareena: It wasn't like I am going to do this and this and this. It just happened. Since I was small I was very much like a boy (laughs) and I saw my big brothers playing guitar and I didn't want to be just the girl, looking. I wanted to play so I started. I was really into rock music, metal… And it was okay when I was young but when I grew up older people started to think that I was strange so I felt discriminated against. It seemed that everything I



liked, the society around me didn't like. So naturally, whatever I sing about, whatever I did is wrong in my context. I sympathize with everybody who is in this kind of situation, where they are alone. So, yeah, it is political… That's how the political motivation started.

MRR: When you choose to play live, knowing the consequences of your choice, what has it been like? Have you ever had any problems with people who cannot agree with you?



Sareena: I can't think of an incident where I was in trouble playing but I can think about many incidents where I wasn't playing, in just everyday life, that it was bad maybe because the way I walk, talk, the way I dress. This comes out in the music. What I don't like when I am performing is when it becomes, especially in punk music, a boy thing. So very often at a show, when there are a bunch of boys jumping, po-going in the front, it gets violent and I see the women all going to the back, I stop. And then I say, all the men please go back, women, please come to the front. So it is very nice because it creates a safe place. I realize that when there are women, there is more peace.

Olivier: I remember seven years ago we settled in a village on the outskirts of Katmandu. Most of the women in the village came to talk to Sareena as if she was a prostitute. Because she has tattoos, she wears pants, she plays guitar… But now after seven years living there and trying to reach out to the people, they see who she is… Now there are a lot of women in the village who have been changing their lives and have become much more confident with themselves as women.

It's the same with the low caste. Sareena is from the low caste. But she has been very friendly with everybody and helping some poor people, low caste, being normal with them. Now low caste people, and low caste women in the village, are much better accepted than before. What I am trying to say is that it's not always conscious that you want to create a political movement against this or against that.

Sareena: Imposing.

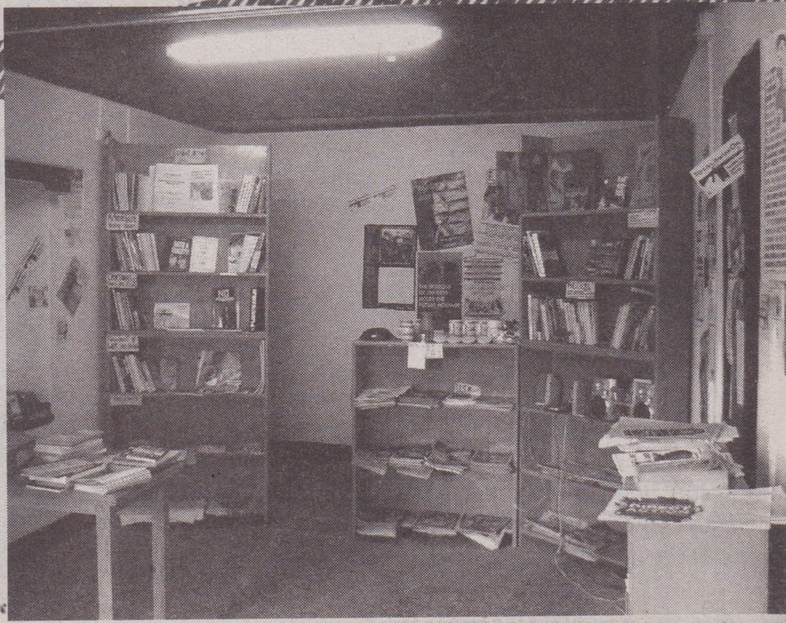
Olivier: But it is being yourself, where you live, when you naturally see the shit around you and you give and you try to stay positive. Things change if you remain strong and positive with people around you.

Sareena: For this I think it's important to not to be in a ghetto, to extract yourself. Be part of other communities, so you can learn from them so they can learn from you without being in a program.

Olivier: And when we go to play a concert, a gig in Katmandu, we have to carry our amps, and drums and PA from our house in the village. We have to walk down. But there are no punks from the city coming to help us, it is all the children, all the kids and the girls from the village who help to carry our amps down, but they don't care about Anarchy.

MRR: I think that there are two different realities inside a movement that sometimes, we don't know very well what we are talking about. I mean, punk, the Anarchist movement, and then the rest of the community. And sometimes I think that it is much more interesting to work with people in the street that know what they want and what they are against and how to attack it. And inside of a movement, you have to follow a line, and if you are not in, you don't belong. How do people organize themselves in the villages? Are there collectives, trading, and cooperation?

Sareena: They have their own women's group and their own village community group and they have their meetings every week. Actually I was asked to be part of the women's group, but I was not ready to be part of it yet. I was not ready because I wasn't confident but I am thinking now that maybe I should. And also because I am so afraid of groups. Because I know that especially in countries like Nepal people love to do things in groups, and it does not necessary mean a good thing. Sometimes they just do it because it means being part of a group. Especially women, they love to do things together because they feel solidarity. Sometimes I don't like to go to the Temple and do some songs in front of the God and they would feel offended if I say no. Sometimes they have programs to go to Temples. They sing, dance… And sometimes is very much patriarchal. There is a priest, and I know that I am not going to be comfortable with this. But I do feel a lot of similarity with the Maoist women in the village. They are not religious. But then they say also come, join us. Again, I don't want to join the Maoist party (laughs). But they come to our house. They tell us when they have a political rally, and we go. But I don't join the party yet. So you can understand it can be very confusing for people who are religious or who belong to a party that I have many same ideas with them but the religion, the party part… They don't understand. Why don't you want to be with us? We are the same.

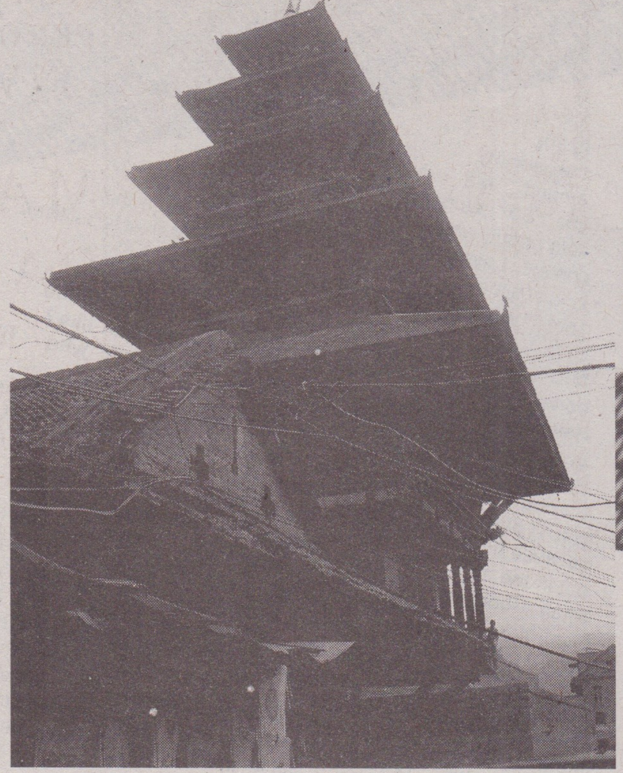


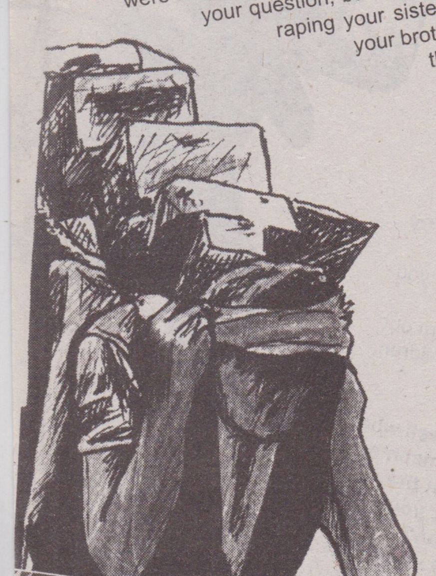
MRR:
Have you found your own way to struggle in women's groups against discrimination and women's issues, beyond religion or political parties?

Sareena: I have no choice. I have to do it my own way

Olivier: Once again, I think for Sareena it is more than a fight in the sense of going against things, you do it more by example. She does not follow religion. She does a punk band, she raises a kid, she builds our house with her own hands, she opens an info-shop. So, that's not going against anything but it means everybody can see she is not scared of what religious people are going to say, or what the Capitalist people are going to say, or the big family or what the Patriarchy is going to say. But she just becomes an example for other women or people who see it.

Sareena: During the war, mainly people were fighting on the ground. Men warriors were people from the Mongolian tribes, not from the Hindu tribes. Now, the main leaders of the communist party were from the high cast Hindu tribe. They are called "magars" in Nepal, Magars tribe, they are like this also. These people are not naturally Hindu. They had their own religions before Hindus colonized them. I think it was no problem for them to just forget about their religion and to fight because they had army raids in their villages. It was like a revengeful fight, self-defense. But there were also people who kept their religion, even if they were fighting, so there is a very interesting conflict, even if they were religious they were also fighting. So, I don't know if I am really answering your question, but I think that if you experience the army coming in and raping your sister, shooting your father in your back, shooting your brother in the back, you forget about religion. But in the village where we live it's more complicated, there was no direct action. So people that are religious don't like the people that are not religious. I think





this is more middle class women, definitely, many educated middle class women who have a strong feminist movement and who take off the religion and find common issues. But there is an example of one boy, one family; he has two boys, who we put into school. They are from a very low caste family in the village. When their mother was giving birth, a woman from the high caste came to help her. This is a really great thing, and I think somewhere you're right. When it comes to emergency issues, if there is somebody with a good heart they will come to help. They wouldn't care about religion, caste.

But I don't think everybody is like this. The most important necessity is daily life, where women are doing all the work at home. Working on the farm, doing the children things. So, I know organizations that try to organize women's groups, but some women don't even have the time to go to a meeting. But definitely women's issues have come to the front after the civil war. And for example in small towns where there is a lot of drug abuse, there are groups called mother's group that really take action against drug dealers. And they help a lot with rehab centers. There is also a small micro-finance organization. So the women can start learning about money and how to handle money. But it is still a very patriarchal society.

MRR:
Because, they, like in most of the world, they are the ones who do all the work, never recognized...

Sareena: Yes, nobody realizes how hard they work until the last days when maybe they have their uterus prolapsed, you know about this? When women who carry many heavy things and work all day, especially after giving birth to a child, and the uterus comes out. And suddenly the man realizes how important his wife is.

Contact Rai Ko Ris at:
raikoris@wlink.com.np

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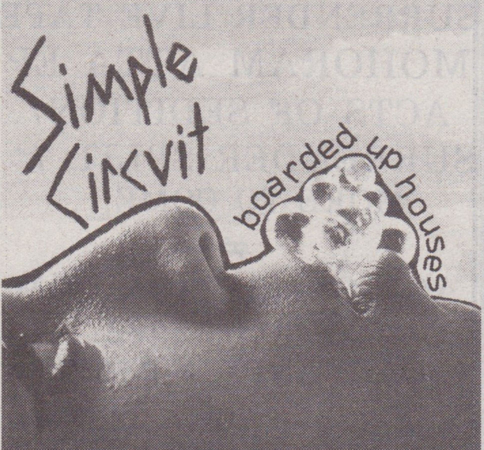

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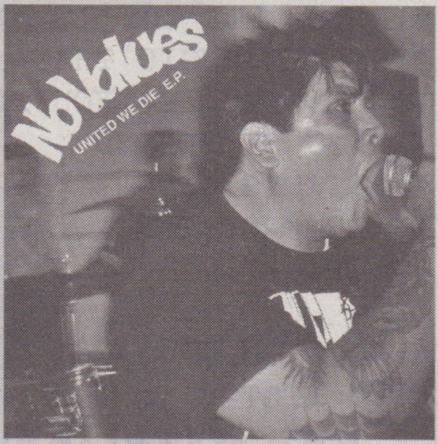

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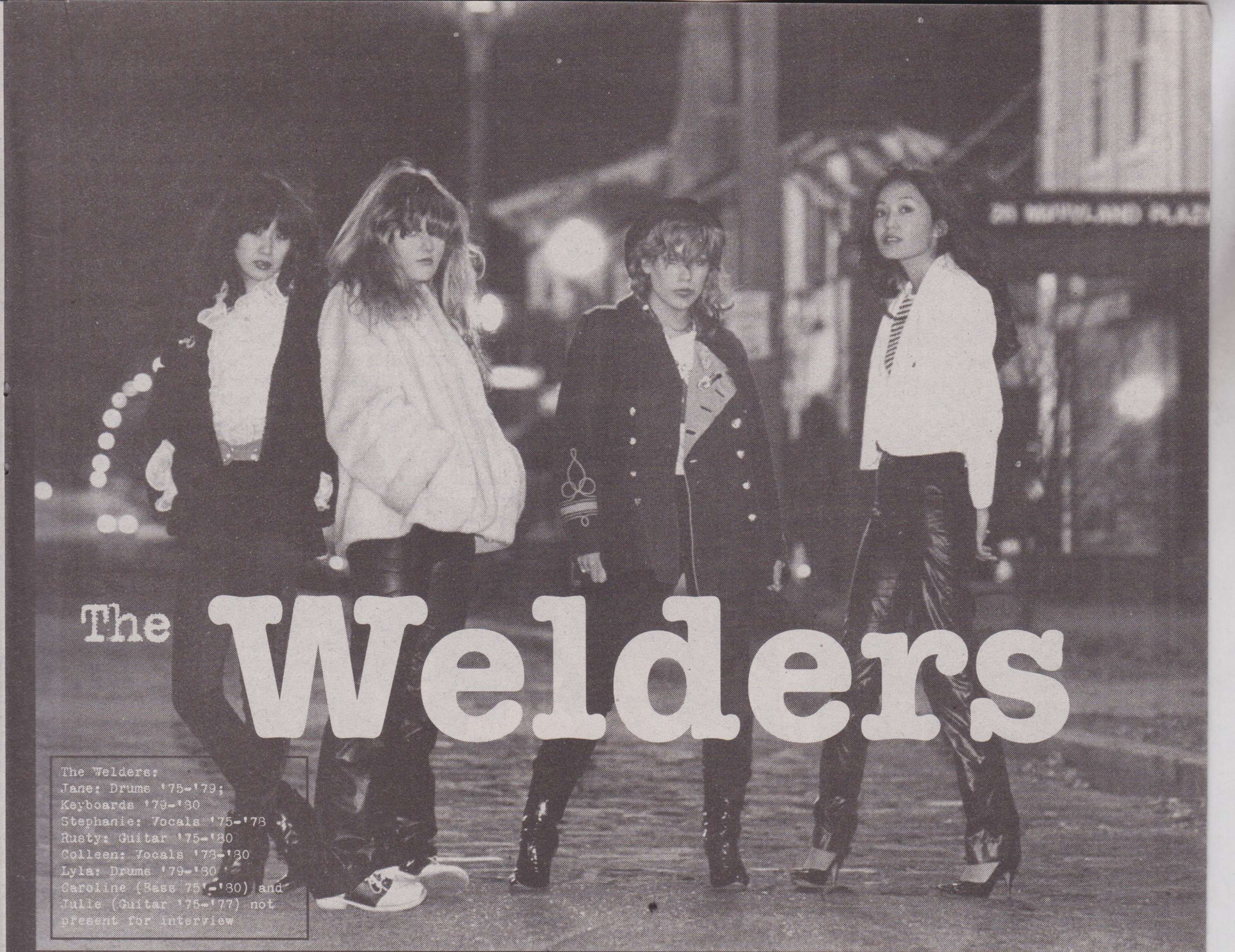
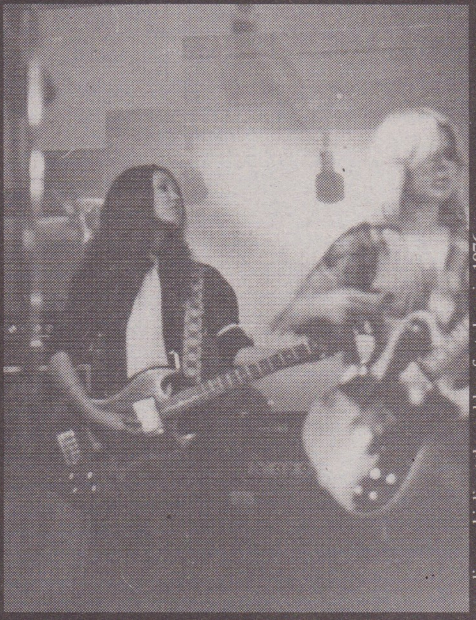


The Welders

The Welders:
Jane: Drums '75-'79;
Keyboards '79-'80
Stephanie: Vocals '75-'78
Rusty: Guitar '75-'80
Colleen: Vocals '78-'80
Lyla: Drums '79-'80
Caroline (Bass 75'-'80) and
Julie (Guitar '75-'77) not
present for interview

The Welders are the latest discovery to add to the short list of largely unknown, yet truly great bands that started five minutes before Punk happened. They didn't come from the same school of stoned and drunken dirt-rock worship like most other pre-punk bands. Instead, they were four teenage girls who formed a brilliant band in the middle of conservative and very blue collar St. Louis in 1975.

The bigwig album rock station KSHE and awfulness like Foghat dominated the local airwaves. Besides touring acts that came through, bad cover bands with beer guts regurgitating the same old stale rock provided most of the live music scene. Determined to play, in November of 1976 they debuted at Blueberry Jam Teen Club in the suburb of Hazelwood. The Welders played several more times and even managed to get gigs at 21 plus drinking establishments with members well under legal age. By 1979 they had a deal for a vinyl EP release to be funded by a local newspaper owner. The band went into the studio and recorded four



caroline and julie at the welders first show in 1976

originals, three written by the band and one contributed by local KSHE hero David Surkamp of Pavlov's Dog. The newspaper went under before the recording debt could even be repaid, and the record deal fizzled. The band soldiered on but was over by the tail end of 1980.

A cassette of that 1979 session survived, and we were lucky enough to get our hands on a copy thirty years later. By the time we got to the first chorus of P-E-R-V-E-R-T, we knew it had to be released. After some coaxing, several months later it was a reality. The band even played a one off reunion show with their good friends Raymilland, which was way more than we ever hoped for. Members of the band attended the release show for the EP we held at the Tap Room in downtown St. Louis, and the night ended with a quick chat about the Welders then and now.

-Jason Ross, BDR Records
Interview by Ashley Hohman with very minor help from Jason and Ann Ross.

MRR: How did you get together?
Stephanie: We were all just school friends who had similar tastes in music, which was not easy to find in 1975 in North County. There were only a handful of people into T. Rex and the New York Dolls.
Lyla: I walked into a record store in 1979 and this picture (on the cover of the 7") was on the bulletin board and it said they needed a drummer. My mother wanted me so badly to call them because she said, "These girls look like nice girls." I was very taken with that photo of them. Didn't you guys first start telling people you were in a band before you were in the band?
Rusty: We used to go to record stores and tell them we were in a band.
Stephanie: Now it would be called grassroots marketing, then we were just psycho teenagers.
Rusty: And if [people at record stores] were in bands we'd ask if we could open for them but they never would let us.
Stephanie: The audacity of that now just floors me!
Rusty: Though someone finally said "yes," which was Norman Schoenfeld. And he had a friend Jim Maresca who was playing in a band called Candy, and they finally did let us play.

MRR: How long had you been playing your instruments before your first show?
Jane: I think about a year. We had a concept of a band and then we bought our instruments but we couldn't play them.
Rusty: I had to borrow someone's Les Paul!

MRR: What inspired and influenced you to start playing rock n roll?
Rusty: We just always liked music.
Stephanie: Stuff we were listening to and rock magazines.
Jane: It was the Beatles for me. I always wanted to be Ringo and now I have a Ringo, that's the name of my son!

MRR: How did you decide on the name The Welders?
Stephanie: Caroline and I used to sit next to each other in science class. And Jane and I were pen pals and we used to exchange notes all the time because she was already in high school and we were all in junior high. So we'd exchange notes back and forth for quite some time before with various names. I personally remember really voting for the Atrioventricular Nodes!
Jane: I remember another one was Chip Buffalo and the Buffalo Chips. The Dairy Queens.

MRR: So where did the Welders come from?
Rusty: At the time my mother had a broken chair and she was talking about how it needed to be welded.
Jane: We liked the sound of the word and that it didn't sound like the name of a girl band.
Rusty: It was a name that was very neutral, it didn't have a lot of expectations.
Stephanie: Like the Atrioventricular Nodes would have!

MRR: Tell me about your first show.
Jane: Our first show was at Blueberry Jam in November of 1976 and we played three songs. We played "Wild Thing" by the Troggs, "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You" by the Ramones, and "I Can't Explain" by the Who and Julie, our guitar player was playing a different song entirely!
Rusty: She was playing a Kinks song that had a similar chord progression.

MRR: How many shows did you play throughout the duration of the band?
Jane: Probably no more than twenty I would say.
Colleen: Yeah, probably no more than twenty. It was really hard to get a punk rock show in those days. We were all underage.
Stephanie: We were all really young. Wasn't the drinking age eighteen in Illinois?
Lyla: It was eighteen in Illinois when we were in high school but it was still 21 in St. Louis, and there weren't a lot of venues for original music.
Rusty: It was two things. One, venues didn't want bands that played original music, and two, they wouldn't let us in because we were underage.

MRR: What were some of the venues that allowed you to play?
Rusty: It was all arranged through things like VFW Halls. Someone would rent out the VFW Hall and get several bands together.
Jane: We played the Florissant Civic Center and Stonehenge!

Welders with Lyla circa 1979

MRR: That was a pretty redneck bar right?
Stephanie: It was, but during that time period we played there with The Scruffs and The Singapores. And then The Ramones played there—I can't remember with who, but I remember we managed to get in for that! I can't remember how, but we did.
Rusty: I think you smeared mascara on your hand and stamped us.

MRR: Who were some of the other bands you were playing with?
Stephanie: Well, the Scruffs had an album out then, and the Singapores were legendary before their time and they're really legendary now.
Jane: We played with Bad Habits, remember? Michael Stipe's punk band. They played "Substitute" by The Who, and we had already played it before they went on!
Rusty: And we played with a couple members of Pavlov's Dog—bands they played in after they were in that band.

MRR: How did you guys meet David Surkamp?
Rusty: He came to the first show.
Stephanie: I kinda knew him beforehand because we were all from the same neighborhood. They practiced at a carriage house, and we used to go hang out and listen to them on the corner. So then David Surkamp ended up coming to one of our practices, and that's how "Baby Don't Go" was written with our manager Norman Schoenfeld.

MRR: The Welders played together for five years. Did any of you go on to play in other bands?
Lyla: I played in a cover band for seven years called Little Sister, and then I quit playing for awhile. Now I'm playing with a band again, and we play all originals. But again, it's still hard to find shows for a band playing all original music…especially being older.
Jane: I've played in about twelve bands all together, but I moved to Los Angeles with The Strikers who are on the Test Patterns Compilation, and I played keyboards with them. I was also in an all-girl band called X-Offender, also known as The Mini-Skirt Mob in LA, and they have some singles out. I was also in a band called Hello, I'm A Truck, which also has a record out. This was all in the '90s.
Rusty: I hadn't touched a guitar in about twenty years until we played last December, so now I'm working on not putting it down again. When we broke up I was a sophomore in college so I focused on that, and there wasn't anyone to play with.

MRR: So Stephanie was the original singer, and then Colleen took over on vocals. How did that happen?
Stephanie: I think I just quit coming to practice!
Colleen: Caroline and I took a choir class together in high school, and we were friends.

MRR: So what did you think of Matt and Jason of BDR Records wanting to release the 7" after all this time?
Jane: I didn't think it was going to happen, frankly. To actually be sitting here and holding a copy of it.
Rusty: I think we're all fascinated that people would actually be interested in something that happened so long ago.

MRR: What led to the band's break-up in 1980?
Rusty: We were just running out of steam. We spent most of our teenage years doing it. We started when we were fourteen, and were getting older.
Colleen: We were bitter and broken-hearted when we broke up, y'know? It was like, no one's interested; we're never going to get anywhere in or outside of this town.
Rusty: Not being taken very seriously.
Jane: It's like beating your head against the wall. 1980 in St. Louis was just nowheresville.
Rusty: Man!
Stephanie: Just a vast wasteland!
Rusty: That's what I think is most interesting about the 7" coming out now—the sense of appreciation we feel that we definitely didn't feel at the time.
Stephanie: It's nice to know in retrospect that we were liked!

Check out The Welders page on Facebook for tons of great photos and more.
Information on ordering the EP or other questions can be sent to BDRrecords@gmail.com

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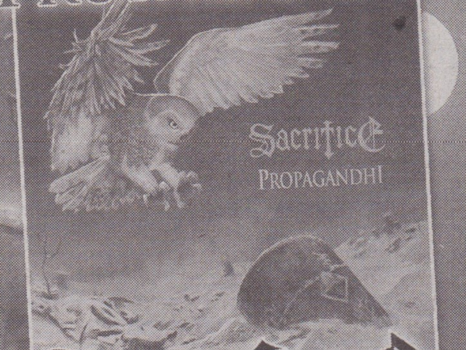

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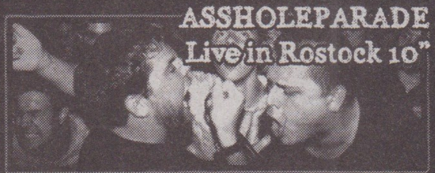

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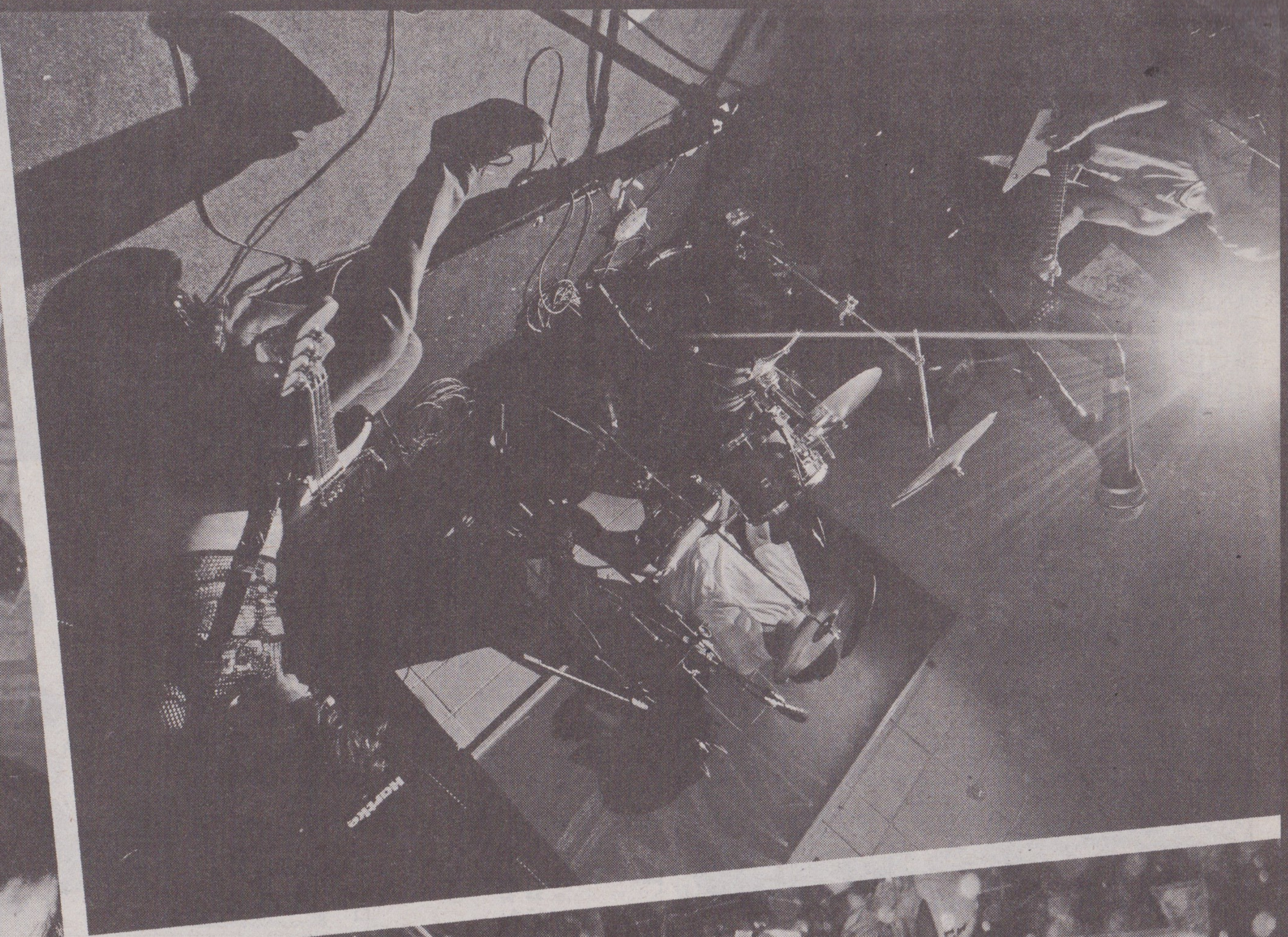

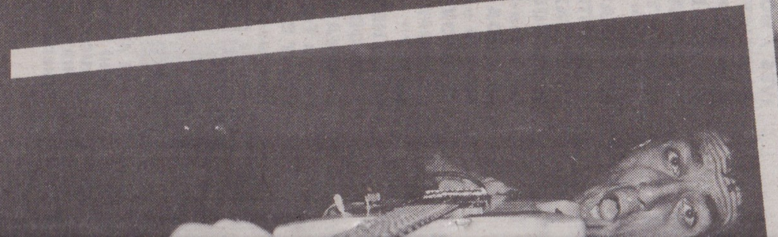

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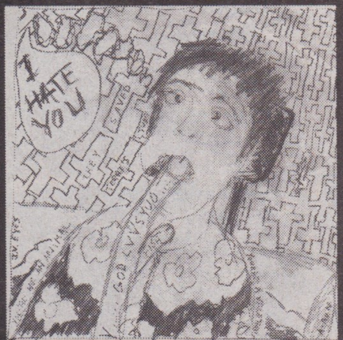

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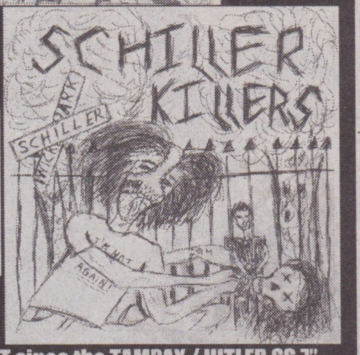

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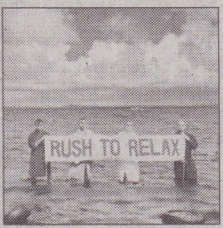

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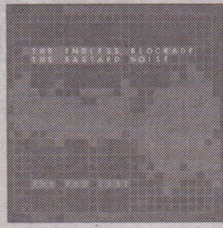

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DOLLY MIXTURE

Substantiated rumors claim that the Dolly Mixture Demonstration Tapes LP reissue sold out on Germs of Youth Records' website in 30 minutes. The record was heartfelt and painstaking in its attempt to remake the original—each sleeve adorned with DM's actual handwritten signatures. It's no surprise that would-be fans even curious about these heroes of early indie-pop-when-it-was-still-post-punk snatched up these anthological treats. But what happens after the liner notes? I wanted more of the story first hand, so I tracked down the cordial Debsey Wykes, former bassist of the greatest all-girl pop group of the early punk-era. She chatted with me about the grandiosity of such retrospective statements, the reissue phenomenon, and how three best friends managed to determine their fate long before other punks caught on to artistic ownership—producing their own sound and self-releasing their own records. Laying on my bed, hugging my Dolly Mixture records along with the Marine Girls and the Mo-Dettes was also apparently about as close as those bands associated with one another. Preconceived daydream notions crashing, Wykes reminds us that the one-dimensionality of the internet and record cataloging might have fooled some into thinking the girls were in it together?

Dolly Mixture Interview & Intro by Jess Scott

Photos courtesy of Debsey Wykes

MRR: I happened to pick up this zine from the '90s called *Caught in Flux* last week (Delta 5 and Pastels interviews!) and there was also a big, long, gushing review of the first Dolly Mixture CD-reissue (Royal Mint). I couldn't help but feel some element of history repeating with the new box set and vinyl reissues this year. What is it like to be reissued? How does it compare to the original release? Is there a feeling of achievement that wasn't there originally?

This reissue is something we have been talking about for such a long time but couldn't quite get around to actually tackling. There's so much work involved in unearthing tapes and photographs that it can be quite tortuous at times. Although we had a lot of fun in the early days, we were very young and quite insecure and it can be difficult to revisit some aspects of the past. Having said that, there is always a secret desire to be re-discovered and have your music admired! When the album was originally released it was difficult to gauge a response as the only feedback we had was a handful of fan letters, whereas now you can track the records reception through the internet and via emails and reviews so you get more of a sense that you are reaching people which is lovely.

MRR: From today's perspective, Dolly Mixture seem to be this incredible combination of all the different styles coming out of punk's fallout by the late-'70s. You were able to achieve this really melodic pop music, but also obviously influenced by a new freedom carved out by punk. Did it feel odd to take that energy and put it into something so sweet sounding?

I have always loved melody and that was very important to us in both the music we loved and the songs we began to write. We were so into '60s music that it seemed natural to emulate the groups we loved. I don't think we had any kind of plan although we felt punk had become a bit stereotypical and we wanted to sound different. I suppose the energy of punk was in the air so we were inspired by that, but we loved things like "Shake Some Action" by The Flamin' Groovies as well as bands like Blondie, The Buzzcocks and the Ramones who just wrote such wonderful pop songs.

MRR: Aside from punk music, what kinds of art, books, or music influenced you?

Hester and I were at school together and developed very similar tastes. We were at an all-girls school and would devour rather light-weight pre-war school stories. Although Hester also did have a side-line in rather more intellectual pursuits than me! We loved old films, especially Hollywood musicals, and existed in something of a fantasy world. Forming the band introduced us to a whole new world. It's probably difficult for young people to realize how obscure much of what has now become popular culture was back then. If you heard a record like *Pale Blue Eyes* [Velvet Underground] it was as though you had stumbled across some great secret treasure.

MRR: Who did you admire before punk?

We had grown up with Bowie, T-Rex and glam rock in the charts and so this was incredibly important in giving us a pop sensibility which we never really lost. I was something of a bedroom head-banger into heavy rock groups like Deep Purple and Led Zeppelin and had fantasized about being Jimmy Page since 1976! Originally I was going to be the guitarist but it soon became clear that Rachel was better than me so I switched to bass.

MRR: What kinds of shows and bands did you go see when you first formed the band? How were they incorporated into your sound or attitude to make music?

I moved to Cambridge in 1974 to live with my grandmother and compared to London—where I had come from—it seemed very small. We lived very centrally and I could easily walk to the colleges where we would eventually play many of our early shows. The time I began to go out coincided with a very exciting time in music and Cambridge had a small but active punk scene with fantastic venues including The Corn Exchange, which would host many of the great bands of the day. We often couldn't get in and would watch bands playing through the windows. I think the size of the town helped intensify the experience and accelerate our initial progress.

MRR: Which bands did you feel a big affinity with at the time? Which bands seemed to be at odds with the Dolly Mixture feeling?

Most groups seemed at odds with us! We never really fit into any scene as such. The Undertones however, were the one band we really adored. They were fabulous and when they came to play in Cambridge we handed them a copy of our demo tape, which they took away with them. A few minutes later two of the band came back from the dressing room and asked if we wanted to support them the following night! It was amazing! We were so thrilled and went on to play with them several times. A couple of the other girl bands including the Mo-Dettes and Tracey Thorn were particularly hostile towards us. I don't really know why but I'm quite sure people tended to make assumptions about us without even hearing our songs or seeing us play.

MRR: I'd so much rather exist in a simpler sketch of girls sticking together in punk, but of course that's not what always happened. Does it make you cringe or laugh now? Did you like their music aside from their personalities? Did you get along with the other Marine Girls? Being older now, would you have done things differently to forge some friendships with other girl bands? Or does it all seem beyond the scope of what Dolly Mixture wanted to do?

It's quite funny looking back really! Although we did play once with the Mo-Dettes—they did not speak to us—we never actually met the Marine Girls at the time, I think it was only Tracey Thorn that took any kind of dislike towards us anyway. There was no real sense of community between the bands as you might get these days with the internet. Unless you lived in the same town or area, the chance of meeting other bands was pretty small. I felt we were always very friendly towards the people we came into contact with. We later got to know the Mo-Dettes

drummer, June, while she was playing with the Fun Boy Three and she was lovely!

MRR: Did you play in groups before Dolly Mixture?

Before we formed Dolly Mixture, Hester and I had an imaginary band called Gordon's Gatecrashers. We used to sit in her room and write ourselves rave reviews and even send fan mail! We had a couple of songs although at that time we couldn't really play. In late '77, Hester and I played one gig as backing singers for a group called The Munzies who split up immediately after the show. That's when we decided to form our own "real" band, and that it would be an all-girl group. Within four months we played our first gig as Dolly Mixture at St. George's Hall in Cambridge, with a boy called Chriz on lead vocals! He left the band after one gig and from then on we were three!

MRR: This is a really sweet image, and one that I think is played out routinely with girls before they begin bands—the element of the daydream necessary to begin a band. At what point did Dolly Mixture transcend that make-believe world for you? The first show? The first record? The first reissue? Or did it ever?

I felt we had become a real band by the end of our first rehearsal. We had managed to play though a whole song and toasted the achievement and our name in the pub afterwards!

MRR: You guys first released the Demonstration Tapes on your own label, Dead Good Dolly Platters. Talk about what it meant to self-release something and why you decided to do that.

The idea came from someone at IDS (The Independent Distribution Service).We had just self-released *Remember This* and he was keen to get another record out. He said. "Look, you have all these great songs already recorded as demos. Why don't you just put them all together and make an LP?" It wasn't anything other than desperation really as no one wanted to put out our records anymore. In retrospect I'm really glad this happened as it's probably the only reason that most of the recordings still survive.

MRR: To set the context of the previous question, you had already released music on the major label Chrysalis. What was that experience like? How did it compare to working with independents or self-releasing? Did you guys see a big difference between the two routes? Did it feel like two routes at all?

At the time, we would rather have released the records through a label—something like Rough Trade would have been preferable to the major labels that tended to court us! Some major labels wanted to bring in session players and some wanted to restyle us, but we would steadfastly refuse to let ourselves be manipulated at all, which is why deals either fell through or we were quickly dropped. At least we have control of our back catalogue. I would hate to think of someone else making all the decisions about these songs now. We always hated other people telling us what to do!

MRR: Did you like recording or playing shows more?

I always loved recording and spending hours in the studio. As soon as we had a new song we couldn't wait to record it. I think this is why we did get so many songs down on tape. Dolly Mixture live shows were a very unpredictable experience!

MRR: I picked up the *Demonstration Tapes* reissue at the same time as the Mo-Dettes' *Story So Far...* reissue. I was really struck by the Mo-Dettes' liner notes; they seemed to really regret not having more control over their recording production, and were possibly bullied by the producer who decidedly mixed their songs as a vocals-centered band. The quality of Dolly Mixture's songs seems really consistent over many releases. Is this a reflection of your control over the sound? Talk about your recording/engineering/production process. As women, how did you approach the boys-club of the studio?

We were very determined to make sure that we had as much control of the recording process as possible. There were times when studio engineers could be slightly skeptical about whether or not we were going to be able to actually play but it was often a good laugh, most of the people we worked with were hilarious to be with and we generally had great fun recording. I can remember turning up for a sound check once and being told to leave the stage as the crew assumed we were groupies or fans of the band we were supporting!

MRR: Dolly Mixture got a lot of attention for being all-girls when you guys were active. In light of the reissues, you still do. Does that seem funny? Did you expect that to be different in 2010? Do you care?

When I was nineteen I could barely envisage five years into the future and the year 2000 seemed so distant and space-age that I never really thought about it ever being reached, let alone 2010! I don't think people thought so much about how things would be looked back upon in those days. When you make a record these days you can't help but think about how it fits into the overall history of popular music and so everyone makes music with that overview in mind. It's impossible not to, the model has been laid out so many times now. I'm pleased that we were an all-girl band in a time when there were not many women playing and I don't mind that it's always something that people talk about when our name is mentioned.

MRR: Despite being all-girls though, Dolly Mixture have largely been grouped within a style of music (i.e.—the Shop Assistants and Pastels-end of the spectrum) as opposed to other girl punk groups of the time like Kleenex or the Slits. Is this parallel with your experience at the time? Did you feel more closely connected to bands with a similar sound or other girls similarly making music in a post-punk environment?

We were very much outsiders to any female

band scene that may have existed at that time. The *NME* ran a cover story entitled "Women in Rock" as a kind of overview of the UK female music scene in 1980. A female journalist called Deanne Pearson had gathered together a bunch of all-girl bands including The Mo-Dettes, Au Pairs, Slits and a few others. The article was something of a Dolly Mixture bashing exercise, which was quite upsetting at the time but looking back it's just funny. Why would they bother? I remember playing a gig with Strawberry Switchblade late on and they were really lovely. It was a revelation meeting another girl band that actually liked us! They were just so enthusiastic and into the music. I think they had a fresh approach. They were the first of the next generation and made some great records.

MRR: What was their beef? Did everyone miss the larger picture of being negative about girls starting bands?
I think they were missing the bigger picture really. There was an unwritten set of rules at that time—a post-punk *NME* ethic—and it didn't include wearing spotty dresses with Doc Martens and playing upbeat pop tunes. I think they felt we were dressing up for the boys and playing at being coy! We were dressing for ourselves and had no kind of manifesto at all.

MRR: When did that article come out?
Not sure, some time in 1980 I think.

MRR: Was Dolly Mixture feminist?
Yes, but not in a militant sense. We became very aware that we were working in a male-dominated world and it would have been difficult not to be somewhat feminist!

MRR: Revered bands always get asked about why they broke up. So instead of the facts, maybe talk about the arch of being in a punk band; did it feel like something you would always do? Were you surprised that you didn't? What did it feel like to write the first Dolly Mixture song? Which was the last song Dolly Mixture written as Dolly Mixture?
Dolly Mixture never really split up we just stopped playing when Rachel had a baby. But it was very clear at the time that this would mean the end of the group and I think it was the right time to stop. We were exhausted and had nowhere to go. It seems incredible to me that we went on for so long with really very little success. There always seemed to be a glimmer of hope on the horizon or a potential record deal in the offing and so we went on in hope until Fred (Rachel and Captain Sensible's son) arrived. The first time we felt we had really created something uniquely Dolly Mixture was when we wrote "Dream Come True." It seemed like a genuine pop song and we were thrilled! Our last five songs (on the box set) were recorded in 1984 and we were fairly aimless by then. I think we sensed the end was near.

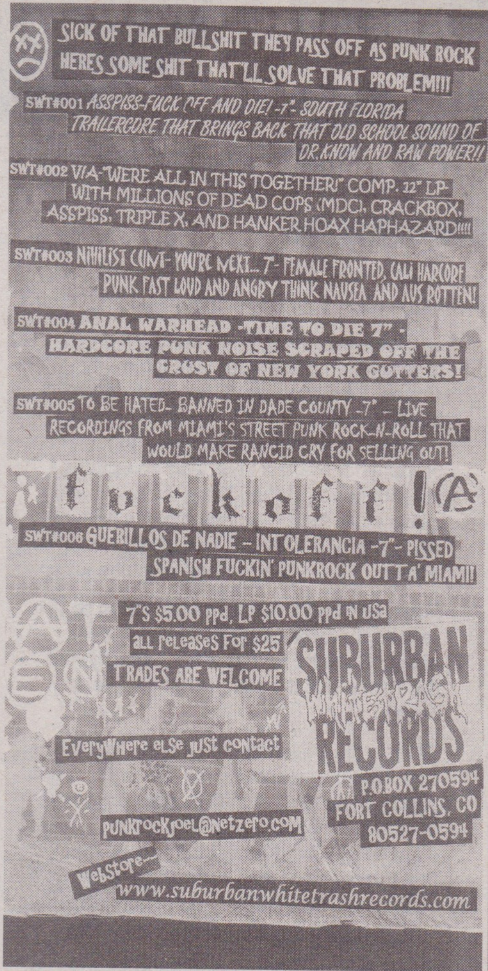
MRR: Dolly Mixture's active years pretty much encapsulate the prime musical explosion of British post-punk. Did it feel like a lot was going on? Did it seem normal until things eventually changed? How had the world of punk (or the world as far as the UK scene was concerned) changed from when you, Rachel, and Hester first started the band?
It's only in retrospect that I can see the wider picture. We were so involved in what was going on within the band on an almost microscopic level, that we rarely stepped back to take an overview. Things always seemed to be happening for other people rather than us. You tend to look to the more successful people around you and this only seems to compound your own failings. We were incredibly busy, playing literally hundreds of gigs each year but unless we were supporting The Jam or something special like that we felt very much outside of any kind of scene that might be going on. By the time we stopped playing I think we all felt pretty wiped out by the experience. The band had been our entire life for six years and a future without Dolly Mixture seemed a frightening prospect!

MRR: What was the best thing that Hester and Rachel contributed to Dolly Mixture? Were you all equally dedicated to the band?
They were my best friends and we were all in it together. We created our own little pop world and for a while it was wonderful. The band was a democracy in every sense and could not have existed without any one of us. When people tried to intervene and mold us into their own vision of what we should be they would usually be given short shrift and it's possibly why we were never successful. Other people in the same situation may well have taken a different course but that was not for us!

MRR: Let's end with an open story: What is the single greatest memory of playing a Dolly Mixture show? (Good or bad!)
We played a show in Poole, Dorset with The Undertones. It was the last date of their summer tour in 1981 and there were 2,000-3,000 people in the audience. We were called back for four encores and it was amazing! I did wonder whether the road crew had piped in taped applause through the monitors as a last night trick but have been assured it was real!

MRR: James of Youth says you're all married with kids now? Were your husbands Dolly Mixture groupies? When will you buy your kids guitars? Will they begin by learning "Side Street Walker?"
My partner Paul avoided seeing us at the time as he assumed from the music press that he wouldn't like us! He kicks himself now, as he loves the music. As for the kids, there are always plenty of guitars sitting around if they ever decide to pick them up. They are not Dolly Mixture fans though! Our thirteen-year-old daughter finds the idea of me ever playing in a band embarrassing!

Germs of Youth doesn't plan to repress the Demonstration Tapes LP, but you can always bug 'em: http://germsofyouthrecords.bigcartel.com. A CD box set version is available through the band's website: www.dollymixture.net.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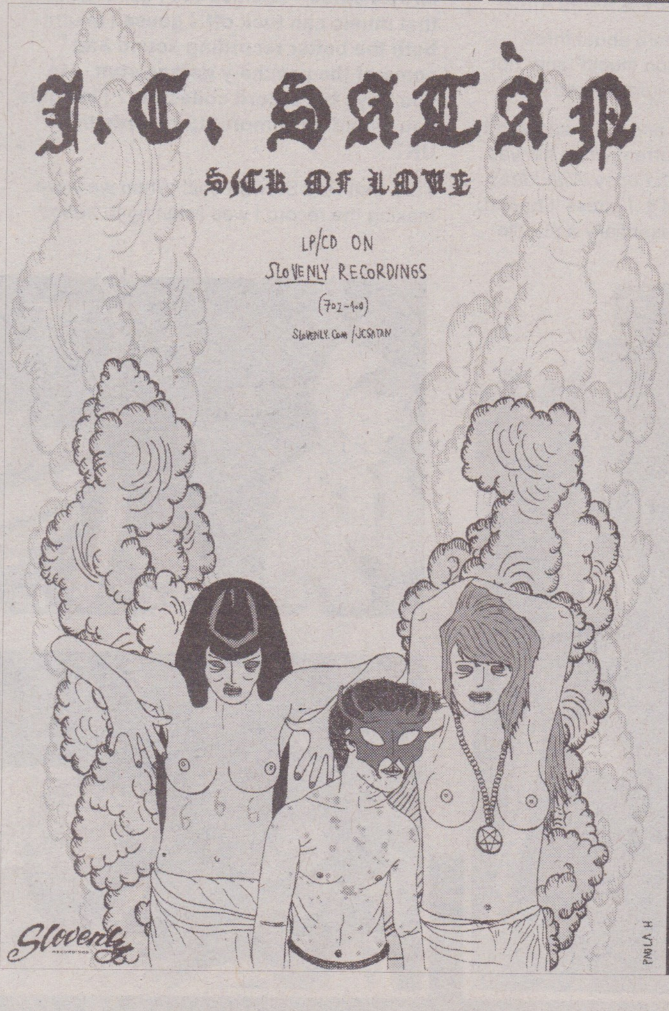
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STRAIGHT ARROWS

If bands were countries Straight Arrows would be Afghanistan (and a little bit Costa Rica). At times sunny and beachy but mostly blown the fuck apart.

The Sydney four piece, do the bouncy, jiggy, garage rock. But unlike a gazillion other bands who think by strapping their guitars high on their striped shirted chests makes them bonafide, Straight Arrows blow the pissy 'Lacoste rock' out of the filthy, stagnant water.

Their earlier releases had all the hallmarks of fast, thrashy garage spewcore and while their latest record It's Happening doesn't deviate too far from this approach at times they have slowed things down a tad and even offered some touches of psyche rock. Like if the Reatards and Rocky were in the same car pool. The band has talent. And in the music industry talent is important.

I spoke to the talented Owen Penglis, singer, guitarist and hit maker.

Interview by Tim Scott

MRR: How do you explain all the awesome bands coming out of Australia at the moment?

I'm not much of a cultural ambassador or anything but I guess we just got lucky for a change and there's finally heaps of really good bands to see. And the place is small enough that anyone who tours will most likely be sleeping on another bands' couch/floor/shitty springy trundle bed.

MRR: People may know of some of the current Sydney bands like Naked on the Vague, Circle Pit and Royal Headache but who else should we be checking out?

Check out Whores and the Nugs from Newcastle, which is about about two hours north and where there is heaps more violence and bongs. I've got another punk band called Peewee with two of the guys from Dead Farmers and one of their sisters—we're gonna do a 7" some time real soon when I get time to mix it.

MRR: Some of the songs on the new record have a slower and more focused feel than the frantic tracks of earlier releases. Was this a conscious decision?

I guess so, some of those tracks came from demos that the other guys heard and reckoned we should try and record as a full band. It was just me messing around with a four-track, and wasn't really up for it at first. Plus I kinda prefer albums that are a bit varied and get kind of weird in the middle. It felt pretty strange not yelling through every track though. Or maybe it was just the weed.

MRR: What's up with "Magic Sceptre"? There seems to be a sixties psych thing going on.

I wrote and recorded it in my room about three years ago and thought it was "too stupid" and "not punk enough" to be on a 7", so just canned it.

Angie got hold of the demo and got me to send it to Mikey Young from Eddy Current when he was helping put together the *World's Lousy With Ideas* Vol. 7 comp, and he really liked it. I guess it turned out pretty good for what was essentially a puerile psychedelic joke about phalluses.

Because of that 7" we started trying to play it, but there were way too many chords. Finally we got it and recorded a full band version for the LP. I reckon learning that song made us begin to play together properly for the first time, and non-punks / non-shitheads started liking the band. We made a clip for it the other night in Angie's backyard and a park. It cost about two large pizzas, delivery, and smoke machine juice.

MRR: It's weird but when listening to the record the other day it felt like it a lot more "British" feel, not necessarily like the Kinks but the UK, if that makes any sense.

What kinda British do you mean—is it the slightly higher recording values, or the kinda psyched out part? If it fucks your argument up at all we recorded it pretty much completely on old American Ampex stuff that this friend of ours collects because he's obsessed with Sun Records. There's very little non punk post-'68 British I can stand.

MRR: I agree—besides the Faces most of that music can fuck off. I guess I meant both the better recording sound and some of the psyche-y garage stuff. Are you guys big record collectors? I imagine you would have more US records than UK?

Fuck that Rod Stewart shit! When we were making the record I was listening to heaps

of those weird US college '60s private press LPs, stuff like the Bachs and the Tempos and All of Thus; the rich kids who could actually afford to make a full LP on their own. We'd finally saved up enough to make a record and I guess that was the best guide. On one track I tried to make the vocals sound a little like that Tintern Abbey 7", but that's about the extent of any conscious English influence.

MRR: "Something Happens" was on the single and features again on the record. Why the decision to re-record?

That was down to the other guys. Only me and Alex played on that single and I guess they wanted to get a piece. Plus the original pressing of that was like 200 so they reckoned a couple more people should hear it.

MRR: You have become a bit of a "go to" guy in Sydney for recording. Your style is quite raw but is brilliant at capturing the live sound of cool bands. Your set is up quite simple right?

Yeah, definitely simple—I only recently upgraded to a proper 8-track tape machine—before that everyone I recorded was on 4-track cassette. Which is still an option I really like—especially when you can get a cassette for $2.50 whereas a reel of half inch tape is about $140 now.

It's mostly old reverb boxes driven really hard and whatever mics I can borrow. Plus people seem to relax and play better when you show up at their place and set up a 4-track on their couch.

It's really just a matter of messing around with all the equipment I could find until I found a sound I was happy with for myself, then friends in other bands heard it and wanted a piece of the sweet action.

MRR: I love the sexual innuendo that was in songs of the Fifties and Sixties like on the lyric "something happens when I look at you." That "something" of course is what is commonly referred to as a hard on.

I think you got boner on the brain, Tim. I threw a few dong references on the LP but that one was totally innocent, I was just trying to make a shitty and vague teenage sorta-love song. Which you've now ruined with cock.

MRR: But back in then the innuendo was awesome—and hilarious. Terms like "honey pot" and "jelly roll" and most of Chuck Berry and James Brown's catalogue. Lyrics were funnier back then.

I like to find the REAL meaning behind songs, and they're mostly about weird sex. You heard that Royal Headache 7"? Listen closer—those songs are really about lewd sex and there's a bestiality one too

MRR: "Bad Temper", one of my fave songs on the record sounds like it could have come off a Beach Boys song. Vocal harmonies have always played a part in your songs?

Yeah, I guess so—that's mostly Alex's contribution. He loves to take a tough or stupid song and make it sound a little more sincere with a vocal harmony. The guy just spits them out without even really trying. He can also sing in tune.

We always tried to mess around with them live, but recording the album was the first time we've had the opportunity to work with more than four tracks. I guess we got a little extravagant.

MRR: You are now touring the States drumming with Circle Pit. Both you and Angie (Circle Pit) are in Straight Arrows, but the style of music between the two bands sounds quite different.

Buy me a plane ticket and I'll join 'most any band that doesn't suck!

MRR: I just got back from Goner Fest and I know Straight Arrows would kill it down there. Any plans to make it over there?

We'd love to—I guess it's just a matter of having someone put the record out over there, or helping us out with cash to make it, or something like that.

I imagine you would have had some interest in labels. Why the decision to go with Rice is Nice. Most people would probably assume you have put it out on R.I.P. Society.

Jules who is responsible for half of Rice is Nice runs half of our label, Juvenile, with me, and it just kinda made sense. She asked and I said "Yeah!" She's doing a CD version, while we're doing the 12" on Juvenile. I've got absolutely no idea how to sell a CD, but we figured out how to move some records, and we've even got a guy who distros them in the States for us now (Hi Bruce!).

MRR: Speaking of labels what is the current state of Juvenile?

We're pretty casual about it—it's not like it's gonna make any money, it's just a way to put out records for local bands we like and anyone cool touring from overseas. We've got a couple things coming up now, including the Straight Arrows on LP, and other stuff I'm really excited about but don't wanna mention in case it falls through, which happens more than half the times when you're dealing with flakes and bands.

MRR: You know you've kinda made it when people start making fan-videos on You Tube. What's up with the "Something Happens" vid?

That was by this cool girl called Bella who has gone on to make some really great stuff. I think she was sixteen or so at the time and just started working on this video and didn't tell anyone. Apparently it took her a year as she drew every frame from scratch.

We had all these plans to reshoot it off a sheet onto Super 8 to make it look shitty and then send it to Rage (Australian music video program) because we heard you get about $100 in royalties each time they play it. Of course we never got around to actually doing that.

www.myspace.com/thestraightarrows

ESKAPO

Philippines tour diary

part one

by Rupert Estanislao

Four out of the five members of the Bay Area punk band ESKAPO are Filipino immigrants who have been away from home for over ten years each. It took four months of planning, saving, and setting up benefit shows in order for the five of us to tour parts of the Philippines. Our projected date was January of 2009 and we were organizing shows around Manila, Quezon City, and other parts of the Luzon provinces.

ESKAPO's members were born out of the Philippine punk and hardcore scene. We discovered the punk scene there before our emigration to the States and remain fans and supporters of that scene we left behind for over ten years. We have also been corresponding with other punks residing there in order to distribute our music to those willing to listen to it. Our Philippine tour coincided with a new four-way split released by the Take Four Collective in conjunction with Delusion of Terror Records. The split is entitled *Deadly Rhythms from the Production* and contains tracks by ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND (from Pampangga, Philippines), LA GRITA (from San Jose, California), KILLRATIO (from Manila, Philippines), and ESKAPO (from Vallejo, California).

The online forum www.pinoyhcpunk.com proved to be an essential resource for communicating with distros, bands, and organizers from all the different scenes in northern Luzon (the northern most island of the Archipelago). Collectives make up most of the punk scenes there and these collectives are composed of gig organizers, activists, and bands. Eskapo managed to play for all of them in the northern island and we were graciously accepted by our hosts.

Monday, Jan. 5th at Cuerdas Bar in Pasig, Metro Manila
Entrance 50 Pesos = $1.25

The Take Four Collective and Maim Collective worked together to rent out this venue. They made the entrance cost as low as possible so the squatters living with their families along the Pasig river and the workers could afford to attend the gig.

I got a ride to the show from Led (Major Malfunction Records) and we picked up Mic (Bystorm) from his office right off Common Wealth and Tandang Sora in Quezon City. My companions were from the Take Four camp but both support other collectives and their gigs. The Maim Collective has been around since the early '80s so they organized a mix of legendary old punk bands and some new school acts as well.

The show started at around 9pm and the venue was filled wall to wall with punks of various ages. First up was a band of young bloods called SDK who played a short set of melodic hardcore. SDK covered DESCENDENTS, FACE TO FACE and played a couple of originals as well. Next up was the posi-core band HALF THE BATTLE. I heard these guys previously on another Take Four release and was excited to sing along with them in the flesh. High-energy posi jumps and rowdy sing-a-longs ignited the crowd. It is no surprise that HALF THE BATTLE is a Manila crowd favorite, because although their music is akin to bands like CHAMPION and BANE, the vocals and lyrics are personal, gritty, and speak of unique experiences.

ESKAPO

TAME THE TIKBALANG

After HALF THE BATTLE's set, the much anticipated THE BEAUTY OF DOUBT played their AVAIL-inspired melodic hardcore. I was given their album *The Nothing* last year and it has been constantly playing on my stereo. Albert Ascona plays guitar for this band and he also played a key part in setting up the gig. Unfortunately their singer, Ronald Schlander was working as a boat captain somewhere in Southeast Asia and was not able to play the show. Nonetheless, the whole room sang along, including me. THE BEAUTY OF DOUBT may have lacked a vocalist, but the energy of the room made up for it. We were next, and I was tense and a little drunk from a local beer called Red Horse.

ESKAPO's set, as usual, was filled with technical difficulties. Partly because we were trashed, but also because of the jet lag, humidity, and tension that were wearing us down. Our lyrics are about the Philippine Diaspora, mass migration, and US imperialism. I usually have to explain the lyrics to our American audiences, but here the impact of our words held more weight than anywhere else we could ever speak them. It was a surprise to me that people knew the words; that they sang along and had fun. Our countrymen welcomed us with open arms.

The hardcore punk band, THROW played next. THROW was born out of the ashes of '80s legends DEAD ENDS, and I was pumped to watch this amazing old school band blaze through their set. Incidentally, Albert Ascona also played guitar for this band. Their album *Unwavering* is a good mix of Philippine old and new school punk. BETRAYED (the original Philippine '80s punk band) loaded onto the stage and played some classic hardcore songs. They sound like the Sex Pistols sped up three times as fast and their presence brought the old school brawlers to the front of the stage. Finally I was able to sing along to "Kids Will Unite," which has been playing in my head everyday at work since I first heard it. For punks their age BETRAYED played surprisingly fast and tight, as if they were still in their twenties. A fight nearly ensued between a SXE guy and an old punk during BETRAYED's set but the beef was settled and the show carried on well into the night.

Philippine hardcore immortals TAME THE TIKBALANG closed out the show. It was already 2am and the crowd had slightly thinned out, but it was still packed and people were now at a boiling point to see TAME THE TIKBALANG. The band plays old school hardcore very well. Think SICK OF IT ALL with chunkier riffs and breakdowns and singing-sometimes-speaking type vocals.

Boyet Miguel of TAME THE TIKBALANG and the Maim Collective graciously lent his amp, drums, and gear to all the bands on the bill, and helped fix any technical difficulties. Our guitar player England and I sang along with all the breath and strength we could muster to songs like "Angst," "Backstab," and "I Love." Our drummer Max and his partner Angelika started a pit when activity on the dance floor was at a lull. To reward the crowd TAME THE TIKBALANG played a faithful rendition of the BAD BRAINS classic "Sailin' On" to a roomful of flailing arms and legs.

The show ended at around 2:30am. People were telling me they were headed straight to work, many of them working at call centers, which employ a lot of working class. Despite the unbalanced labor laws and practices these foreign companies impose on their employees, it's still a job. Life in the Philippines has always been hard; it is after all a third world country. Many jobs have been outsourced here from the US and Europe because of the cheap labor, and call centers are the latest form of shit job that has been transplanted to this developing nation. In the end the work paid off. Thanks and praise was given to one another, to the organizers, and to those who paid.

Tuesday, Jan. 6th at Freedom Bar in Anonas, Quezon City
Entrance 70 Pesos = $1.50 with a free patch

The Downtown Sampcore Collective set up this show at the infamous Freedom Bar. The Freedom Bar is located on the second floor of a shopping complex on Anonas St. in Quezon City. I spoke with Roman, Ritchie, and other members of the band DISABUSE to help set up this show. The bands that make up Sampcore are mostly punk, grind, noise, and thrash. Sampcore organizes Food Not Bombs once every month, and has been actively doing so since the '90s.

I arrived an hour early by taxi and was looking out for black-clad, patched-up young troublemakers lurking around, so I

could spot the building where the show would be. After an hour my band mates started arriving, and I saw some kids jump off the back of a large, moving flatbed truck as they approached the venue.

Everyone else decided to get a bite to eat, but I waited and soon struck up conversation with the kids from the truck. Each one was no more than seventeen, and they told me that their hometown was hours away. They hitchhiked in order to get to shows, slept at bus stops, and foraged for food. I gave them some patches and pins from my hat, but they asked if they could be let in for free. I was told by one of the folks who had been around a long time that one of the biggest problems plaguing the Philippine punk scene is that no one likes to pay the entrance fee. Even though we prefer that every show be free, we also understand where the organizers are coming from. It costs money to rent the venue and the equipment—money that is often never recouped by the organizers. The price of shows hasn't changed since the '90s even though the cost of living has, and those who set up the shows must contend with rising costs and low wages. I couldn't afford to get them all in for free since we didn't have a guest list, but I gave them fifty pesos to share.

The Sampcore Collective arrived at the venue around 8:45. They were all just getting off of work and school and were visibly tired. Nonetheless they started setting up the show and more punks, both old and young, started to filter inside the shopping complex. Many of them loitered the area; drinking gin, huffing a substance called "Rugby" (which is an adhesive used for getting high), and smoking. Some people inside the bar ranted about the punks not wanting to pay, saying that the kids were lying about not having money even though they buy liquor and solvents. I heard this from some SXE kids the night before and I was told to expect it at every show.

When ESKAPO planned this tour we didn't take into consideration that Christmas vacation in the Philippines lasts from Dec. 25th to Jan. 5th. The tour began on the 5th and it meant that a lot of people would have to compromise their schedules just to attend or play the shows. This fact explained the late start to the show at Freedom Bar, which started around 9pm.

SILENCE KILLER kicked off the show. The band is a brand new three-piece with only guitar, drums, and a singer. Their music is abrasive and reminiscent of bands like PIG DESTROYER and NAPALM DEATH. After SILENCE KILLER's short set, a band that I had been listening to since high school started to set up. DEAD SPERM is one of the last remnants of the early-'90s Filipino scene and they play snotty, raw punk that is somewhat tuneful and gritty at the same time. Sitting down next to the guys from SILENCE KILLER, I sang along to DEAD SPERM's classics "Hypokrito" (Hypocrite) and "Sex and Violence." I was smiling ear-to-ear.

One of Roman's bands' DESTRUCTION OF TRUST came on next. At one time the band featured Jason from the Chicago-based thrash band INCAPACITATE on vocals. I was mostly outside during their set trying to escape the smoke-filled room in order to preserve my throat. From what I heard, DESTRUCTION OF TRUST plays thrash with a very punk feel and their songs deal with the harshness of life and the rampant corruption in the Philippines.

Due to some of the bands getting lost and getting off work late, one of the main bands of the night went on next. DISABUSE has been around since the early '90s, and their political grindcore punk has continued raging on. Ritchie, Roman, and vocalist Rigor make up this band, and they were all instrumental in setting up the show. ESKAPO and DISABUSE were both featured on the compilation *In the Name of Revolution* in 2002 and I began contact with DISABUSE soon after the comp was released.

DISABUSE ripped through songs like "Laganap Na" (It is Rampant), "Fuck the Priest," and "Pain of the Masses" with blistering anger. Although the smoke was starting to scratch at my throat, I *had* to watch their set. The much anticipated CO-ARSE took the stage soon after. CO-ARSE shares members with DISABUSE and other Sampcore bands and play grindy, thrashy punk songs about the deterioration of nature with the progress of industry. CO-ARSE played a tight, fast set and the crowd was beginning to rise from their drunken stupor to show some love near the stage.

At this point, many kids were still outside, getting wasted and talking about how the show should be free. Some of my band mates and friends were talking to. Older punks sort of lectured us with some intoxicated rant about how punk used to be and how some people have turned it into a business. I argued that though it may *seem* like punk has been commodified and sterilized in the Philippines, it is much more prevalent in the US with its over-saturation of bands.

I'm sure that Sampcore and other collectives would like to make the shows free but that's nearly impossible in the Philippines. They rented the equipment and the bar, both of which were being used by all the bands, and they forked out a lot of hard-earned cash to do so. All they ask is to break even and cover their costs with an entrance fee of 70 pesos, which is a good deal.

After tiring of the heat and ramblings outside, I walked into to some thrash metal brought on by the band RESURRECTED. RESURRECTED started in 1993 out of the ashes of the '80s punk band IOV (Intoxication of Violence). They quickly honed their talents into some shredding thrash metal with a crossover feel. I'm not too big on metal these days, but RESURRECTED has been waving the tattered flag of thrash metal consistently through trends and tribulations for years. They had the crowd in awe at their guitar prowess and hyper-speed drumming, but after only five songs they cleared the path for the next band, PARACONFLICT.

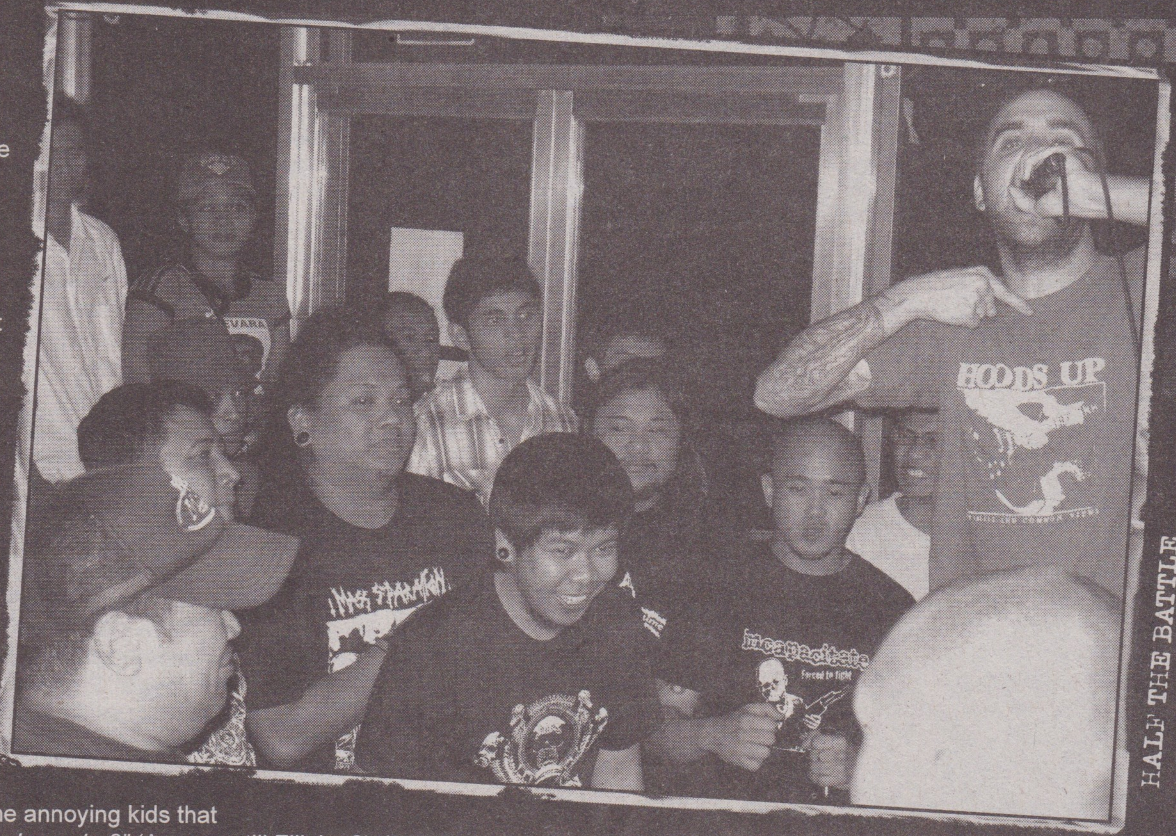
PARACONFLICT is a furious mix of grind, hardcore, and punk with socially conscious lyrics. They have been an active band since 1997. I read that they started out as a crust band but altered their sound with line-up changes. As one of the survivors of the '90s crust punk scene, PARACONFLICT is well established and has played with foreign bands like WAR ALL THE TIME (from the UK) and MAGNICIDE (from Singapore).

Tensions had been rising throughout the course of the night between some old school punks outside and the new school punks inside the club. Although I am a native Tagalog (a dialect of Northern Luzon) speaker I was too engrossed in watching the bands and chatting with people to notice any acrimony between the two factions. From my observation, things were under control and no fights had broken out inside the club, but I guess some shit talking had been heard. The next band that took the stage, THE DECEASED, spoke on the rivalry.

The infamous DECEASED are a metallic punk band that has been storming the scene since 1986. The band features a bastard sound that is both technical and raw with sarcastic lyrics of blasphemy and hate. They first shocked my ears with

their classic album *Never Rest in Peace*. Front man and guitar shredder Ray Decay was like a stoned ninja on stage. High off of amphetamines and booze, he spoke out against the old school punks who were causing a ruckus with the new school, using sardonic and clever banter. A cover of Pinoy rock gods JUAN DE LA CRUZ and THE DECEASED original "Smoke on the Tooter" made their set fiercely memorable. Ray Decay pretended he was going to slam his clear guitar every couple of riffs and kept taking swigs of gin during their set. After only three songs THE DECEASED bowed out and the next band, NOISE CONSPIRACY PROJECT, began setting up.

NOISE CONSPIRACY PROJECT is a chaotic combination of grindcore, punk, and powerviolence played by four guys who have been a part of Sampcore for a long time. The band has a sound akin to YACOPSAE and SPAZZ. It was like seeing a Bay Area fastcore band in my home country. They fit about fifteen songs into a fifteen-minute set, and their vocalist Arjay stomped on the stage like a human mammoth, with his long shock of black hair and ear-bleeding growls.



HALF THE BATTLE

ESKAPO was the last band of the night, and by then Ritchie and Roman let everyone inside the club, even those that didn't pay. All the kids and the people drinking at their tables approached the stage. Our set went off without a hitch. All the equipment worked without fail and the crowd ate it up as we belted and blasted our best at them. A good time was had by all, even if some people got a little too close for comfort on stage. Even though I was kicked into the crowd by our guitar player Loi and heckled by some annoying kids that kept yelling, *"Pilipino ka pa ba?"* (Are you still Filipino?), it was still a dream come true to play with bands and friends I have admired and corresponded with for so many years.

We took pictures with the Sampcore crew and bands after the show, which ended around 3am. I asked Ritchie if they broke even, and although he said yes I assumed he was lying to not worry us. We exchanged the little merchandise we had with them for patches and pins. I expressed my deepest thanks and we parted ways, promising to meet up in later days.

Thursday, Jan. 8th at Ten 02 Bar SCT. YBardolaza corner of Timog Ave.
Entrance 100 Pesos = $2.00

Ten 02 is owned by Myra (former vocalist of legendary Philippine ska band PUT3SKA [pronounced Poot-Tres-Ska]) and Marvin (of the metalcore band BADBURN). Myra was a heroine of my early adolescence, so playing this venue was yet another dream come true for me. Tonight's show was England's birthday show as well and many of his former classmates and relatives came out to get him wasted and ask for free drinks. Led from Major Malfunction Records, Butch from Take Four Collective, and Zepol from the band KILLRATIO helped set up this show. Zepol acted as an impromptu MC and was adequately hilarious in his role.

The show started at 8pm sharp. Some of the Sampcore crew and people that we met on the diypinoyhcpunk forum came to show support. My relatives even showed up because the venue was not too far from their house.

BYSTORM, one of my personal favorites, opened up the show. Although, I didn't think they should've opened, someone had to take it on the chin and be the band that warms up the crowd. BYSTORM pays homage to US mega bands like Integrity, Earthmover, and Judge, but also takes cue from local bands like BIOFEEDBACK and POWER OF DISCIPLINE. Their sound could be construed as tough-guy straightedge hardcore, but their aesthetic and lyrical content is eclectic and distinctly Filipino.

After only three songs from BYSTORM, our friends in HALF THE BATTLE belted forth some positive, energetic, fast hardcore. Since this was our second time seeing them, I no longer stood on the sidelines watching the band go nuts. I sang along, stage-dived, and chanted to songs like "Guest List," which exclaimed that every show should be free to give an outlet for those with nothing to do. It was good singing along and going crazy for this band, as they have shown us so much support.

NUCLEAR PUNISHMENT stormed the stage next. Playing technical and innovative metal core, NUCLEAR PUNISHMENT has been described as a cross between OBITUARY and GEHENNA. To my surprise the comparison was not far off, and their mastery of both genres did not

disappoint. Despite the sheer brutality of their set, NUCLEAR PUNISHMENT was a nice and approachable bunch of guys.

BADBURN opted to go on before us. Marvin from BADBURN and ESKAPO's guitarist England are old college buddies and they had been corresponding via the internet over the years. Marvin dedicated a song to ESKAPO, thanking us for touring in our homeland. BADBURN has been playing metallic-inspired hardcore with a slight hip hop influence since the early '90s, before it became trendy. They ripped through a five-song set of tough, heavy music and then left their gear on stage for us to use.

To be completely honest, tonight was not ESKAPO's brightest moment. I think we were all a bit worn down from the tour: the sightseeing, driving from place to place, trying to play catch up with long lost friends and relatives. We played competently and the crowd was more than understanding of our technical difficulties and weariness. I was hoisted into the air as Butch, Led, Mic, members of SILENCE KILLER, and others thrashed and circle-pitted to our set. Next I managed to catch INTOLERANT's performance. INTOLERANT plays heavy and complicated metal and features ex-members of '90s hardcore titans SKYCHURCH.

At this point in the night I was outside sharing stories and hanging out with members of the Take Four Crew and other people. Metal isn't really my thing nowadays and I just stood on the sidelines to witness some sonic power. BLOODSHEDD is evil and conjures demonic sounds of death and thrash metal from their wailing and shredding axes. I had to leave early to get as much rest as I could before embarking on our long sojourn through the provincial countryside. I got a ride back with Led and Mic to my aunt's house in Tandang Sora.

Apparently after I left, a female-fronted hardcore punk band from Cebu (an island in Visayas) flew in, cabbed it to Ten 02, and asked to play a set. Everyone was pleasantly surprised at their music, including my band mates and Filipino American companions. TOXIC ORGASM was touring Luzon for first time, and it just so happened they were playing the same shows we were playing. I packed up, slept and missed out.

Palito's Music and Sports Bar, Angeles City
Entrance 80 Pesos with one free beer

The road to Angeles City, Pampangga was to be the first in a string of out of town shows that Eskapo was scheduled to play. We all convened at England's house in Timog since it was a central meeting point for all the people who lived in different parts of Manila and Quezon City. Two people we had met at the previous shows volunteered to be our tour guides/roadies, Odel (vocalist of the band TOLONGUEZ DEATH SQUAD), and a straightedge, vegetarian Krishna named John Bakti, who brought his distro to sell at our shows. This voyage throughout the Quezon province was a first, since many of us had never been to these locations before.

Odel and John both worked with our driver to help find the routes with the least amount of traffic and cracked jokes along the way in Tagalog. They had our ribs hurting for miles and truly lessened the tension that could've erupted between us during those long drives. John Bakti has helped touring bands in the past that have ventured as far away as Germany, Belgium, and the US, so he has had his fair share of dealing with illnesses and other problems one can incur on the road. Odel is a full-time organizer/activist that works with many human rights organizations and has accompanied foreigners to expose them to the crisis facing the Philippines. He also added a political perspective to the group, educating some of us on the government's role in the disappearance of journalists and activists who openly criticized the state's policies.

Angeles City was about two hours away from Manila. We ended up leaving two hours late. Francis, his band ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND. and some other folks are part of the Love From Hate crew from Pampangga. They helped with setting up the show, getting equipment, and booking bands to play. Angeles City is by Subic Air Base, which was formerly a US military outpost in the region. We saw a lot of disparaging sights like American geriatrics walking arm in arm with obviously underage girls. We saw a lot of young women scantily clad and hooking at a young age amidst the smog-filled congested city. We also saw some inebriated armed US troops walking around like fratboys at Mardi Fras. Although traces of US militarization in the Philippines still linger, our trip and our goals weren't hampered by the sights we witnessed.

ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND

When we arrived at the smoky Palito's Bar we were greeted by our friend and lead singer of ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, Francis David. The show opened up with the Philippine's premier ska band, THE MARCOS CRONIES. With a horn section and a charismatic singer in tow this band made everyone want to jump up and skank, but unfortunately the stipulation in booking the show was that no one could "mosh" or "pogo" during the show. Although that was a bummer, the show and the audience was still up for fun. SPAM was on next. SPAM played an upbeat LEFTOVER CRACK style of ska punk, and although their set ran short they still ripped hard!

Third up were our split mates, KILLRATIO from Manila. Their haunting intros that lead into crushing riffs and the bloodcurdling vocals that follow was a sight we had to see. KILLRATIO killed their set and tensions in the small upstairs bar were boiling due to the heat and the eagerness of the crowd to get active.

We asked to play next since Francis just said to ask to play whenever we felt it was right. It was right. The crowd was composed of familiar faces that added us on MySpace through the years. I recognized the La Paz Wasted Crew, members of various legendary Tarlac punk bands, and activists from progressive parties.

I was so nervous that I had my back turned to the crowd while we were setting up. When I turned around to sing everyone was right up front in our faces, ready to move. It was inspiring that they knew the words—all these people that I knew from communicating with online converged in that one place to share the anger we felt. For me, that night in Angeles City was the best show we played.

KILLRATIO

Next up was a band I have been waiting almost five years to see: the Tarlac hardcore luminaries ASP (Alingawngaw Sa Poso Negro or Echoes from the Septic Tank). Their songs about telling the haters and abusers to fuck off accompany me on my way to work every day. Their guitar player's licks and riffs were instantly recognizable. The vocals were a cry straight from the golden era of Philippine punk, and the songs brought me back to my adolescence. I stayed and sang along to all of ASP's songs despite being in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

DOWNFALL, a NYHC style band played next to the eager attendants. DOWNFALL hails from La Paz, Tarlac. They covered AGNOSTIC FRONT as well as MADBALL in their set. Next was a band was from Tarlac City called BLINDSIDED. They blazed through a set of hardcore with some heavy breakdowns and fast parts. After a while, I couldn't take the smoky bar anymore and I unfortunately missed a lot of bands because of it.

Soundproofing must not be a common practice in Angeles, because even though I was standing down the street away from the venue I still heard the triumphant sounds of metal blasting from the bar. TRAUMA from San Fernando and AGONY from Guagua, Pampangga both were some pretty ripping technical thrash with hints of death metal thrown in. At that point I was incredibly exhausted, slightly drunk, and flabbergasted that I was actually in this situation.

I stayed outside for most of the show but hurried back in to see our friends ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND play their brand of fastcore meets old school punk. ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND sings in their regional language of *Kapampangan* and their articulate, insightful lyrics often remind me of BAD RELIGION. The downside to booking ten bands on one show is that a good portion of the crowd gets worn down by the length of the event, so unfortunately ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND played to a small audience.

To close out the evening was the band DISCREPANCIES. DISCREPANCIES was largely instrumental in making the show a success. They helped organize the gig with ISTUAKAS OVER DISNEYLAND and lent *all* their equipment to the whole *freaking* line up. Some the drum gear and the mic were slightly damaged and those guys still played an impeccable set of AT THE DRIVE IN inspired alternative rock. Very talented and well practiced, this trio was one of the tighter bands on the bill.

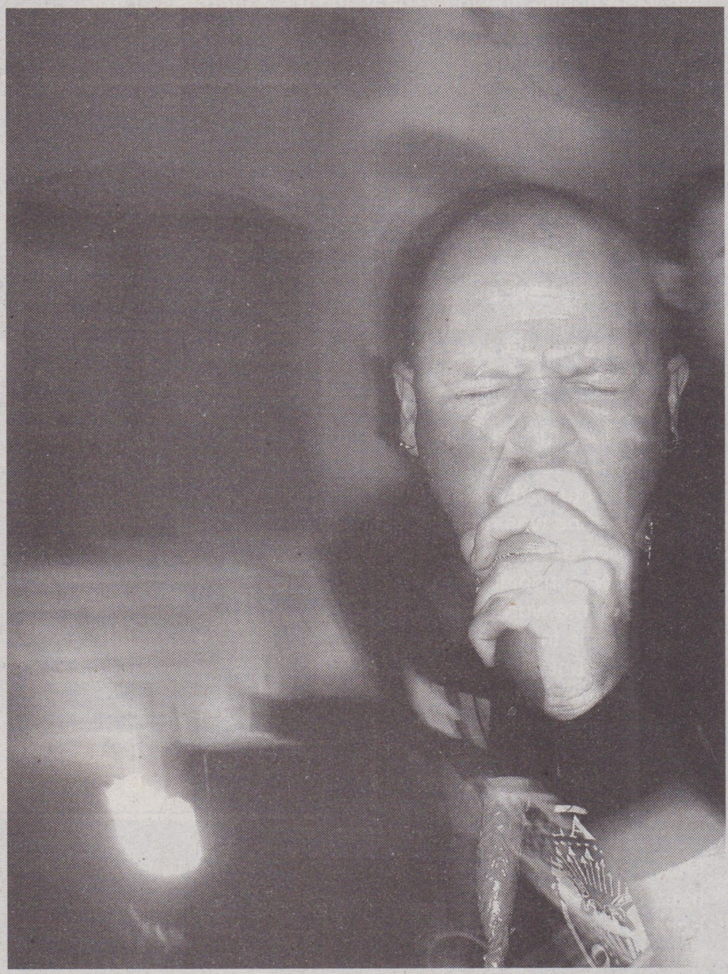
After exchanging goodbyes, taking group pictures, and exchanging info, we all headed to Dyey's hometown of Bulacan to get a good night's rest and prepare ourselves for the next show. I looked back at the slowly fading sight of Angeles City, sleepless yet euphoric that this trip was even happening. I couldn't believe it had been sixteen years. I couldn't believe how long I waited to experience this camaraderie and community, this new interpretation of what *home* meant to a thirty-something inane enough to still call himself a punk.

HITMAN

Friendship Unity Respect

Hitman is a band that boasts a huge number of gigs in the former Yugoslavia area. They've played virtually everywhere, from major cities to small towns, sharing the stage with bands such as Napalm Death, Agnostic front, Municipal Waste, but also with a number of local bands that you probably never heard of. Definitely not a band with a lot of releases, but regardless, sometimes loved and sometimes hated, they left a memorable trace in every place they have played. All this and the fact that they are the first band I ever saw live, often travelling hundreds of miles to see, plus the release of their long-awaited new record, I wanted to let everyone know what is currently going on with the band.

Interview with Aca (vocals) and Ilija (drums) by Nemanja Boskovic and Sanya Mandic. Photos by Dunja Dopsaj



MRR: Not many bands have been around for almost sixteen years. What keeps you going?

Aca: Yeah that is true and if you consider that we had only one lineup change in '99, when Janko joined the band to replace Vige our original bass player. Basically, Janko was with us from the beginning. He attended our first rehearsal; he was in a band called WIPE-OUT with Lala and Ilija. So the four of us are together from day one! What keeps us together? I guess a lot of common interests, tolerance, love for the music and our relationship that we built from ground zero because we didn't know each other before that. Only from seeing each other on some shows and the basic "Hi, how are you...blablabla" conversations. In the past 16 years after all that we've been through together, we became very close friends. Almost like a small family. That's only natural when you share everything with each other.

MRR: How do you explain that you only have two records plus one split yet you regularly practice and often have shows?

Aca: I don't know! Many people ask me the same thing. I mean we had a gap of four years before the first record came out, but that's because at the beginning we didn't take all of this to serious. We wanted to play shows and have fun without pressuring ourselves to make a record and follow some pattern that was laid out by many before us. After the first record it became obvious that we had to make another one soon cause people really liked our music and us. Therefore, we started almost immediately working on the second release, which came out two years after the first one. Then a lot of things happened to us in the past ten years. Some good things and a lot of bad things and everything influenced us in differently. There is also the fact that all of us are working, have a wife or steady relationship and many other things are going on besides the band. We are not a professional band that has a focus only on creating music and living from it. We are four regular guys with our own lives and all the problems that go with it. The band is something that is like a vent to release the pressure and believe me, there was a lot of pressure in the past ten years. There was also a time when we had almost no rehearsals at all for two years! Only shows, shows and some more shows — that's when we started to play all the countries in the Balkans. Then there was loss of family members that passed away and we didn't want to play or have rehearsals. On the other side, Janko became a father to his son Relja and we delayed recordings again. If you put all that together, you get a period of six years that with no releases! So basically, what happened is pure and simple, *life* with all its ups and downs.

MRR: You played all over Serbia. So what's the difference between shows in Belgrade or Novi Sad and shows in small cities like Senta or Negotin? How many shows did you have so far and which ones were most memorable?

Aca: We played almost 250 shows in the past 16 years, and we shared stages with more than 150 bands from all over the world. We played shows for 20 people and we played shows in front of 7000 people on some festivals! Each one of these shows was a unique experience to us, but what we enjoy most is the small shows with up to 300 people (if you can call that a small show.) Before 2000. there was almost no difference between the shows, no matter in which city they took place, but something weird happened to the scene here in Serbia and people started to wander in different directions. By this, I mean that before 2000. many people attended almost every show of bands from the scene, no matter what music the band was playing. All the bands were considered part of the same scene. To us it didn't matter too much cause we had no problem

with what was happening. We played shows wherever someone called us. The best shows we played were always outside of Belgrade. Not that we didn't play some damn good shows in Belgrade, and believe me we did as you know cause you attended a few of them, it's simply more relaxed to play in other cities because the people are not so tense and they still believe that hardcore punk is not a question of what kind of music you play, but how you deliver it. By this, I mean if you are honest, you love the music you play, and on top of it, you have something to say, that gets people to indentify with the lyrics, then you get the proper feedback from the people in front of you! In the end, that is what it's all about!

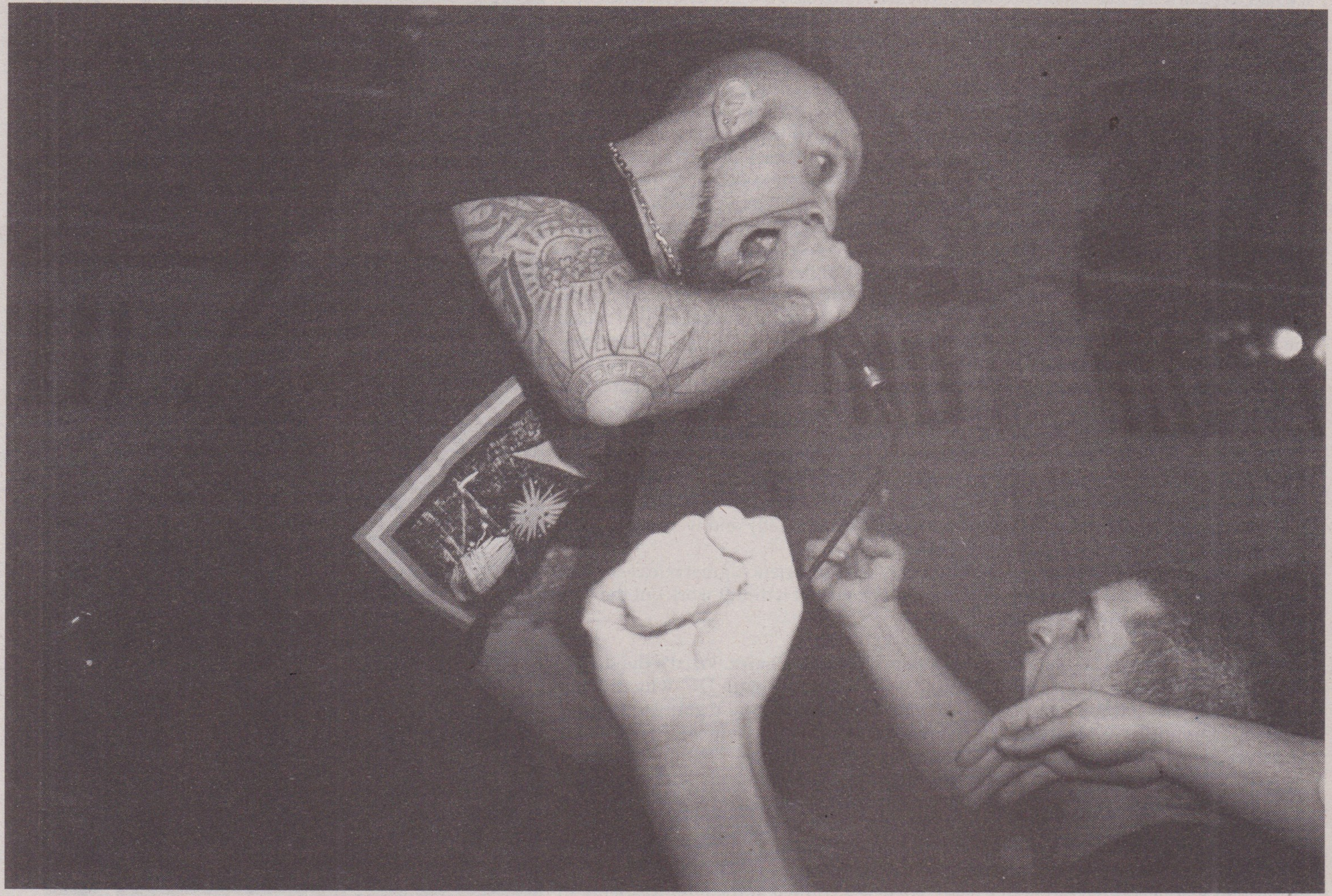
MRR: You play with punk, hardcore and metal bands. Do you think that hardcore punk needs to be more open to different music genres or should it stay on its own?

Aca: We never had a problem playing with bands who are not hardcore punk! On the contrary, we love and prefer if a line up on a show that we play is not strictly HCP. It should be like that. I never was somebody who supported separation from different genres of music, and HCP definitely should not stay on its own! It only means that even less people will come to the shows and closed-minded attitudes! It's like living in a city and only playing shows in that city cause all other cities are different. We never would have great bands like DRI, the Accused, Suicidal Tendencies or Municipal Waste, Coliseum, Tragedy if punk/hc had stayed on its own and not mixed with other genres! In that way you get more people interested in the music and the whole idea that surrounds hardcore punk or the other way around.

MRR: Considering that the turnout at the shows is very low even for the bigger bands (barely 150 people at a Municipal Waste show), not to mention that people are not buying records as much as they used to, what should a band do to attract more people? Should there be a partial commercialization? How can a band function in this era of downloading? Is the problem in question at a global level, should people change their way of thinking or do we need change in the way the global music industry functions, because it is obvious that some things are not what they should be.

Aca: The answer to the first part of the question you asked is in the second part of the question. The main culprit is the internet! As I mentioned before, it brought us easier communication, but also an easier and, more important, cheaper way to listen to the music that you like! I mean let us be honest, nowadays it's not very common that people buy records or wait months until they get released like it was ten years or more ago. Nowadays you hear in a conversation from other kids from the scene a name of a band and you simply type the name in your computer. You get the whole discography and all that goes with the band in one file. Where is the excitement, the waiting for a record in a mail to get to you to unpack it and read the lyrics? I'll tell you where. Nowhere! Kids today don't know about that and you can't blame them. It's modern technologies that killed all that I'm talking about! The bands can do what they have done so far. Sell their records at shows or through some distros and hope that there are enough kids that liked what they've heard from the files they downloaded, to buy the cd or vinyl! Because you can't force anybody to buy something you can get much cheaper or actually for no money at all from the internet! Not even commercialization can change that! Nothing will change; kids will still download the music. It's like I said, first and most important, it's cheaper (especially in countries like ours where the standard of living is very low and people barely have money to live) and then as a secondary reason faster and easier than waiting for the package or going to a store to buy it!

The same thing is happening with shows. You go to a website, let's say YouTube and watch videos of live shows and say, "this doesn't sound very good, I'll skip this show and rather watch my favorite bands' live show that I downloaded." Before the internet era, it was different! I remember days when we all went to all kinds of shows to see bands that had nothing to do with hardcore punk but had some prefix



like punk band or member from this or that band! Nobody cared if it's a cool or shitty band. You just had no other option to see a band play live than to go and check it out by attending the show! I guess Let's Grow said it all on the cover of their record *Disease of Modern Times*.

MRR: Why did you stop organizing shows?
Aca: One thing that contributed to my decision to stop doing shows had a lot to do with what I mentioned in the previous answer. It started to reflect on my personal life and the quality of some relationships I have with some friends that were involved in the whole thing. We lost a lot of money through the shows we did and it started to affect my personal financial situation. At the end, it started to affect my health! So I chose my health before organizing hardcore punk shows. I still do some shows, like the festival Last Chance to Dance or Hitman shows in Belgrade, or just helping out some friends to book some shows. Of course, there is always my work for the EXIT festival, which is a very good opportunity to bring many bands to our country for kids to see them. There is no risk of losing money and it's far less stressful and much easier for me then taking care of all the stuff that is involved in organizing a show. The ones that still do it understand what I'm talking about and they have my deepest respect for what they do.

MRR: At one time there was the FUR collective, but that's stopped? How was it ten years ago with the sales, how many pressings did you have? On one hand, you had Tibia, on the other Concrete Worms; then there was Unison—a very versatile label... What did bands have to do to be on FUR collective? Would you get involved with similar stuff today?
Aca: FUR Collective was a DIY label by every standard representing hardcore punk. It was something that I started when the first Hitman album was about to see the light of the day. Taught by the experience I had with my former band and the involvement with record labels in our country, which were mostly negative, I decided to do it myself! You see, all the record labels that were active at that time (1992-1998) would release your tape and not give you shit! It worked like this: you pay money for the studio, give them the material and they sell the stuff! Bullshit! We never saw any of the money from the tapes, not even the part that was promised to us to cover our expenses we had to record the material. Therefore, I decided to release the music by myself and have total control of what is happening. This way we as a band could choose where to sell it and most important we had finally the chance to get back the money we invested in recording the record!

As you know the times were not good in that period in this country, and it was very hard for any band that functioned back then to even record, let alone thinking of anything else like buying equipment. After we released the tape, it was very well received by people from the scene. We had very good reviews of the tape in many fanzines and it sold very well. So I thought it would be good to get some more of our friends that had bands to do the same thing under one label. Help each other out and get the music to as many kids as possible in a quality way. I mean with quality recordings on quality tapes with lyrics, artwork and other info they wanted to put on the cover! As you already noticed and asked in one part of the question, the bands were very versatile. All the bands we released were first of all bands we loved to play with, and very good friends as well. So we didn't put up any barriers of what kind of music the band played, as long as it's hardcore punk based. It started rolling and all the tapes sold very well. Some better than the others, but they sold! From the money that was coming in, we financed more and more releases. Then as in any good thing that starts out good, came a period where everything stopped. Some of the bands didn't play shows, didn't get involved in selling their own tapes, not to mention the tapes of other bands. It seemed to me they were satisfied that they had a release and that's it! Until this day, I can't understand why. If it was lack of experience or lack of will or whatever. We started to lose money, cause at that time all the money was invested in more than thirteen releases. In the end what happened? We stopped totally and were back at the beginning! Releasing only the albums of Hitman...

In the end from this point of view, it was a very nice experience, great releases, great memories, and revelations, something I'm proud of, even if it didn't work out the way we all wanted it to work out! History!

MRR: Before Hitman you were active in a band Definite Choice. What's the difference between Definite Choice and Hitman? What happened with DC, why did you stop playing? There was a lot of talk about a reunion show, is there going to be one?
Aca: The main difference between the two bands is the music. Definite Choice was a crossover band with hardcore punk attitude. The music was very much influenced by metal, but still the lyrics and people that supported the band were hardcore punk. We released two records and had three videos for songs from those records, played a lot of shows and festivals in Serbia and in Greece. We made two of those videos by ourselves. Both were made with classic VHS cameras and were edited with the help of a few friends who worked on a local TV station at that time. The third was made by a friend who was a big fan of our band. He was a student at the Film Academy in Belgrade at that time and decided to make a video for one of our songs as his final

exam. At the same time there was this confrontation in the band, we had different ideas of how the band should function in the future. At the end, they were so different that Vige and I had no other option then to leave the band and start working on Hitman as a fulltime band! From this point of view, it's ok that it happened that way. We still are friends and have many good memories behind us to share whenever we meet. We talked many times about doing one more show just for diehard fans of the band, but it's only something we talk about! So you never know. Maybe someday we'll play that show and all those people that liked us will sing along to the songs as they used to.

MRR: Ilija, we know that in Belgrade there is a lack of good drummers, so there are the same guys playing in several bands simultaneously. Which bands were you playing in, and how many at the same time? Did you ever find yourself in a situation where you had to leave the bands for the sake of another, or simply because of the inability to achieve everything?
Ilija: I have been in … let me grab a calculator …thirteen bands so far. Most of them were punk (Concrete Worms, On the Run, Non Plus Ultra, Vox Populi, Saht, Goblins (not Goblini), Toxic Noise Team) and hardcore bands (Hitman, Wipe Out), some of them alternative rock and indie pop (Reset, Tisha). I have played in five or six bands during 2001, but only a few of them had gigs that year, so it was not too complicated to achieve that, especially because I worked at a music studio where all these bands used to practice. In addition, I never quit one band in favor of another, I accept to play with a band only if I can answer to their demands concerning playing skills and if I can contribute. In most cases, I played as a replacement or temporary solution.

MRR: What bands are you in currently and is there one that is more important?
Ilija: Now I play drums in Hitman and Concrete Worms and I have no favorites between them. The power of equality, someone would say.

MRR: You skipped a school field trip to hang out in front of SKC, so what effect did that have on your music taste/attitude/, whatever?
Ilija: Well, that day I bought my first cassettes and LPs ever. Those were Ramones – *It's Alive* and Madness – *One Step Beyond*. Hearing the Ramones was really like a lightning bolt. I was 13 and I was hooked on punk rock forever. Through that I got in touch with hardcore, garage punk, melodic hardcore, Oi!, UK 82—I listen to many different styles of music but those I love the most.

MRR: Most bizarre concert that you played and highest number of broken sticks in one concert, if you counted?
Ilija: There were many strange moments, but I remember a gig in Timisoara, Romania in 2001 as one of the weirdest. We played in an empty factory that made electric batteries, on the second or third floor. Place was covered with carbon dust and dirty pools, and the stage was made of ramshackle planks. During the show, we jumped a lot on the stage and it was swinging and waving, like a trampoline. Suddenly, the planks cracked and Janko almost fell through the floor, he was knee deep in the stage. We didn't stop playing, we continued but with as few movements as possible. Afterwards we found out that under the stage there was a ten meter deep hole, for some kind of elevator! Well, many bands lost their members in very strange ways, but this would be unique. Imagine, if our bass player fell through the stage directly into his grave! Go straight to hell, boy! Ha! Also, during the gig, down on the street there was a stabbing, punx vs. hip-hoppers. Our trip to Romania was also very interesting but that story will be told some other time. I really don't count the broken sticks but I suppose five or six is my best score. Someone stole eight sticks from me during our gig with the Misfits in Belgrade. I wish I'd broken those sticks on the head of that guy.

MRR: Do you still stand behind the statement that all you earned at your concerts are hemorrhoids?
Ilija: Yes. Internal, external, and eternal. So I am a rich man. King of hemorrhoids!

MRR: Do you have a ritual before every gig?
Ilija: Of course. I prefer to take a shit before gig, as many drummers do. The bigger the shit, the better the gig is. Also, it makes me believe I did something good that day.

MRR: You're into boxing/kick boxing. Do you worry that if you injure yourself, the bands in which you play will suffer and be affected as well?
Ilija: I'm not into kickboxing, man, I'm into kicking drums and boxing. Anyway, most of injuries I get involve my back muscles or neck. I try to take care of my fingers and knuckles, I use hand wraps. Maybe I have brain damage, but who cares. And who hasn't?

MRR: On the first record you have a song "Ball Song" that you never play live, there are no lyrics, but still, there are words there. What is it?
Ilija: Ha, ha, it's a joke! This song was made of various parts we never managed to use, and they were all great! There is a saying in Serbian slang that if you like something very much it's "do jaja." We just translated it literally into English and it means "to the balls (testicles)." It would be more proper to translate it like "balls deep," but we made a joke out of it and so it became the lyrics to this song. "To the balls song, to the balls song, to the balls song, to the balls song" and we called it "Ball Song." So that's all there is to it!!!

MRR: I think I saw you play about 30 times, but I never heard you play "Face the Wall," "Always a Must" and "Our Bonds Will Never Break." Why?
Aca: You simply didn't see the right shows. Because we played all of the mentioned songs many times, but there are a lot of songs we don't play anymore. That's because we simply don't think the same way as we thought when we made those songs. People change and with them their view on life, so I can't identify myself with something that I wrote 16 years earlier if I don't think that way anymore. I would be dishonest to myself! Another thing is that some of the songs we played are not that good and fun to play as they were in the moment when we made them!

MRR: When is the new album coming out? Which label? How many songs? Any chance of seeing it on vinyl?
Aca: We hope that it will be released in March in Serbia and in April in the rest of Europe. It's coming out on Superhero Records from Berlin. There are sixteen songs recorded, but we are not sure that we are gonna put all of them on the record, but fourteen for sure! The name of the record is *Overstand* and it was recorded and produced by a good friend of ours, Srdjan Brankovic, in his studio in Smederevo called Paradox Studio. Many people asked me about a release on vinyl, and I can only say the same to you as I said to them. If there is interest from any label to do it on vinyl we will do it, but for now, it's only coming out on a CD.

MRR: Is there a shift in the playing, how is it different from previous releases? If I understood correctly Janko is no longer in the band, you recorded with a different bass player? Did the change bring something new to the band?
Aca: There actually is some difference from the previous releases. This record and the songs sound more mature. You can hear in the music that we've played together for sixteen years. The songs are more versatile and there are some new moments in the music, but it's definitely a Hitman record and those who liked us before will not be disappointed. That's for sure.I don't know where you get your information from, but as far as I know, Janko is still our bass player and he was definitely involved in recording of the album. He took also a big part in producing. So there is no line up change and we are still the same old fucks as we were before this record.

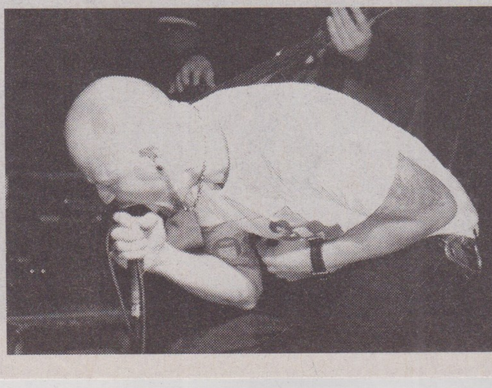
MRR: What are the lyrics about? Will there be lyrics with FUR topics? Do you ever get tired singing about it? That stuff sounds utopian to me... What are the chances that Hitman has a song about politics, for example, or social themes that describe the current situation in society, such as "Face the Wall"? Why have there not been more of such songs?
Aca: I don't know! We always were more about what is happening to us as well as what is happening to people around us, our friends, their lives, their stories. In the end, it is all a result of what is happening in our country and in the world in general. We just don't talk about McDonalds, War in Iraq or social injustice in other countries. We have a more realistic approach and talk about things that you and I live through every day. What surrounds us in our personal lives, the scene and we say it in a more simple way! Maybe a way the kids understand better and can identify more with. That's what we experienced until know through reactions we get from kids that told us about how they felt the same as we wrote it in our songs. The songs on the new record are more self-critical towards myself, because as I mentioned I had a pretty bad period in my life in the past few years and it obviously reflected on the lyrics I wrote. They are more personal than ever. We also have songs about what is happening in our society. How people stopped carrying about each other.

Yes, we also have songs about how it would be better if we all were a little smarter and could leave all our differences behind us. IF WE CAN WALK TOGETHER, WHY CANT WE ROCK TOGETHER

MRR: You recorded in the studio in Smederevo, which is known mainly for recording metal bands. Why?
Aca: We decided to record there because we had a good offer from our friend who is the owner of the studio. He made us an offer to record for as much as we wanted with no time limits and for a good deal. We heard the record he recorded for Gavrilo Princip a punk band from Smederevo. That were the two main reasons we decided to go there. We had also some other studios in mind at the beginning, but after all we chose to go to Smederevo.

MRR: On earlier records you had covers, but on this one, you opted for Dead Ideas. I know that the songs that you considered to cover were Suicidal Tendencies, "Fascist Pig" and Minor Threat, "Small Man Big Mouth." Why did you choose Dead Ideas?
Aca: We are still gonna record those two covers. They will be on our next release. The cover of "Friends" by Dead Ideas was an idea that we had for a long time now, but we always postponed it cause we were working on new songs. Since we played our first show ever as their guests and we all like the band and people in it very much, we decided finally to do it on this record. That is all.

MRR: Any last words?
Aca: Look out for the new record and we will see each other in the pit! Keep it positive!



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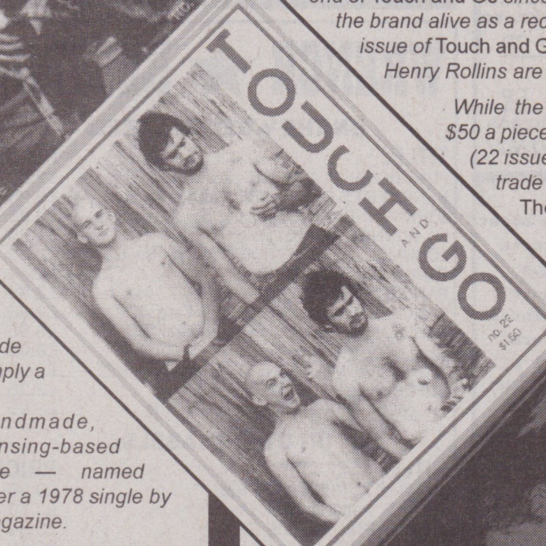
TOUCH AND GO

> "We developed this too cool for school attitude. Looking back I am not ashamed of it at all. I'm happy that we were so pompous. We were like, "We know about this music and you don't, so we're going to tell you about it in our magazine." That was our attitude. We rubbed some people the wrong way."
>
> —Tesco Vee, co-founder of *Touch and Go* zine and Meatmen frontman.



Tesco Vee has been known for his outlandish stage shows with the Meatmen since he formed the band in 1980. However, a notch on his punk belt that's often forgotten is his creation of the Touch and Go *punk zine, a fanzine based on a love of obscure punk records and perverse humor.*

The issues were typed on an IBM Selectric typewriter, hand-stapled and printed page-by-page on a Xerox machine after hours at Tesco's work — an elementary school where he worked as a third and fifth-grade teacher. At its height, Touch and Go *zine was simply a handmade, Lansing-based zine — named after a 1978 single by Magazine.*

While eventually, under a different owner, it would evolve into an internationally known and influential punk and indie label, the fanzine's genesis was quite humble.

At night Vee and co-creator Dave Stimson, both in their mid-twenties at the time, would sit in Vee's second floor apartment in downtown Williamston, a small town just outside of Lansing, and listen to new, ultra-limited pressings of hardcore punk, post punk, even second wave ska. Then they would browse the bins at record stores like Flat, Black & Circular (FBC) in East Lansing for the latest Black Flag singles.

Amidst a severe vinyl addiction, Vee and Stimson would also make road trips to Wax Trax! in Chicago, or Schoolkids and Wazoo in Ann Arbor in search of a rare Pagans single, or whatever they could get their hands on. From Bad Brains to the Dead Kennedys to obscure (and now forgotten) bands like the Donkeys — Touch and Go *zine would write both positive and scathing reviews about as many of those 45s as they could squeeze into an issue.*

When the pair weren't digging in record bins or watching the Fix destroy at small clubs in Lansing, they were driving to Detroit to see a handful of punk shows and befriending Negative Approach and the Necros (whose bassist Corey Rusk would one day take over Touch and Go*'s label).*

By 1983 the zine side of Touch and Go *dissolved. Vee had already moved to Washington DC in 1982 and began to focus on the Meatmen. Stimson headed east for work. Vee felt he had nothing else to say about what he considered the decline of the hardcore scene, so he handed over the* Touch and Go *name to his friend Corey Rusk. Rusk had been helping Vee operate the label end of* Touch and Go *since 1981 and took an interest in keeping the brand alive as a record label. In September 1983 the last issue of* Touch and Go *was shipped out. Ian MacKaye and Henry Rollins are pictured on the cover.*

While the rare original issues fetch well over $50 a piece on eBay, the entire run of the fanzine (22 issues) was recently compiled into a fancy trade paperback book, Touch and Go: The Complete Hardcore Punk Zine '79-'83*. The book features each issue in chronological order and also includes introductory essays by punk legends like Henry Rollins, Ian MacKaye, Keith Morris, Corey Rusk, and John Brannon, among others.*

Today, Vee is 54-years old and lives in Michigan where he continues to front revamped versions of the Meatmen and Tesco Vee's Hate Police.

Here is what he recalls about

his formative punk zine years in the Lansing, Detroit and DC scenes.

Interview by Rich Tupica

MRR: How did *Touch and Go* originate in 1979?

My high school friend Dave Stimson and I hooked up and started it over some gin and beer. I've always been a fan of hype. I love the way the whole music machine was so hype driven during the '60s and '70s. I went through a glam and prog rock phase. When I got into punk rock, it was a gearshift. I took all these obscure German and Italian prog records into FBC and sold them all. When punk rock happened I was like, "Holy crap! I need money!" So I'd go up to FBC and sell stacks of stuff. I was going to Michigan State University at the time and it was just a punk rock explosion for me. I had read about all these bands, like Generation X, and I was just fascinated. I had to get it. When it finally hit stores here, I went out and bought as many as I could. Johnny Moped, Chelsea, the Buzzcocks, the Adverts, 999, the Damned — all sorts of stuff.

MRR: How did you and Dave Stimson meet each other?

I knew of him in high school, and he knew of me, but we really didn't hang out. He was with the jocks, I was with the freaks with super long hair — that's how it was back then, there was no middle ground unless you were a complete outcast. Three or four years later we met through music. But we shared a bond with the music. He remembers better than I do how we decided, "Hey, we need to write about this." I was an English major, he was getting at degree at University of Michigan in General Studies.

MRR: How many pages was the zine and how did they come together?

They varied from 16 pages to, near the end, 40 pages. We talked about what we were doing and we talked about what records we bought, but we each did our own pages separately. It was a Tesco page or a Dave page. We'd meet up to put the magazine together and we'd see each others copies for the first time. We'd get some crappy beer, listen to Suicide records and read each others stuff and laugh. We worshipped *Slash* Magazine, so we'd look in the back. That's where we ordered the first Fear record and the first Black Flag. We had read about the Weirdos and the Screamers and the shows at the Masque — all LA scene. But, as far the East coast stuff, that CBGBs scene seemed cheesy and jive to me. Obliviously, the Ramones get a pass, but the West Coast scene seemed more suburban and related to us.

MRR: The Dischord Records' guys started to catch on after a few issues, right?

Like Ian said, "When I found *Touch and Go*, I was like, Who are these guys?" They had this myopic that there's DC, LA and nobody else had a clue. All of the sudden there is this magazine from Lansing and they have the Avengers on the cover? What the hell is going on? That's when they sent us the Teen Idles record.

MRR: How did you guys hear about obscure punk bands and zines while living in little ol' Lansing, Michigan?

This was before the Internet. It was like the Pony Express, you had to send letters at the post office. When I saw Corey Rusk from *Touch and Go* a couple years ago at SXSW we started talking about the hardcore scene. He said, "You know the internet will see to it that it never happens again." Internet is great in one respect, but it won't allow a scene to transpire in a proper time frame. Everything gets co-opted, commercialized and bastardized then thrown in the toilet in five minutes because people are like, "I'm done. What's next?" Back then, to get records and zines, you had to drive to places, you had to write letters, you had to do all this stuff you wouldn't think of doing now. They don't go to see shows as much anymore either. I'm 54, and I still get a huge rush from shows at Mac's Bar in Lansing — I feel like I'm 18 again.

MRR: Looking back, what record reviews do you like the most in *Touch and Go*?

I really like when we shifted to almost exclusively US hardcore. It's funny. We'd go to Dearborn Music and we'd buy so many seven inches. To be honest, there was some stuff in there that we bought just because it was so obscure — probably only 50 or 100 copies. How a copy made it to Detroit from England, I don't know. But we'd write about it like it was just the greatest thing just to fuck with people. They'd be like, "I can't find that record anywhere!" Of course you can't, there were only five made, and we bought one of them!

MRR: What do you feel *Touch and Go* zine was all about?

In a way that zine was really uptight, but it was also really open-minded. It's hard to describe. There were bands like the Obsessed that we covered in there, they were a bit heavy metal but they were excepted by all the DC punks, which was a cool thing about that scene. We developed this too cool for school attitude. Looking back I am not ashamed of it at all. I'm happy that we were so pompous. We were like, "We know about this music and you don't, so we're going to tell you about it in our magazine." That was our attitude. We rubbed some people the wrong way. We were the young upstarts. It was a ridiculously small scene, but there always has to be some infighting. It was two guys who were super fans of the music. We

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-DS

BY DS...

loved things and hated things and told it exactly like it was. We never pulled any punches. There was no beating around the bush. I am a Lester Bangs devotee. I loved his reviews that had nothing to do with the record. I've gotten in trouble for that before. Tom Hazelmyer at AmRep didn't talk to me for like 20 years because I gave that kind of review to the Boss Hog record. Boss Hog was a big deal back then. I said something in the review about them being just about a hot chick, and that's about it — which, to me, that's all it was good for.

MRR: Why did the *Touch and Go* fanzine end in 1983?

For a long time we constantly had new bands through that entire period, bands you had to go see. Suddenly it wasn't the same and there weren't any new bands. We were seeing the same bands and I just wasn't as excited about it. Dave Stimson left Michigan to move out East before me. He didn't want to do the magazine anymore. I remember thinking I wasn't done yet. I didn't leave Michigan for DC until September of 1982. The last five or six issues I did by myself in DC. Around 1983 it felt like the end of something. Some people say '85 was the end. Right after the zine ended is when I fired up the whole Dutch Hercules thing. I just started to do the Meatmen in earnest and the magazine was just a memory.

MRR: How did you go from zine writer to punk singer?

You write about it so much — the whole punk and DIY thing, and you think, "I could do this." Humor has always been important to me. Punk was a little humorless at the time, with exceptions with Black Randy and Johnny Moped. I was just like, "Hey, I can form a band. I can write about it in my magazine." I thought, "Why not." I ruffled some feathers. Some people didn't like me. My opinion is that I'm a success if people don't like me. I'm trying to piss you off. If I don't, I failed. I'm kind of shocked that I haven't got more hate mail over the years. I always liked edgy humor, like Lenny Bruce. I always respected people like Zappa, who are just in your face and crazy — Funny, but LSD random and in your face. With the Meatmen, I was trying to be the punk rock version of that nuttiness.

MRR: How was being involved in the DC hardcore scene? What do you remember about it?

Back then, DC was electric. It's hard to put into words. The Mid West scene was great and everything, but there were just some really dynamic characters around DC, with Ian and Henry and all the other ancillary people. Everybody knew each other, there wasn't a bunch of fights — it was just a great scene. You had the Oi! contingent, the Iron Cross guys, Black Market Baby, and the Straight Edge contingent with Minor Threat and everybody just coexisted. It was great. It was the reason I moved. The DC the scene was kind of like Detroit — small, but really dedicated with maybe 150 to 200 kids tops. The kids in DC dressed the part all day and all night. Detroit was more of a suburban thing, like, "Let's put on our boots and go out and have a punk show." But I made a lot of good friends in DC. The politically correct people kept me at length because of who I am, but I made some good friends. Well, shit, I got two guys from Minor Threat to be in my band, so obviously moving there was the right choice. Brian Baker (Minor Threat guitarist) was probably the best punk guitar player around. We played shows all over the east coast together.

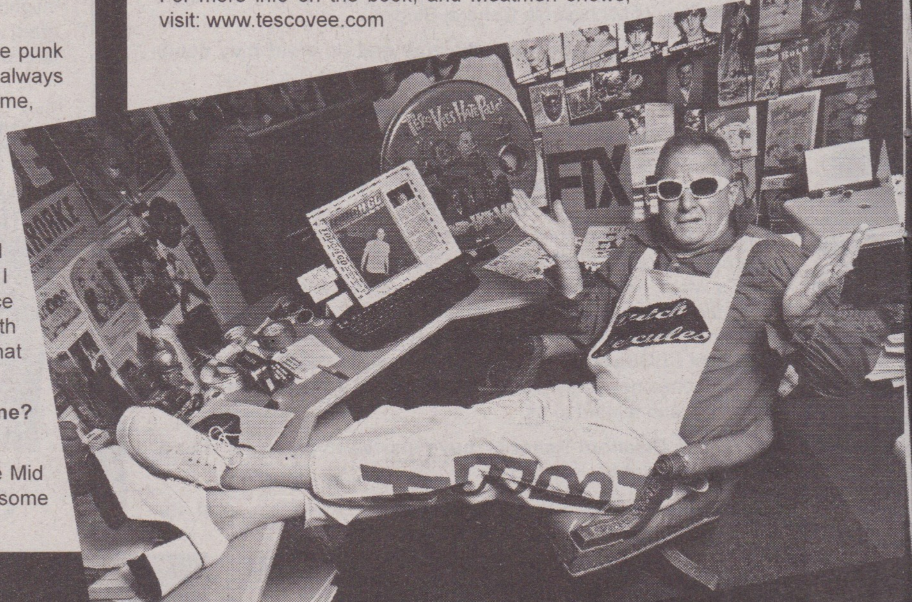
MRR: So, in DC, did you run into Henry Rollins much back in the day?

He was just working at Häagen-Dazs at that time. Ian and Henry were best friends and both worked at the ice cream shop. He was in SOA, a punk band on Dischord. One time, me and the Necros seen an SOA practice — Henry was screaming over the band without a microphone. We had our falling out around '85. But between '82 and '85 I got to know him. He took off to be in Black Flag, so nobody saw him much after he left DC. When we first went out there we stayed with him. I remember one night we were all sleeping on the floor and couches. Henry was this really intense guy, so he wasn't sleeping, so we just talked all night in the dark about stuff [Vee points to a cartoon drawing of Rollins in an old issue of Touch and Go]... There it is — this is what ended our friendship. After Henry joined Black Flag I had Pushead [the zine's cartoonist] draw this. It made Henry look like a hippy. It really wasn't that bad. He called and yelled at me, then called Pushead and yelled at him. That was the end of our friendship. It was over a drawing. I had hung with Danzig too. 1985 was a bad year for me and my buddies. Danzig got to be Mr. Rock Star, he used to come over and hang out at our house. Then shit happens and he accuses me of bootlegging his records. He's out of his mind. I've never bootlegged a record in my life.

MRR: After almost 30 years, what inspired you to release each *Touch and Go* issue into a book?

I've wanted to do it for a while. Steve Miller [the editor of the book and lead singer of the Fix] and I were talking about how cool it would be. We pitched it for two and a half years. We had a couple big publishers really interested, but then we wouldn't hear back. They probably saw the copy and got cold feet. Then this guy Ian Christe and Bazillion Points Publishing came out of the woodwork and was totally into it. He just embraced this project and is pushing it. It feels really good. Now that it's come out I am super excited. In the back of my mind I didn't know if anyone would do it.

For more info on the book, and Meatmen shows, visit: www.tescovee.com



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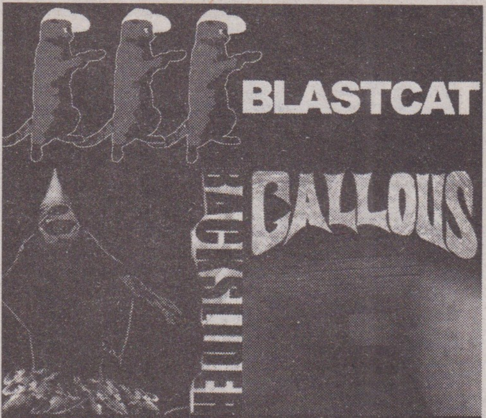

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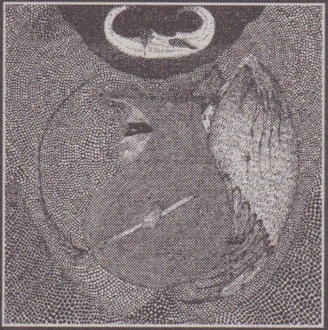

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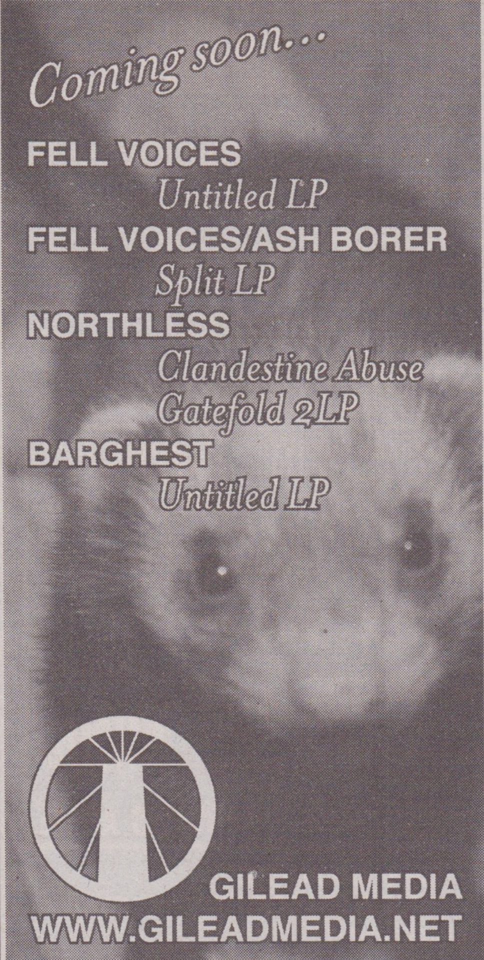

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If you find yourself in Baltimore, Maryland, make sure you visit Celebrated Summer Records at 3620 Falls Road, in the back of Atomic Books. Now on its fourth year of business, the store is all about new and used punk, hardcore, metal, reggae and soul music. The owner, Tony Pence, is always willing to talk and let me pick his brain about the record store business. Interview by Jesse Conway

MRR: Give me a history behind Celebrated Summer Records.
I originally started working at Reptilian Records in 1996 and I did that for about 10 years. When the owner decided he was going to move his store, I decided I was going to branch out and do my own store out in the county (Baltimore County). It was a combination of that and my very first trip to Japan and seeing some of these smaller sized stores like Boy and Punk and Destroy and being inspired by those as well.

MRR: When exactly did the store start and what has happened to it since then?
The store started on August 4th, 2006 and it was originally in Towson, Maryland inside a comic book store called Legends. It worked out really well. I had a very good relationship with the comic book store and we were able to do shows in the space.

That lasted for about four years and then the comic book store was going to move further away from the city and I felt like that was a poor business choice for me, since a lot of my customers traveled from the city to the store, which was about 20 minutes away. I made the choice to move into Baltimore city. Now I have a partnership with Atomic Books, which is a comic/alternative zine/toy store.

MRR: You said the store was a better size now, inside Atomic, would you like to expand the store at all?
For people that have never been here before, the store is about 15 feet by 15 feet. I don't like the idea of expansion; I like the idea of having a small store for many reasons.

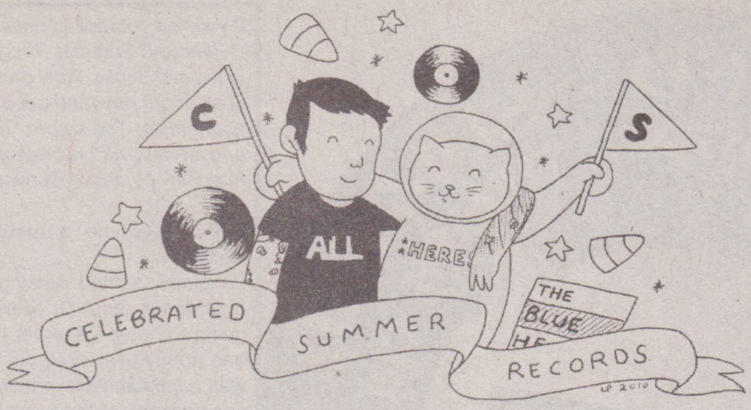
One, you can have much cheaper rent, making sure you don't have to put records on eBay to pay your exorbitant rent. When you have a space that's larger, you may feel the need to fill it up with flea market records or just crap, and I have a small, tight space, where there's only room for good records. I guess what I have here is much more focused and less of a mess. It's hyper-organized and more carefully curated as opposed to piles of whatever records are coming in. I like that the space is this size, it's part of the character of the store and I don't think I'd want to change that.

MRR: Nothing on eBay? Do you have any kind of online presence for the store, mailorder or whatever?
I'm not a total technophobe—I certainly buy things on eBay sometimes, but I do not like the idea of stores putting things on eBay. It's something that's always rubbed me the wrong way. I understand that some stores need to do this because of their higher rent, but in my opinion, if stores were smaller and more focused, they could have cheaper rent and not need to do that.

My store puts nothing on eBay and I don't really do mailorder either. An exception would be if a customer comes in from out of town and they sent me an email later asking about a record on the wall they saw, "hey do you still have that?" I would almost certainly mail that to them.

To actually put the store stock online for anybody to buy, I wouldn't do that for a number of reasons. One reason is that there are so many online distros already, another is that the stock changes over so fast, I would be spending all my time updating it online and I'd never get anything else done. Finally, the store is just set up as an old fashioned record store for people to come in and buy records, so the online thing is just not to my tastes. I do have MySpace (www.myspace.com/celebratedsummerrecords) and Facebook pages (www.facebook.com/pages/Celebrated-Summer/) for people to stay in touch, but I don't sell anything through there.

MRR: Do you have anybody helping you out?
It's basically all me. I probably work 90% of the hours, order all the records, buy all the used records, that kind of thing. Of course, I have some people helping me out...my friend Noel will help me here and there on days that I need him. He's also very good at Photoshop and design, so he helps me with that. I have other assorted friends when my band Deep Sleep has to play shows out of town. I have to keep the store open, so I do need friends to help out.



MRR: Do you get a lot of customers coming from out of state?
A decent amount of touring bands come through, and it's awesome to see them. I'll always buy records from those bands so it encourages them to come by the shop.

MRR: What do you think about the music scene in Baltimore?
Baltimore definitely has a strong scene. Lots of house shows and lots of kids trying to do things on their own and not just relying on bigger clubs. Lots of strong bands from Baltimore now as well.

MRR: What do you think your store offers that others don't?
The store has stuff in common with some other stores, but in general; not putting things on eBay, pricing things reasonably, not having any kind of snotty record store clerk attitude or ultra punker-than-thou attitude. [I'm] being really friendly, open and trying to price things reasonably.

MRR: Do you only sell records, or do you have other stuff in the store like merchandise for bands, a cafe? What's going on in there?
It's probably 80% LPs, 20% compact discs and stuff, there are patches, buttons, DVDs...we're inside Atomic Books, who have a wide range of comics, zines, books on punk, etc. so when someone is coming from out of town, there's tons of stuff between the two stores, not just records.

MRR: In the past, you had made t-shirts for the store...I know you're into collector culture, so tell me about what you've made in the past, what you have plans for in the future, any collaborations, etc.
If I only had to order and sell records as my job it would probably drive me crazy, so I love to design things for the shop as well. The store has a cat mascot and I like making buttons, shirts and things featuring the cat. We've done a bunch of different t-shirt designs, nothing limited on purpose, but I've only made 25 or 50 of those. I made record bags, 25 or 30 of those, record mats as well. I have so many ideas, it happens that when I make one and sell 30 or 50 of them, I wanna move on to the next thing, because I have other ideas waiting.In the future I'll have some collaborations with artists, but nothing is set yet, so...

MRR: Where do you see the store in five years?
In business, I hope! I think the death of a lot of stores and businesses comes from hubris and expansion. I try to keep both of those things in check. I want the store to be very well stocked and always doing well, but most importantly, I want it to be there. I don't like the idea of it freaking out and being giant, getting its own space and losing the characteristics which made it unique in the first place. I want it to be a better version of what it is now, a more solid version, I guess.

MRR: What could you do to make the store better now? Any improvements you've been thinking about?
In this space, the first and most important thing is the amount of records I have here. I'm always buying collections and I'm always trying to order new releases. The most important thing is just to have the best priced selection of records that fall into the genres I carry, that being punk, hardcore, a little bit of reggae and soul, stuff like that.

Everything else falls into the category of making toy versions of my cat mascot, silly things like that that are fun, but come second to having a really well stocked punk store that's here for the Baltimore/DC area.

MRR: What are some of your favorite record stores and why?
In the United States, Vinyl Conflict and Double Decker are my two favorites. I think they're amazing, a great template, owned by solid people and doing great shit.

In the rest of the world, definitely Punk and Destroy in Osaka and Record Shop Boy in Tokyo, because those stores had the most influence on how this shop looks, and the spirit of the store.

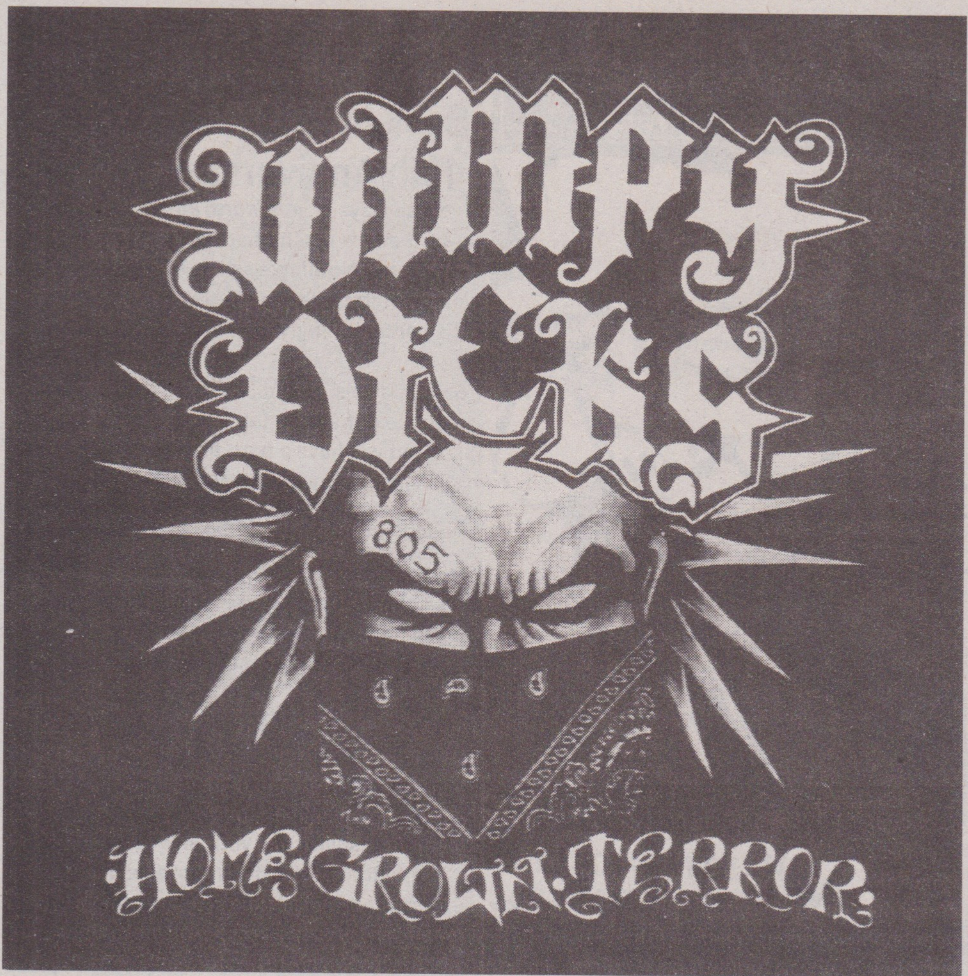
MRR: What makes running a store especially difficult or especially enjoyable?
Definitely just hanging out and talking to people about records all day, which I absolutely love. Difficult? I would say that most people think downloading/mp3s make it difficult (to do a store), but because of the size of my store and the clientele I attract, I wind up selling things to people who want to own physical product.

What has a negative effect on me and is the most irritating is the trend of higher and higher wholesale rates for LPs and 7"s. I'm not talking about major labels, I'm talking about independents that should know better.

There's labels like No Idea and Dirtnap that keep things relatively inexpensive and then there's bands and labels that should know better but have $11.90 and $12.50, $13.80 being your wholesale price for a single LP. That's bullshit and it just drives me up the wall. You don't need a 24-page book and 180 gram vinyl for your release. Why don't you price it normal and have someone be able to listen to it instead of have to mortgage their house just to do so.

MRR: If high wholesale prices are making it hard on you, does that mean there's a bunch of stock sitting in your store unsold?
No, not really. I should clarify that I understand that production costs for labels are going up and there's going to be a natural uptick in prices, but that doesn't explain away the ridiculously high prices and ultra-fancy stuff that's going on.
I think that customers are getting used to things being more expensive nowadays, but I think that if things were more reasonable, more people would take a chance on something new and discover something. I don't think there's any reason for a punk band to have a 2LP at a list price of $29.99 and a single LP at $19.99. It's straight bullshit and I would rather not carry it.
I wish that bands would take more consideration into what labels they sign to, how they design and package their records and what their desire is—do they really want their music to be heard and purchased by anyone or not?

MRR: When will you quit punk?
When I'm dead!
www.celebratedsummerrecords.com



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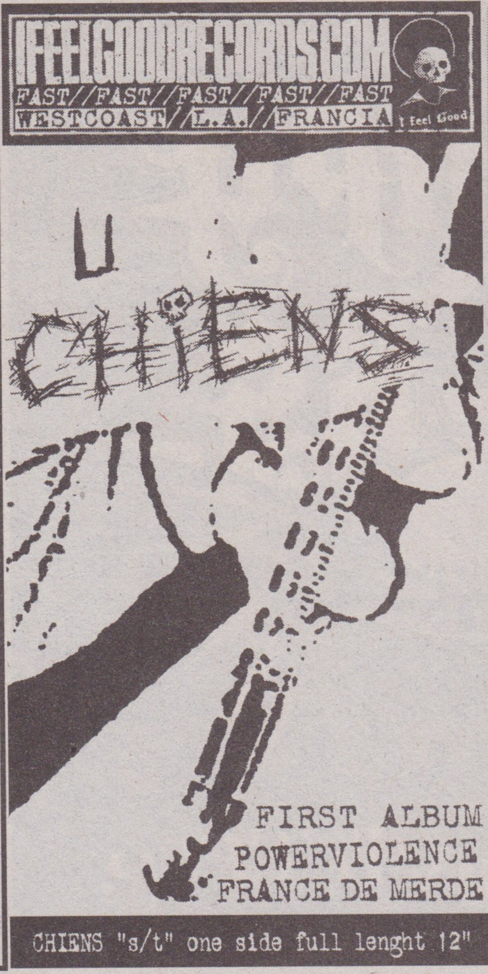

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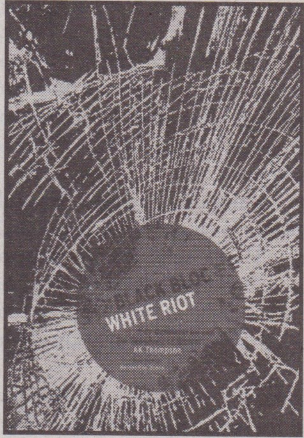

Black Bloc, White Riot: Anti-Globalization and the Genealogy of Dissent
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198 Pages • $15.95

A.K. Thompson's book *Black Bloc, White Riot* (the title being a peculiar mix of Fanon and the Clash) is going to disappoint many readers. There are no candid accounts of breaking glass or clashes with the police, and molotov cocktails scarcely receive mention. Still less are there any radical calls to arms or the aggrandized rants of a manifesto. Thomson's prose is scholarly and astute, and though not written completely in the jargon of the academy, his text does presume familiarity with some heavy terminology and concepts. And unfortunately I think this is going to alienate a few readers.

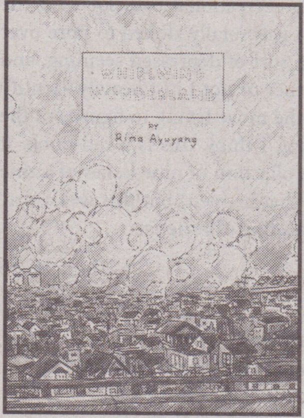
That being said, what Thomson's book does offer is something much needed in this radical community: a material understanding and historical account of the dissident identity. This will come as a shock to readers of *MRR* but it seems that the burgeoning anti-capitalist struggles in the United States have been predominantly composed of – wait for it – white, middle-class males. And while this fact ought not discredit the movement as a whole, it does beg some type of investigation: why those least affected by the machines of capitalism seem the most eager to dismantle them.

Black Bloc, White Riot attempts to engage this question honestly and accurately, seeking a material basis for the construction of activist identity. The primary thesis here seems to be that by searching out the roots of this construction we can begin to move away from understanding dissent as something that *means* and toward something that *does*. In a time where media portrayal of activists has become increasingly unfavorable we have seen a lot of time spent on renewing the "image" of anti-global struggle and not a lot of time trying to renew exactly what this struggle does, which should be to enter into *true* politics (and here Thompson invokes Fanon) by critically engaging with the category of violence.

This book is both necessary and timely: Thompson brings into focus a number of issues affecting the various movements today. And in the process he brings some heavy concepts and thinkers usually relegated to classrooms to bear on the discussion. Andrea Dworkin, Judith Butler, Paulo Freire, and Michel Foucault all bring something to the text, and far from being just another name-dropping academic, Thompson takes from them trenchant insights into what is going to become the next large conversation in activism. The dissident identity has long been tied up at the level of the signifier: image and philosophy. The next step is to rupture this script and return to the level of the signified: practice and tactics. *Black Bloc, White Masks* is a good start to understanding how this processes occurs, what it does, and where it should go now.

The most interesting and controversial passages of the book are definitely going to spark some discussion among radicals, and hopefully this can lead to a progressive way of understanding the seemingly drifting project of dissent. Thompson's notions of how direct confrontation with authority can (and must) lead to a new model of radical education, how the riot undoes gender, and how activist identity cannot be left in the hands of the media machines, all receive a great deal of attention as he treats the issues with the importance they deserve. While this book is not going to please a lot of people (for example, if you think Crimethinc is too elitist) I do sincerely hope that it is read and talked about seriously. The ideas presented here are radical, constructive, and possibly dangerous. So if you're not scared of a few big words and enjoy some heavy critical theory with your radical politics, it's worth the time.

—Matthew McKenzie



Whirlwind Wonderland
Rina Ayuyang
128pp • $15
Sparkplug / Tugboat Press
PO Box 12409
Portland, OR 97212
www.sparkplugcomicbooks.com

I offer this caveat: *Whirlwind Wonderland* appears to have no connection to punk rock. I don't mean that to be derogatory, I just want to make sure that you don't read any further if this sort of thing may upset or bore you. What *Whirlwind Wonderland* is can be best be described as the graphic novel equivalent of a "personal" zine. A random mishmash of anecdotes over the last few years of the author's (Rina Ayuyang's) life that she felt compelled to illustrate and share with those who are interested. Rina's crossover to graphic novel from personal zinedom is intentional, as many people may already know her from the zine *Namby Pamby*, or some of her other more obscure zines. Rina is a Filipino American who likes to tell stories about her ordinary American life from her unique perspective. Some of the vignettes are meant to be nothing short of silly; like a story of two anonymous figures who illustrate a deep love for the show *Murder She Wrote*, but most of her stories are simple every day happenings in her life. I believe that most of these ordinary events are also meant to be silly and humorous but I found most of them to be more ordinary than funny.

Rina illustrates her comic series with simple black and white ink and occasional gray scale watercolor. Mid-comic she broke into a box of multicolor markers and blasted out a comic that was much richer in detail than the rest of her illustrations. The colorful story didn't seem to make much sense though; it was almost a dream sequence, and it made me feel like I was loosing sense of reality (a fight broke out between a set of pen's and markers in the middle of a movie theater). In the overall context of Rina's method of story telling this actually has somewhat of a logical place. She often drifts from ordinary details into complex Freudian dream sequences and lucid day dreams that override all senses of reality.

Without giving away to much, I can tell you that *Whirlwind Wonderland* deals with football obsession, travel diaries, significant-other tribulations, babies/pregnancy, complicated family issues, growing up as a minority in America, *Murder She Wrote*, and a number of other things as well. It may not be a punk graphic novel, in any way, but it has an eclectic array of topics that you're bound to relate to in some fashion. If you're into the world of personal zines then I think *Whirlwind Wonderland* is something your bound to connect with. If you're unsure if this appeals to you then you can get a glimpse of Rina's work at rinaayuyang.com (you can also purchase *Whirlwind*

Wonderland there, in addition to many of her other works). Her storytelling and illustrating are creative and push the boundaries, even if the stories themselves are ordinary and anecdotal.

—Lowell Fletcher

Burn Collector
Al Burian
PM Press
www.pmpress.org
$16 • 312pgs

I love zines, and I love books, so I love books that are compilations of zines. *Burn Collector* was a zine that started in 1994. This collection is from 1994-1998, issues 1-9, chronicling Burian's experiences living in North Carolina, Providence and Portland, as well as his travels to Europe and on the crappy crappy greyhound. Confession: I had never read *Burn Collector* before; I spent the years this book covers finding recreational uses for over the counter drugs instead of reading zines, so I was totally stoked to pore over this book. Burian is smart, self-deprecating, sort of depressed seeming, and good at describing things and people. Whether or not I just heavily identify with mid-'90s punx who are constantly on the move trying to figure out the meaning of life and how to survive, or what, I think this is a rad book. It can be really challenging to slog through a collection of nine issues of a zine in a couple days (thanks USPS for making that happen) but this was a true pleasure. Engaging and a totally enjoyable reading experience.

—Thera Webb

Uses of a Whirlwind: Movement, Movements, and Contemporary Radical Currents in the United States
Edited by Team Colors Collective
AK Press
www.akpress.org
161 pages • $15.95

In this volume, the militant researchers of the Team Colors collective attempt to both take the temperature of contemporary U.S. anti-capitalist activism and produce new connections between folks doing seemingly divergent work. To do so, the editors bring together assessments of recent campaigns, strategic insights, and synthetic analyses, all to give an account of what it means to do movement work these days. A good portion of the essays originally appeared via the always-exciting *Journal of Aesthetics and Protest*, in an online repository marking the 2008 actions against both the Republican and Democratic conventions. It is this critical timing that provides the collection as a whole with its narrative: that the Bush years offered a relatively uncomplicated bogeyman for activist and social movements, inspiring a great deal of energy then partially ridden by Barack Obama into the White House, whose tenure thus far should leave most radicals shaking their heads, asking, "Wait, *what?*" In other words, these pieces arise out of the need for a contemporary recalibration of activist culture; as such they follow other recent criticisms of what increasingly gets called 'summit-hopping', and most argue for the alternate strategy of digging in with communities and the grassroots.

I am, by a mile, sympathetic to such a project; the writings themselves, however, are a mixed bag. This may say more about the confusion of our current moment than anything else—indeed, perhaps it's very true to our particular historical circumstances that critiques of the radical community's insularity can subsist alongside texts positively dripping with the self-seriousness and jargon-fixation directly responsible for said insularity. That familiar duo—of bad spirits and worse writing—crystallizes the more infuriating parts of the book. I will content myself with filing the more egregious eyesores under "Insipidly-Expressed Good Intentions" and move onto the positives… after citing two hopefully illustrative examples too deliriously misguided to let slide without comment.

First, it's hard to read a sentence like the following without hearing a pernicious and unproductive subtext: "One very important concrete contribution that anarchists…brought to the larger coalition fighting I[nterstate]-69 was the resistance to paid work on the part of anarchists; we set up our lives in order to have large amounts of unstructured time that could be dedicated to fighting the highway development process." It seems more than a little insensitive to discuss the value of 'unstructured time' in light of the thousands of Americans currently hustling for any work they can get. It's as if those persistently struggling to find jobs just didn't know how to properly be un- or underemployed, and such a sentiment exhibits a far-too-prevalent radical disdain for everyday wants and desires.

Second, the specter of silly writing lurks around every corner: "Capital first brought on the Whirlwind to save itself by imposing crisis on the global working class." Okay, I'm with you. But then: "We lack the ruby slippers to whisk us back to different times, before it carried us aloft. But if this tornado has flung the house of humanity up into the sky, we also possess the power to land that house squarely on capital's head." Now not even Dorothy knows or cares what the fuck you're talking about.

I don't want it to seem like I'm just piling on, especially since many of the volume's best essays take activists mercilessly to task for precisely these lazy sins. Assumption-shattering essays on, for instance, food sovereignty, climate justice, DIY queer activism, and the financial crisis remain exemplars of demeanor and clarity. Further, the trio of interviews—with Grace Lee Boggs, Ashanti Omowali Alston, and the reliably great Robin D.G. Kelley—that end the text bring valuable perspectives on the meaning of a life of engagement. It is in these pieces that one feels what the editors consistently refer to as the "whirlwind"—the possibility of divergent elements coming together to ineluctably shape the world of the future in a more equitable, just register, with some righteous force at our backs. Unfortunately, whirlwinds—to make my own contribution to metaphor overkill—also tend to kick up their share of crap.

—Maxwell Tremblay

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

DON'T ANSWER JOAN—THIS QUESTION IS TOO DANGEROUS

I know I mention silent films a lot in this column and I am going to do it again. There was a screening of Carl Theodor Dreyer's **The Passion of Joan Of Arc** at Oakland's Paramount Theatre. The Paramount Theatre is a beautiful Art Deco designed building originally opened in 1931. It has been restored and maintained so it looks amazing. They show movies there usually once a month. I have never been to see one so it was about time for me to go. An orchestra and a chorus of one hundred and eighty vocalists also accompanied this screening of **The Passion of Joan Of Arc.**

The Passion of Joan Of Arc is the story of the trial and eventual burning at the stake of Joan of Arc. The film begins as she is brought before a court of religious figures that do not believe she has spoken to god. They question her in a very creepy and condescending way. She is only nineteen and the judges are filmed as dirty old men, faces distorted and angry. One judge even drools. They want Joan to admit that she did not speak to god. They are not above torturing her to get their way.

The woman sitting next to me cried as they were nearing Joan's execution. It is pretty indicative of the impact this film has. You get so caught up that you forget it is a silent film since the emotions in the characters' faces are overwhelming. To use an old cliché they speak volumes. Dreyer shoots everyone in close up. Maria Falconetti who plays Joan particularly has a defiant, yet humble quality to her expressions. Her eyes are wide, but filled with anguish. She is being judged by men who should, but don't understand her faith.

If you have never seen a silent film it's time to start with **The Passion of Joan Of Arc.** All Bay Area residents should check out the film schedule at the Paramount Theatre. (www.paramountheatre.com)

After last month's multiple viewings of **La Brune et Moi** I have become somewhat obsessed with actor Pierre Clémenti. That may seem odd since one would probably assume I would identify more with the female punk in that film. Yet, I don't. I find Clémenti the more interesting one. Focusing on one actor is probably not the way most people choose movies. Usually I would pick a director and try to watch as many of her/his films as I could. This time I found this random way more compelling. I got to see a weirder variety of films.

I went to my local library to stock up on all the films I could find featuring Pierre Clémenti. If you don't make use of your library, you are missing out. I take full advantage. I picked up **The Conformist, Sweet Movie** and **Listen, Let's Make Love.**

The Conformist is a 1970 film by Bernardo Bertolucci. The main character Marcello Clerici is a flunky for Mussolini's fascist party. He is also engaged to marry a middle class woman. The combination of which he feels will make him "normal." Marcello comes from an eccentric family. His father is in an insane asylum. His mother is having an affair with her chauffeur who also supplies her with morphine. As a younger man he was also more of an outsider and more idealistic. He receives an order from the fascists to assassinate his former professor who is living in exile in Paris. He arranges his honeymoon to coincide with this job.

Pierre Clémenti has a small, but pivotal role in **The Conformist.** He plays a homosexual chauffeur Lino whom years earlier met the much younger Marcello. Some boys are harassing Marcello so Lino offers him a ride. After an attempted sexual encounter, Marcello suppresses the experience until he runs into Lino again coincidentally on the night of the fall of the fascists in Italy. Marcello lashes out at Lino releasing all his pent-up frustration at himself.

I was unfamiliar with **Sweet Movie** a 1974 film by Dusan Makavejev. I am not usually squeamish, but this film really made me squirm. It also seems odd that I have never heard **Sweet Movie** being name-dropped by the theoretically challenging modern directors like David Lynch or Lars von Trier. Perhaps it is even too weird for those guys.

Sweet Movie follows the stories of two women. The first is Miss Canada who wins a reality TV show to marry a multi-millionaire milk industry mogul Mr. Kapital. Remember this is 1974 before any of this type of reality show actually appeared on television. On the show a gynecologist inspects the women to make sure they are virgins. Miss Canada wins and marries Mr. Kapital. Not surprisingly the marriage doesn't work out perhaps having something to do with Mr. Kapital's gold penis and his need to urinate on his wife. She is then shipped in a suitcase to Paris eventually ending up at an Austrian commune where the members engage in a bunch of regressive activities that include vomiting, urinating, defecating and other basic human functions.

The other woman is Capt. Ann who travels the canals of Amsterdam on her boat. Clémenti plays a sailor from the Battleship Potemkin who offers himself to her. After some coaxing she allows him to come on board. She speaks of continuing the socialist revolution, yet her ship is filled with candy and sugar. She later tries to seduce some young boys on board. Anna Prucnal who played Capt. Ann was reportedly not allowed to return to her home country of Poland for many years after this film was released

Finally there is **Listen, Let's Make Love. Listen, Let's Make Love** is a 1967 film by Vittorio Caprioli. This is probably the most straightforward of the Clémenti films I watched. Clémenti plays Lallo who arrives in Milan for the funeral of his estranged father. While there he is introduced to his father's life as a man whose "career" was having affairs with rich married women. Lallo begins on a similar lifestyle after being introduced to the friends of his aunt. After a series of affairs that he ends abruptly to move on to the next woman, Lallo thinks he falls in love. However it may be too late for him or something to that effect.

December 3 was the eightieth birthday of Jean-Luc Godard. In honor of his birth I decided to enjoy a Godard film I had never seen. Strangely there's a lot of them. I chose **Les Carabiniers. Les Carabiniers** is the story of two poor farmers Ulysses and Michelangelo who are recruited into the army by two unscrupulous carabiniers or riflemen. Ulysses and Michelangelo are convinced that the king has personally asked them to join and are promised that during the war soldiers are allowed to take anything they want: money, cars, clothes, etc. It is the way war works. The farmers are encouraged by their wives to enlist with the hope of all the financial benefits of war.

Throughout **Les Carabiniers** Ulysses and Michelangelo write postcards home to their wives documenting their exploits. Godard constantly mocks the processes of war by sending Ulysses and Michelangelo all over the globe. They send postcards from various impracticable locales such as Paris, London, New York, Mexico and so on. They breezily recall killing the enemy with the same attitude as relating the sights they've seen.

Amusingly, Bertoluccci once said of **The Conformist** "I am Marcello, and I make fascist films and I want to kill Godard who is a revolutionary." Godard's latest film is called **Socialism.** Hopefully, I will get to see it soon.

Les Oreilles Qui Saignent #0 is a video zine made by a group called Synthe Punk City out of France. It watches like the schizophrenic mind of an average punk. It could either be what you would possibly see if you were able to view the uncut thoughts of a person or if you could manage to visualize the hour and twenty minute description of her/ his year. There are clips of bands playing live, interviews, movie clips, older clips of punks taken from movies along with other various shots. There are few descriptions and the interviews are in French so I have no idea what they are talking about. Though that doesn't seem to hinder my understanding of things.

Les Oreilles Qui Saignent #0 consists mostly of live band clips from punk bands such as Chaos ZZZ, Government Warning, Surrender, The Wankys, Shitty Limits, La Purria, State Poison, Warning//Warning and more. The sound isn't always perfect on these segments. There is a lot of the distortion you seem to always get from video camera microphones when recording live bands. But it is good enough for a live sampling. Plus the whole thing is available as a free download at the website. (www.archive.org/details/LesOreillesQuiSaignent0)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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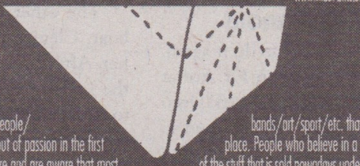

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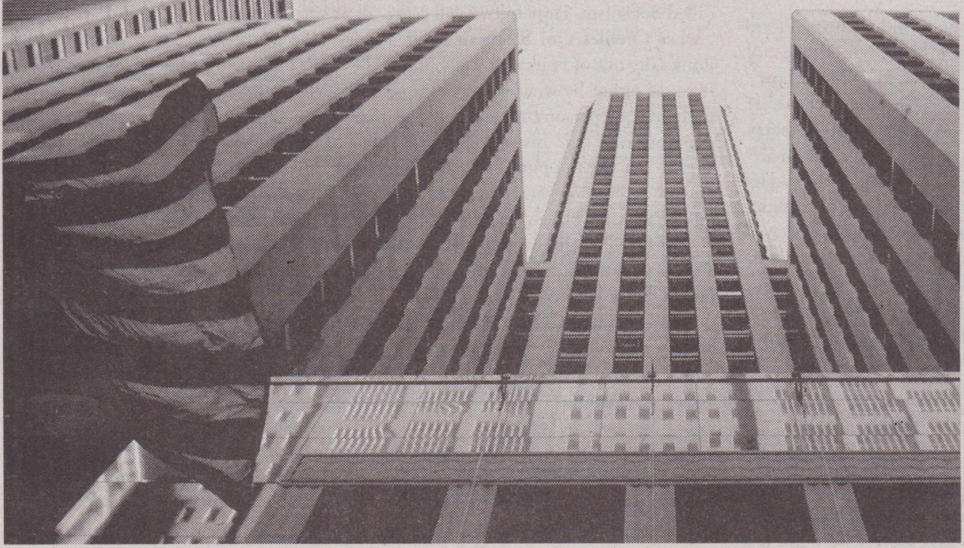

RECORDS

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ABORTTI 13 / SEKAANNUS – split EP

Two '80s Finnish bands have come back together (I think?) to pump out a couple of tracks each. The opening SEKAANNUS track is catchy as fuck and the winner on here for me. Titled "Kuvat," it's a mid-paced stomper that has stuck in my head and had me attempting to sing along which is hilariously awkward for these Latin lips of mine. This is ridiculously awesome. Both bands play in a similar style, although ABORTTI 13 takes it up a few notches and gets faster in a more traditional hardcore sense. A very cool seven-track EP from vets who still know how to do it right. (MS)
(Killer)

ABSCESS / POPULATION REDUCTION – split LP

Metal! Two Bay Area bands give you different flavors here. ABSCESS does an old school death metal sound and POPULATION REDUCTION does a grind/thrash thing. The medium pace of ABSCESS along with the guitar solos all over the place made me happy. I also love that you can understand most of the vocals. I swear "Tormented by Sight" has a NWOBHM sound mixed with death metal. Cool. POPULATION REDUCTION, one of my favorite two-person metal bands, really mixes up the sounds including grindcore, death metal and thrash. I love "Cannabis Holocaust" with its mix of riffs, vocals that remind me a bit of EXIT-13 and its funny story. "In with the Old, Out with the Cold" is a nice thrash track with clean vocals. I've liked POPULATION REDUCTION for a while now but these tracks are some of my favorites. (MH)
(Tankcrimes)

AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED / A.N.S. – "Tribute to Gang Green" 5"

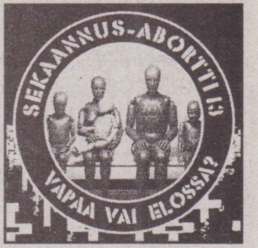
A very cool yet pretty unnecessary novelty record for fans of drunken skate thrash and collector geeks alike (and aren't we all at least one of these!). First off, it's a clear vinyl five-incher, which is freakin' nearly impossible to play on belt turntables that have an automatic return. You have to carefully and slowly move the needle just above the surface and you might get lucky enough for the song to play before the needle lifts. Anyway, once you get past that, or maybe you have a DJ turntable and this isn't a problem, there are the songs themselves—one GANG GREEN cover by each band. That's it. The always impressive A.N.S. (ARMAGEDDON NUCLEAR SYSTEM) throws down their take on "Let's Drink Some Beer" and the usually much heavier AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED serves up a faithful cover of "Alcohol." Essential? Not quite. Cool to have anyway? Fuck yeah! (BG)
(Tankcrimes)

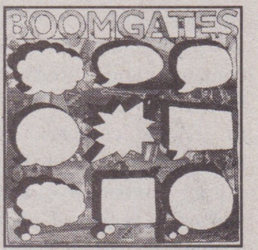
AGOSTO ESPIAS – "Rolling Cinder" EP

This was bound to happen. It's been about a generation passed now, and the early '90s emo hardcore thing has come full circle and is making a comeback. AGOSTO ESPIAS, hailing from Southern California, nails both the sound and the aesthetic completely, from the poetic lyrics that are sloppily typed close together on a lyric sheet (with a few words crossed out here and there) to the epic song structures that take you from mellow to chaotic realms and back again. Now, aside from the obvious lack of originality in the lyric sheet layout, the music itself made me a fan since their heavy-yet-jangly sound comes off a bit like SHOTMAKER or something and I love it. I'm serious. I don't really give a fuck about complete uniqueness in hardcore and punk—wear your influences proudly and goddamn play your heart out and do it with some sincerity (which these dudes seem to do) and don't totally ape one band (and these dudes don't). This EP also comes with a cool 14 x 14 silkscreen foldout poster to slap on your wall and stare mindlessly at while listening to these tracks and doing bong hits (which always makes screamo hardcore sound much better). If you dig the cooler bands that were on Gravity or Old Glory and whatnot, then you should move on this because it will be gone quick with a pressing of only 200. Looking forward to more from these dudes. (BG)
(Glory Kid)

ALARIC – "Animal/Shadow of Life"

The song "Animal" is a fucking jam. It sounds like a slightly slower PAILHEAD tune. The drums are driving and methodical, the guitars are atmospheric with a little flanging, and even the lyrics are similar in style. This is a great song. As a Chicagoland kid, I was super into old





Wax Trax label stuff and this song definitely some of that flavor. The other, "Shadow of Life," is darker, slower and more gothy/death-rock/darkwave-ish than the A-side. Overall, the sound is moodier '90s mixed with the time in the '80s when goth-y stuff started becoming more mainstream, even industrial, but this is all live instruments. The artwork is something between Aubrey Beardsley and Edward Gorey. Surprisingly, the members of this band are ex- and current members of DEAD AND GONE, NOOTHGRUSH, CROSS STITCHED EYES, ENEMIES and UK SUBS. Interesting stuff and that first song is great. Check it out… (MB)
(Buried in Hell / FYBS)

APPARÄTUS – "Hardcore Religion!" LP

I hope you've been paying attention lately, because France's Shogun Records has been cranking out some serious noisy, raw D-beat. This month's installation is Malaysia's APPARÄTUS, and even more than on their split with PISSCHRIST, they just put their heads down and rip. This shit is all Sweden worship from start to finish (the DISARM cover features Honsa from DISARM for fukk's sake), and they do wear the "mangel" tag brilliantly. Chaotic and unhinged hardcore punk with tasty bits of metal, just like ANTI-CIMEX would have done it. Execution: Perfect. (WN)
(Shogun)

ARTIFICIAL PEACE – "Complete Session November '81" LP

The first three tracks on here originally appeared on *Flex Your Head*, and while this whole session was bootlegged onto LP by Lost and Found it has never seen legitimate release until now (their side of the split with EXILED was recorded the following year). While I consider a lot of the early Dischord bands to have an identifiably DC sound—something about the music and that many of the bands had their own take on their English punk influences—I always felt like ARTIFICIAL PEACE had just as much in common with the teenage hardcore coming out of other places at the same time as it did with their Dischord contemporaries. Regardless, I always liked their songs on *Flex Your Head*, and it's great to see the complete session now available legitimately on vinyl. This release also includes a brief retrospective written by Ian MacKaye and some reprinted photos and flyers on the printed dust sleeve. (DG)
(Dischord)

AUDACITY – "Ears and Eyes" EP

Last time I saw these dudes it was at Thrillhouse last summer. I don't recall having seen them before, but all I remember was that they sounded like a second-rate UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANYLAND, even with the addition of Todd from the aforementioned band on guitar and whatnot. I think they were even calling themselves TODDACITY. This doesn't sound anything like how I remember them. Maybe my memory is a bit hazy, but *Ears and Eyes* is much more hard-driving with a distinct SoCal influence coming through. Totally worth checking out. (BD)
(I Hate Rock'n'Roll / Volar)

BAND NAME – "Breakfast" LP

BAND NAME may be the worst band name ever. Well, it's not worse than LICK MY BUTT AND BALLS, but it's pretty fukkin' bad. Fortunately, the music on this LP is not as bad as their name would lead you to believe. It's got a little bit of a lazy-day indie rock feel to it, not unlike SCREAMING FEMALES (without the fancy guitar solos) or mid-career SUPERCHUNK (without the fancy studio gloss). The songs illicit a groan and an eye roll from me when they wander into lyrical territory that deals with "always being a kid inside" and watching morning cartoons while sucking your thumb. I'm pretty sure that has nothing to do with me being old and jaded. When they pick up the pace a little and start to really rock out, I pay attention. Unfortunately, the more upbeat songs are too few and far between. Mostly, this band just sounds kind of bored. It's not great. It's not bad. (GH)
(Self-Aware)

BICI HARDCÖRE – "Es el Fin de la Era de a Pie" EP

Here we have eight tracks of stripped-down raw punk from Spain with a D-beat flavor seasoned with a tiny bit of street-punk. All the songs are in Spanish (except "Bike Punk & Bike Hardcore") and about being a punk, riding a bike and how cars and roadways fucking suck (agreed)…hence the name. The music is driving with some good simple solos and solid bass and drumming; the recording quality is blown-out to perfection but not over the top; the vocals are yelled with some "sing-y" parts in a good hardcore style rather than screamed, letting you hear all the words. There is a "re-imagined" version of a SIDA song. The beginning of the record has a sample of a lady viciously heckling a cyclist. Nothing too fancy here (unless you count the whistling on "Pinchazo de Mierda"), but a great, solid record nonetheless. The artwork is fucking rad—two skeletonized punks donning boots, bullet-belts and spiked jackets riding bikes, one of which is popping a wheelie. Good stuff and definitely worth checking out. (MB)
(Dias de Destruccion / Hormigonera Prods. / Guerra en mi Cabeza / Muerto a Tipo / Progeriattack / Subsistencia Distro / Sarna Social / Metadona / Crust as Fuck)

BLACK ORPHAN – "Metal Leg" EP

I listened (twice), and I tried to think of a way to describe BLACK ORPHAN besides comparing them to the SPITS. But they fukkn sound like the SPITS, so what the fukk else can I do? Keyboard-drenched and effect-laden retardo-punk packed with more than enough pogo-inducing power to get you through this week's party circuit. With a little less of the RAMONES treatment than Seattle's finest, these four tunes are like the weird bedroom B-sides all crammed onto one killer single. Awesome. (WN)
(Volar)

BLACK TAPES – "Shipwreck" CD

Polish, glam, power-pop: three concepts I never imagined together, nor ever really wanted to, but my one CD assignment this month doesn't disappoint, yet again! I'm a little confused by the tough guy picture on the inlay—these guys look like they wanna be on Hellcat for sure, though their sound is full of good time "ooohs," "aahs" and fingers run down the keys of a piano. Not entirely awful, but to say I'd like it would be a stretch. (GG)
(Antena Krzyku Unc)

BLOODY PHOENIX – "Death to Everyone" CD

Instant images of humanity's ugly side flash through my head as I play…no, as I freakin' *blast* this album! This CD is just begging to be turned up to excruciating levels, so fuck the neighbors. BLOODY PHOENIX perfectly captures the grindcore sound that captivated me for a brief period in the late '80s and early '90s before I got sick of the bands that were too metal or were trying to outdo each other to the point of stupidity. If you're like me and you were into old school grindcore, when it was brutal yet still hardcore and not over-the-top goat vocal silliness, then you absolutely must check this out. There are all sorts of influences here, from early NAPALM DEATH to HERESY to CITIZENS ARREST. And the lyrics are cool too, coming across as intelligent yet dark and brooding. And what else would you expect with a title like *Death to Everyone*? Fucking killer! (BG)
(625)

BOBSLEIGH BABY – LP

The first LP from Italy's BOBSLEIGH BABY is enjoyable pop featuring layered female/male vocals and sparse guitar. Because the songs here are so all over the place, it's hard to pin down exactly the sound they are going for. It ranges from SHOP ASSISTANTS worship to something a little darker, noisier and at times quirkier. There are slow, almost non-existent tracks as well as pop ones that could easily make their way onto a Slumberland single. It's a cacophonous journey down a lo-fi road and it's nice. (AL)
(JeetKune)

BOOMGATES – "Bright Idea/Cameo"

This 45 is the first offering from Australian band BOOMGATES featuring Brendan from EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESION RING. On first listen, the A-side "Bright Idea" sounds like it could almost be an EDDY CURRENT track due to Brendan's vocals being so distinctive. Repeat listens uncover a different sound—adding the B-side into the mix tells a new story mostly. The flip is "Cameo" and it's a sweet pop number featuring vocals from both Brendan and the female vocalist in the group. It's got a depth that is somewhat unexpected and very welcome. The EP is a quick two songs but they're both lovely. (AL)
(RIP Society)

BRILLIANT COLORS / GIRLS NAMES – split EP

I admit when I heard that familiar RONETTES "Be My Baby" drumbeat start off this 45, I instantly felt a wave of annoyance. When are bands going to stop doing that??!! It's a classic and instantly familiar rhythm and I understand why its continually reused—it's some epic version of the punk nod, but… C'mon! At any rate, GIRLS NAMES play languid yet unsettling perfect Postcard Records beat music, and even though they are from Belfast, they manage to capture that Scottish post-punk pop sound. Brings to mind the dour yet elative JOSEF K in the most alluring fashion. "I Lose" is an undeniable heart-tug in tribute to all those who wore anoraks and sent off for fanzines that came free with a flexi disc. The BRILLIANT COLORS side of this is much more bashed out lo-fi in comparison to GIRLS NAMES, but they are in their own way going for swelling, surging, plaintive New Zealand pop by way of Glasgow art school. "You Win" is much more that sound than the post-punk-girls-messing-with-reverb feel of their amazing LP. This is a perfectly paired split 45, and will slide in nicely next to your SHOP ASSISTANTS seven-inchers. (LG)
(Slumberland / Tough Love)

THE BUSINESS MACHINES – "Almost Automatic" CD

Much more twisted rock than punk. Reminds me of the likes of 60FT DOLLS. Not so bad, though I like it best when they revert to the more overblown, straight-ahead rock stuff, and whip out the guitar solos and driving rock'n'roll riffs. Recorded and mixed by Steve Albini, so it sounds good, and I suspect helped enhance the BIG BLACK tendencies (minus the drum machine, of course). Sounds like the stuff *Flipside* was championing back in the days of the HUMPERS et al., minus most of the glam/trash elements. The band deso have the good taste to pose behind what would appear to be an upside-down flag, at least. (RK)
(self-released)

BY THE THROAT – "One Good Night" EP

Fast punk rock that reminds me of half the bands I saw at the Rat over the years, yet can't exactly be pinned to one specific sound. Maybe a more adult 30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO or something. Not that there's anything wrong with that (—Seinfeld) but I've heard it too many times. Take one part UNSEEN, one part MOTÖRHEAD, one part (probably unbeknownst to them) youth crew and you have the soundtrack of drunken T rides and brawling with Sox fans at PJ Kilroys over $1.25 Busch. The sound of the streets. (JU)
(Winter Street)

CALL ME LIGHTNING – "When I'm Gone My Blood Will Be Free" LP

Folk punk minus the folk, with FERGAL SHARKY on the mic. This is a weird one, hard to pin down, but easy enough to wrap my ears around. More indie than punk, taking the sensitive moments of the ARRIVALS, later UNDERTONES and funny enough, a punked-up PROCLAIMERS. It works, in fact it works damn well, even the BIG COUNTRY drumming seems to fit snuggly in to its undefined sound. Definitely doing their own thing and doing it with a kick and a flare. (SD)
(Dusty Medical)

CHARGE 69 – "Retour Au Front" CD

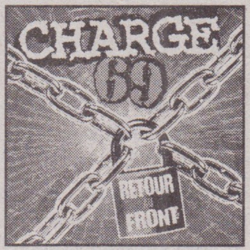
Damn! These guys are still alive and kickin' and screamin'!! I remember this band as being one of the top street-punk bands of their day—back in the early '90s!! Unfortunately either they have become a bit stagnant, or the bar has risen in the street-punk scene over the last 17 years since they first formed, because none of the four tracks on this CD really jumped out at me as being anything special. I have a hunch that it is the latter and that the quality of bands that have since come (and gone) has improved as well as evolved to create a more interesting and exciting genre. However credit must go to CHARGE 69 for surviving numerous line-up changes and sticking to their guns and continuing to unleash some quality, straightforward street-punk music in the style of early Helen of Oi! bands like DISTORTION or BRAINDANCE. As a note, all these songs are sung in French if that matters to ya at all… (ML)
(Combat Rock)

CHOPPER CHICKS – LP

A vinyl reissue of a cassette originally released in 2000 by these three garage rockin' women from Madrid, Spain. Wonderfully amateur, rough and gritty music with such piercingly screechy vocals. The singing alone will probably turn off the squares (too bad, losers!). Plus lo-fi trashy production with an emphasis on fun. They probably recorded all nineteen songs in one day and I am glad they did. CHOPPER CHICKS unabashedly take inspiration from the garage punk scene of the '90s and go with it. Covers of LOLI & THE CHONES, NO TALENTS, SPASTICS, RIP-OFFS, ULAN BATOR, PLASTIC BERTRAND and the CONTOURS if that gives you a hint of what these gals are all about. The result is really cool. (CK)
(Mis Cojones Underground)

CHRISTMAS – "Pies/El Colorado"

Somewhere along the highways of GOLDEN TRIANGLE, EFFIE BRIEST and WHITE MAGIC lies CHRISTMAS. The singer (Emily Beanblossom) falls between the witchy reverb of Grace Slick and the stuttering blahness of Natalie Merchant, making for something where all I can imagine is noodle-y gearhead dudes recording in a slick studio and doing that overbite



head bob thing. The A-side song is the better one with rolling bass stuff and some more doom-y vibes, but the B-side is not my jam at all. (MM)
(Highfives and Handshakes)

COFFINWORM – "Great Bringer of Night" LP

Before I listened to this I saw that it's on Profound Lore and was hoping it might be some punkish death metal or something. Instead it's doom/sludge with some death metal elements, mostly in the vocal department. When the death metal aspects are more to the fore, the band sounds better in my opinion. The doom parts just remind me too much of a punkish kind of '90s doom/sludge like DYSTOPIA, GRIEF, EYEHATEGOD, etc. While I like the originators, I don't like listening to many contemporary bands who count the aforementioned amongst their influences. With this judgment based on personal taste aside, this album is diverse in tempo while showcasing a generally sludgy speed; the writing is dynamic, with cool changes and breaks; the riffs are all pretty good though the soft/loud dynamics—with solo, non-distorted, soft guitar parts—can come off a bit emo in the same way bands like DYSTOPIA do fifteen odd years later. If this is a genre you like and the aforementioned bands just aren't enough, then this is a record for you. (DB)
(Seventh Rule)

COLA FREAKS – CD

I was so psyched when I saw this in my review box that I immediately threw it in my backpack, pushed my way past other shitworkers, and sped recklessly through city traffic on my scooter so I could get home and throw it on. Unless you've been living under a goddamn rock for the last five or ten years, you're certainly aware that Denmark has produced some of the finest punk bands to ever grace this dying planet in recent times and COLA FREAKS are right up there at the top alongside HJERTESTOP, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS and all the rest (is there such a thing as a Danish punk band that *isn't* amazing?!?). After a few (absolutely mandatory) EPs and a split with AUTISTIC YOUTH, this full-length is long past due and certainly worth the wait. COLA FREAKS flawlessly mix a '70s new wave punk style with garage rock'n'roll and even a bit of discordant post-punk. With this blend of sounds they come off as somewhat retro yet utterly unique and fresh at the same time. There's a strong JAY REATARD guitar sound going on, which makes sense considering some of these guys played with him a bit before his tragic demise. And let's face it—both artists find (found) inspiration in the ADVERTS. This album is clearly recommended and the vinyl version should be following up this CD anytime now so you might want to wait for that (I know I will). Top ten of the month without a doubt. (BG)
(Hjernespind)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN / THE CRACK PIPES – split EP

First up JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN kicking the skins with a slacked-out cover of MINOR THREAT "Minor Threat." Like all good covers they have made it their own. Three tracks of lo-fi jangle garage, almost coming off as a tougher cousin of the NODZZZ; it's pop with all the nasty bits left in. Only one tune from the CRACK PIPES but unlike tattoos it's all about quality not the quantity. Garage blues that don't hold back on the soul—boy, can this hairy bear sing. It's laid back without nodding off, even having a slight Krautrock vibe mixed in with some dirty ELMORE JAMES. The future looks bright. I'm digging. (SD)
(Sick Thoughts)

CONVULSIONS – "The Reaper's Gift" EP

This is an ugly downer of an EP. The songs are about people dying, hating life, that sort of thing. The opening track is a bass-powered funeral march with full-throated yelling. When the guitar cuts out I'm reminded of JUDAS ISCARIOT, with cyclical pounding and varying time signatures, but always pained and heavy. Sometimes they get a groove going, just to stop abruptly and then start up again. The B-side is more guitar-oriented, closer to damaged, heavy, angry '00s HC. This record grew on me like staph, check it out. (JM)
(Glory Kid)

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON – "Eater of Worlds" LP

This second release from this band is a vast improvement over their self-titled EP that came out in 2006. Woah—long time. The first thing that strikes me is that these tracks do not sound eager. Does that make sense? You can hear what has improved in the years gone by. It's still angry, but darker and more brooding. There are some slightly discordant sounds here that serve to build tension on the long intro on the first track, and unlike many bands of this style that follow the long intro code, the length here is no hindrance. The songs are melodic with the galloping guitars that we have come to expect from this style of crusty epic hardcore, and the vocals switch from higher-throated metal style to deeper growls. The most interesting moments are when the band incorporates some of the darker elements of post-punk and some slightly metallic stuff—listen to "Like Animals" (the best song on this record) to see what I mean… I don't think *Eater of Worlds* is for everyone and not every song is great, but if you like melodic crust with slight metallic leanings, but firmly rooted in punk, you should check this out. These dudes are doing something different within their genre. Interesting direction. (MB)
(Aborted Society)

CRABE – "Ero Gaki" CD

Wow. Somebody is obsessed with Skin Graft and Three One G. And possibly Touch & Go. And it's not me. PS: drawing of a girl eating phallic food on the cover alert! (MM)
(Signed by Force)

CRACK IN AUSTIN – "Motorglam with Leather Wings" CD

CRACK IN AUSTIN is not from Austin. They are from Spain. This isn't even relevant. I feel like I review this same CD every month or two. They are a bar-rock band that seems influenced by the MC5, NEW YORK DOLLS and the STOOGES, but they manage to weed out all of the danger and tension that made those bands great. You're just left with this boring cock-rock with dumb lyrics about zombies and getting laid. Sample lyric: "I'm gonna fuck you girl 'til you don't know where you are." OK. (GH)
(self-released)

CRISIS HOTLINES – "A.R.T.I.F.I.C.I.A.L" EP

There's a time and a place for pushing boundaries, and a time for taking what you know and making the goddamn best of it. These Texas kids ain't going to be winning prizes for pushing the envelope, but they got the SoCal dumb-punk vibe down pat. This shit sounds straight out of the ANGRY SAMOANS' songbook. You know: One part DEAD BOYS, one part RAMONES… simmer on low heat. It's more than decent, but I'm not sure I *need* this. (TB)
(Ken Rock)

THE CRUMBS – "Gator Kicks" LP

Hard-driven pop-punk from a band that has been peddling this sound for yonks. Pretty straightforward and predictable, sounding dated but not in a good way. As SNUFF said "win some, lose some." (SD)
(Livid Kicks)

DADS – "Hat Creek" EP

The title track of this EP turned me off at first. "Hat Creek" is just drugs pop, a genre that, between you and me, is straight-up boring at this point. However, the following two tracks are brilliant and frantic surf noise. Imagine the lovechild of URINALS and NO BABIES. I know. I'm always trying to facilitate coupling among various intergenerational bands, but is that not the stuff of life? Music? Fucking? Unattainable desires? I digress. It seems that DADS ordered the tracks on this EP in shame—palatable, boring pop-punk song before the real, spicy, bloody meat? What kind of wine goes with insincere pop-punk? Might I suggest

a lovely three-month-old vinegary Rosé. Smell it as it pours from the spout in its cardboard box. Swish the swill in your mouth. This could be your future… O youth! Do not be ashamed of your noisy, yucky, screamy blob song. It's a good one. (HD)
(Katorga Works)

DAG NASTY – "Dag with Shawn" LP

For a lot of people, just hearing the mention of the name DAG NASTY accompanies an echo of gag. Not this guy. Long before that whiney guy Peter, and even before the DYS idiot, the eventual SWIZ phlegm-hurler Shawn Brown fronted the DAG. And the results of this here recording session from Halloween of 1985—the only one with Shawn—were nothing but freaking fireworks. I don't even really know where to begin reviewing this without resorting to endless strings of positive adjectives to describe how "hard" this emo record is. One thing to note is that all of the songs here were re-recorded in the Smalley era, so you won't be hearing any *new* songs, but you will be hearing the *best* versions. There was a 12" and 7"-boxset version of this session released on Selfless a few exits back, but they left off "The Truth," "Thin Line" and "One to Two," so this is the definitive version. I don't know what else to say other than if you are curious where MINOR THREAT would have gone post *Salad Days*, look no further than this record, because this is where Brian Baker first took his chops and you can hear it in the tunes. A 100% recommended purchase, even if you have the previous issues. (JU)
(Dischord)

THE DANIEL JAMES GANG – "Nothing I Can Do" EP

What the fuck? Did the RIFFS reform under the name the DANIEL JAMES GANG? This new single from the latter reminds me *so* much of the incredible PDX punk band the RIFFS that it is silly… but that is *not* a bad thing at all as I *loved* the RIFFS! Granted that band were derivative of so many influences that perhaps the DANIEL JAMES GANG have never even heard of the RIFFS. Just think of great, snotty NYC-style punk/rock bands that all wish they were JOHNNY THUNDERS and you'll know what I'm talking about. Regardless I really, really like this single!! This is much better than that last 7" from the band, in my humble opinion. (ML)
(Lost Cat)

DEATH DEALERS – "Files of Atrocity" CD

I hate to sell a record on ex-members alone, so let me just say that this sounds a lot like EXTREME NOISE TERROR meets ANTI-CIMEX (wink, wink). Of course it's not as good as either band's top material, but for a project band it's pretty damn good. *Files of Atrocity* sounds a lot like the early-'90s D-beat revival/Scandi-crust stuff à la early SKITSYSTEM meets DISGUST. As one might expect from musicians who've been around this long and are used to having budgets and shit, this is an extremely clean recording with lots of overdubs, which doesn't really do much for me. That being said, it's not terribly overproduced overall, though the emphasis on guitars do bury the drums a bit (or maybe that's just me being a total fanboy and wanting Charlie's drumming to be the star of the show…). It's definitely not essential, but despite all the doom and gloom graphics and lyrics, it is a pretty fun recording by some punk, uh, "legends" jamming on some heavy fucking hardcore. One question though: Barney (from NAPALM DEATH) is credited with "percussion"? What gives? I don't hear no fuckin' timbales or extra cowbell or nothin'. (AU)
(MCR Company)

DEMINISHING DEVICE / SMD – split EP

This is a lot better than I thought it would be. SMD are yet another one of those bands who've been around forever—OK, 20 years, but that's close enough—that I've just never bothered to check out. I guess I'd always assumed I wouldn't like them based on cover art, image, etc… Stupid, I know, but with so many records coming out all the time, some of the good stuff is bound to get overlooked. I don't know what their other material is like, but the four songs on this split are great; fast, simple hardcore with thrash metal guitar leads. On the flipside is DEMINISHING DEVICE. I don't know why they have a misspelled word in their band name, but it fukking irks me. Beyond the prominent typo, the band plays solid, mid-paced crusty hardcore. The four songs they play here are good, but not great; their side of the split doesn't catch me the same way SMD's did. A solid release overall. (VX)
(King of Drunk, no info)

THE DERBY DOLLS / THE MALADROITS – split EP

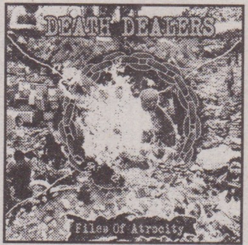
I've got to be honest, I saw this was another Euro release and I winced a bit. However, the DERBY DOLLS offered a weighty female lead vocal, wickedly tight bass playing and a song about cake that wasn't sickly in anyway. This proved to be a pleasant surprise. The MALADROITS side was less of surprise. Sounding like a German WIRE they left me pretty uninspired. (GG)
(Hans Magerlein / Keks aus Sheiße, no info)

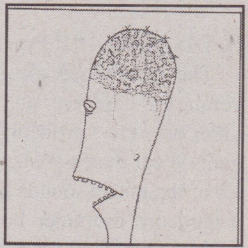
DFA – "Discography 2000-2004" CD

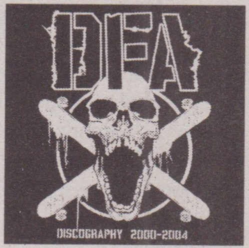
For some reason I never got into DFA when they were around, and after listening to this CD it kicks my dick in that I missed out. I must have been too busy hanging on the nuts of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, DS-13, CRUCIAL UNIT, VITAMIN X, SPAZZ and CHARLES BRONSON; these guys play great thrash punk that fans of those bands will most probably enjoy. Maybe I was going through an anti-Canada phase. Members of DFA went on to form POSER DISPOSER who are fucking great, as well as THRASHTIC FIBROSIS and REHASED (both of which I've heard good things but haven't seen live). There was a reunion tour in early 2010 and they played a fest just a couple months ago so if we're lucky this band will be doing some more shit soon. Pick this CD up and you can be a douchebag like me and pretend that you liked them all along when you are singing along at their next show. (BL)
(Unrest)

DIRECT CONTROL – "Bucktown Hardcore" LP

I'm not usually a fan of demo releases. Always feels like a cash-in. I can dig this, though. I like DIRECT CONTROL a lot in theory, but I feel they sometimes







oversaturate and their records kinda blend together. Top of the pile of the post Y2K thrash bands, this band keeps it fast and to the point. On this LP you have their first and second demos as well as comp tracks. The second makes the price of admission worth it—scorching USHC sounding like the ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT demo. If you are a fan, you have it. If you are just staring out…this really isn't a bad place to start!! (TB)
(Tankcrimes)

IL DISAGIO – "Il Prezzo Dell' Anima" CD

The newest release from this Italian band combines hardcore and D-beat crust into a killer blend that probably gets the fist-pumping, gang-vocal dudes at shows pretty jacked-up. A lot of the music sounds like a D-beat band with a hardcore drummer but on a few songs the guitars get melodic enough to evoke feelings of youth crew; when they throw in a breakdown I feel like jumping up into an elbow-throwing two-step. Because of the crust influence, the music is a little bit slow for my taste in straight-ahead hardcore, and my favorite song is the fairly blistering "Materialismo" which is only a thrashy 33 seconds long. About half the tracks are in English and I love the great cover art of a demon fighting its way out of the mouth of a werewolf. (BL)
(Hanged Man)

DO IT WITH MALICE – "The Burned-Over District" CD

Basically, anyone who picks up this magazine would be tormented like a prisoner at Abu Ghraib listening to less than one minute of this CD. It's like the worst haphazard Frankenstein of technical ska-core, LINKIN PARK-ish vocals and moments, semi-slick production with a randomly bleating horn section and noodling guitar solos over double-bass drum paddling. It's incredible that five people would unite to make this their vision *and* actually put their names on it. I can only imagine this is what happens if you put up a "Musicians Wanted" ad at Guitar Center, get a handful of reasonably talented musicians, and everything goes fine until the fights erupt for where the trombone part, their rap or a slap-bass solo goes, so you just end up making room for all of it. Aptly named band, funky breakdowns, funky beatdowns. It's like the scorched earth policy of music making, where everything is thrown in a jumble and it leaves nothing in its wake. Might work as pure shock and awe live, but recorded here, it's just shockingly awful. (KS)
(self-released)

THE DOWNTOWN STRUTS – "Sail the Seas Dry" CD EP

This Chicago group plays poppy street-punk with tinges of RANCID, SWINGIN' UTTERS, SMALLTOWN and even a little AGAINST ME. I even hear a little SOCIAL DISTORTION in the guitar playing. It's really well done for the style. The songwriting and lyrics are a step or two above average for the genre. Five songs on here, but I bet we'll be hearing more. (AM)
(self-released)

DRY FEET – "Philadelphia Beach" CD

Totally off mark on this… I was figuring some kinda friends-with-beards basement punk. Instead got slapped in the face by eight tracks in twelve minutes of epic, trashed out surf-punk. Super blown-out RIP-OFFS meets the PHANTOM SURFERS kinda deal, but younger and more DIY if that makes sense. The recording is perfect for this sound…lo-fi and echoey. Soundtrack for dreary winter. Surfs oppppp! Radical!! PS: If you google this, the band has it as a free download!! (TB)
(The Only Good Shoobie Is a Dead Shoobie, no contact)

DRY HUMP – "Culture Fuck Experience" EP

I'm really bored and turned off by "edgy" bands, which seem to be all the rage these days, and this one certainly fits the mold. The back cover, for instance, is that classic photo from the bombing of Hiroshima with cut-and-paste images placed on the heads of the screaming children such as Elvis, a Playboy bunny, etc. All of which is tasteless though not horrible, until you see that the naked little girl has a sticker over her parts that reads "previously enjoyed." Don't get me wrong; punk is about pushing boundaries, but this just pokes fun at human suffering—something I suspect most *MRR* readers will agree isn't cool. As for the music, well—it's good. The two songs on the first side are fairly generic early-'80s-style hardcore, but the noisy and frantic guitar leads really take it over the top in a distorted RAW POWER kinda way. Flip it over and you get an addictive, mid-paced, dirgey instrumental that brings to mind noise rock bands like maybe the JESUS LIZARD or something along those lines. That said, if you think you can overlook the art, then I suggest picking this up. (JH)
(Shogun)

EARSLAUGHTER – "Turn the Screws" EP

This is some fucking solid crusty hardcore that edges up to metallic without ever crossing the line. Since these guys are local, I've caught them a couple of times and I can totally vouch for the live show, too. Nothing groundbreaking, just slightly sloppy high-energy hardcore punk. Something, maybe the super raw vocals, brings to mind REMISSION but the tunes are more in the vein of classic mid-'90s East Coast bands like BRUTALLY FAMILIAR and DISTRAUGHT. The extremely metal artwork is a little misleading, but it does go well with the adorable pink and black vinyl. (AU)
(Manchild)

EARTHMEN & STRANGERS / FAR CORNERS – split EP

EARTHMEN & STRANGERS have a pleasant '80s sound. Minimal guitar notes emphasized with swooshing effects. The vocals are simply spoken in a voice that occasionally cracks. However the lyrics are cringe-inducing adolescent observations and since they are spoken you really get to hear what they are. That seems odd for a guy like Ryan Rousseau who has played in so many great bands and I would assume has passed his adolescence by now. Fortunately there are just a few lyrics so you mostly just get to enjoy the music. FAR CORNERS have more noise and speed in their tracks. Their sound is nice-enough punky garage but it seems too familiar. FAR CORNERS features ex-members of TURPENTINE BOTHERS and their second song, "Rate of Change," is by that band. (CK)
(Dirt Cult)

ESKAPO / ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND – split EP

An interesting split here that features two Filipino bands of sorts (one group, ESKAPO, is actually comprised of expatriates who now live in California) on a French label. With lyrics both in English and Tagalog, ESKAPO throws down four raging political hardcore tracks that border the crust punk category. This is not my thing so much, but a slightly faster and maybe not-quite-as-good BORN/DEAD sound comes to mind as a reference. My favorite of the two bands is ISUTKAS OVER DISNEYLAND, who plays catchy, upbeat political hardcore with elements of melody that sort of reminds me of the underrated band REVOLUCION X. All three tunes by these Filipino punks are in their native language, but English translations are provided to reveal views that go beyond the political. Aside from the good music put out by both bands, the Filipino punk perspective in the lyrics alone makes this worth the price of admission. (BG)
(Darbouka)

FIRESTARTER – "Saturday Night (Is the End of the World)/Rock'n'Roll People"

Fuck yeah!! This is brand fucking new material from the incredible Japanese power-pop/punk band FIRESTARTER!! For anyone who is *not* familiar with them, they the group that rose from the ashes of TEENGENERATE with Fink at the helm. FIRESTARTER is as fucking amazing a power-pop band as TEENGENERATE was an unbelievably awesome garage band. The A-side on this sounds like a way cooler version of the BAY

CITY ROLLERS if they were Japanese, and the B-side (after a bit of a plodding, melodramatic start) is an anthem of all anthems in the spirit of HOLLYWOOD BRATS or the BOYS. Overall, if I didn't see the year 2010 on the jacket, I would be hard-pressed to believe that this 7" wasn't from the '70s!!! (ML)
(Shit Sandwich)

GHAUST / PAZAHORA – split EP

Two absolutely crushing tunes from two amazing Southeast Asian bands. Indonesia's GHAUST offers up an epic melodic crust track…heavy, mesmerizing, and beautiful. Singapore's PAZAHORA plays a brand of crust that has been simultaneously embraced and eschewed by punks around the world, mostly because of the over-saturation of guitar leads courtesy of TRAGEDY via Sweden and bombastic recordings without meaningful songs. But even more than their previous releases, this PAZAHORA track is nothing if not meaningful. Several times during these six minutes, most notably when the vocals shout "Forever breaking all borders / Elevating the strength of thousands / Coming together as one march / I'm fucking dreaming… Change! Change! Change!" I feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up and I am totally inspired. This track is the total union of a brilliant song and a powerful message, and this is my favorite record this month. (WN)
(Diseased)

GERBIA – "Voue a l'Echec" CD

This is some pretty fast and crazy punk rock out of Quebec City. They seem to be a thrash band with a DEAD KENNEDYS influence. Kind of mediocre stuff. It's fast enough to get the kids to circle pit at a show, but isn't much to listen to on your home stereo. And I'm always skeptical when in the liner notes you see the band members wearing totally new and clean BLACK FLAG and BAD BRAINS shirts. It's like, did you buy that just for the photo shoot? (FS)
(self-released)

THE GORGONS – "Stuffed Delice" LP

The first recordings these French garagers have done in sixteen years. I guess every band really is getting back together. This album is a collection of '60s-style rockers. Though most songs have that familiar sound they are all originals. There are some up-tempo songs plus ballads with surf guitar and Hammond organ. The singer has a pleasant voice and sincere lyrics that seem heavily influenced by BILLY CHILDISH. It all sounds very nice. (CK)
(Demolition Derby)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE – "Boycott Stabb Complete Session" LP

Fucking *Make an Effort* 7" was the *shit*. "Teenager in a Box" made me want to *kill*. They got really lame later. Here's an official release on Dischord of the essential GI shit. Blah blah blah. All you kiddies who haven't sucked up to the man get a big ole 40 of malt liquor, paint some Xs on your paws and *fuck shit up!* (RO)
(Dischord)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE – "Boycott Stabb Complete Session" LP

A 21-song reissue of GOVERNMENT ISSUE's *Boycott Stabb* LP, this features the entire original LP on one side, and then eight unreleased takes, the killer version of "Religious Rip-Off" that was on *Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Vol. 1*, and a bluesy pisstake on the other. All of these B-side tracks were remixed by Ian MacKaye in 2010, and are largely re-recorded versions of most of the songs from *Legless Bull* and a few from *Make an Effort*, but are delivered with the same precision tightness that marked the band's turning point evolution on *Boycott Stabb*, so some of the tracks, like "Snubbing" (remixed from it's first appearance on the *20 Years of Dischord* box-set, worth the price of the record alone) and "No Rights," never sounded better. There's lots of in-studio banter to give it the same immediacy and youthful "we're making this up as we go" as the other early Dischord EPs, and this fantastic reissue demonstrates what a crucial piece of harDCore early GOVERNMENT ISSUE was before their later melodic evolution. Killer. (KS)
(Dischord)

GRUBBY THINGS – "Pictures" EP

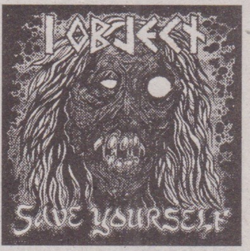
This is an interesting one. Musically, it's extremely catchy in a three-chord kind of way. It's good and solid in that respect. The vocals take it to a different level, but I'm not sure what the level is. There is no doubting that the vocalist is female. Slip on the 3D glasses provided inside the sleeve and have a look at the rear cover if you need proof. At times it sound like gravelly female vocals. Other times it's almost disturbing, sounding like a man trying to sound like a woman sounding like a man. I used to have a buddy that would get all flipped out by WAYNE NEWTON. This may be my WAYNE NEWTON. In the end, I think I kind of like it. (KK)
(self-released)

HARELIP – "Finger + Trigger + Brain = Boom" EP

New that sounds so goddamn old. This is serious Killed By Death worship mixed up with some early LA thug punk. It's newest equivalent is SHITTY LIMITS/WILD THING, oldest would be MIDDLE CLASS/ADOLESENTS. Four tunes all soaked in history. Originality is so overrated; a good tune screams way more volume. (SD)
(Ken Rock)

HOMO HOMINI LUPUS – "Without Us They Don't Exist" CD

Mixing elements of grind and hardcore with crusty death metal, this record is a little schizophrenic but comes out sounding pretty good. The name of the band is the old Latin saying "Man is a wolf to man," which I always thought was pretty metal. If listening to TERRORIZER with a hardcore influence sounds good then you might like this band. I do. HOMO HOMINI LUPUS is from Croatia but most of the songs are in English and lyrical content focuses on radical leftist politics. I don't know if this band is a bunch of punks playing metal styles but the lyrics point that way. My personal favorite song title is "The Only Church That Illuminates Is a Burning Church." (BL)
(DHP-AK47)



THE IGNORED – "Act Like You Care" CD

Decent melodic hardcore from Slovenia. With vocals in English, this sounds like a more hardcore STRIKE ANYWHERE or maybe SINKING SHIPS. Lots of opportunities to sing along and put your fist in the air here. I liked this, now where's my hoodie? (RL)
(Kickass)

INEPSY / TOXIC HOLOCAUST – split 12"

Normally I really don't have any use for splits where both bands cover each other's songs. What's the fuckin' point? This is a special case though. I actually was a huge fan of both bands' early material but have really kind of lost interest over the years, so a split where they cover old good songs has a great deal of appeal to me. Backhanded compliment? Of course. Still, it's a pretty rocking split. TOXIC HOLOCAUST does a killer straight cover of "Conspiracy World War III" without metalling it up too much, but INEPSY really kills it here with their cover of my absolute favorite TOXIC HOLOCAUST track "Hell on Earth." I think the "Hell on Earth" cover might be better than the original, probably because it's punked the fuck up. (AU)
(Tankcrimes / Unrest)

THE INJECTIONS – "Prison Walls/Lies"

Decent and amateurish early punk that sounds like if the TELEVISION PERSONALITIES were dumb American teens with a lesbian drummer. Not the greatest record in the recent batch of Last Laugh punk 45 reissues, but some of you virgins out there might get hard at the sight of this. (BB)
(Last Laugh)

INJECTIONS – "Prison Walls/Lies"

Another one from the Last Laugh repro blitz sporting a picture sleeve most mere mortals have only ever seen as a lo-res thumbnail on the internet. Between its immaculately crude sleeve "artwork" and its longtime reputation on want-lists, you'd expect an absolute monster. I still remember first laying my paws on a sleeveless original fifteen years ago, around the same time I was first acquiring EPs from ANTI-CIMEX and the DICKS, and let's just say the INJECTIONS lack the "punch" of most of their early punk classmates. Goddamnit, this is a *folk* record. Yes, it is the goddamned *greatest* folk-*punk* record ever waxed! While it's unlikely to bowl you over on the first few spins, give it a chance and I guarantee Lou Scum (RIP) and the boys will conjure a twisted grin for decades to come. Note: mastered from notoriously shoddy original vinyl, sounds as good as a $200 "Mint" original will. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

I OBJECT – "Save Yourself" EP

Since stumbling across them six or seven years ago, this band has been one of my favorite examples of how to do hardcore in the modern day. They still play mid-tempo, female-fronted hardcore that is both melodic and snarling but keeps evolving enough with each release that they don't make the same record over and over again. This EP features two new songs on the first side and a cover of the SCREAMERS' "In a Better World" on the flipside. The songs are a bit more technical than a lot of their earlier material, which often dulls a band's edge as members age, but here it makes for a more nuanced sound without compromising that raw punk harshness that sets I OBJECT apart from hardcore peers. The only bummer about this is that there are only two new songs. When I ran into Biff earlier this year he hinted that there was a lot of material already written and I was hoping for another LP. Well, I know y'all are busy with a million projects, but let's see some more records and a tour that takes you out here to the West Coast. (BL)
(Feral Kid)

KALASHNIKOV – "12 Temas" EP

Within a few seconds of putting this record on I was remembering I FICHISSIMI, an Italian band that I hadn't though about in roughly forever. Something about KALASHNIKOV's slightly melodic skate-core/hardcore style just totally reminded me of them. This does sound kind of Italian in the sense that it's got really aggressive vocals and the band has a willingness to do goofy experiments, like random acoustic breaks, that most others wouldn't necessarily try. This stuff is so loose and unhinged and it really sounds like they had fun in the studio. There are political lyrics, but the delivery is so infectious that it's never heavy-handed. *12 Temas* is a cool record and further proof that Spain has got it going on in the punk department. Major recessions may be bad for everyone else, but they sure seem to inspire some good fucking punk (for what it's worth). (AU)
(Tupa Tupa)

KAROSHI – "Ichi "LP

Blech, Bronx cheer, trombone/muted trumpet noise—all of these (hilarious) sound effects do a much better job of summing up this record than any words could. A more contemplative and emo REMAINS OF THE DAY. I know I'm not in the market for that, but someone is I'm sure. Oh cool, a cello, and now some double-bass drumming… (AH)
(Audio Rat Poisoning)

KITCHEN'S FLOOR – "Loneliness Is a Dirty Mattress" LP

I believe this is a vinyl issue of a CD that came out in 2009. *Loneliness…* is stark yet heavy music with the most aggro take on the Moe Tucker drum sound I can recall. The guitar is fuzzed out and the bass rattles all over the place, altogether it has a foreboding, relentless sound rather than genial indie shitgaze embarrassments. There seem to be a bunch of weird bedsit pop doom bands emerging from Australia's disgruntled youth. This has the dark, unearthly atmosphere of a GUN OUTFIT record, with a couple songs sounding like a creepier VASELINES towards the end of the second side. It's dispiriting, directionless, alienated music—a really basic-sounding non-AmRep dirge for those wanting to feel perturbed rather than comforted by their record collection. (LG)
(RIP Society / Bedroom Suck)

KNIFE FIGHT – "Isolated" EP

I've already listened to this a ton of times since it came out. What a killer record. Returning to more of a US hardcore foundation as opposed to the DISCHARGE influence so prevalent on *Crisis* (a good record in it's own right), this thing will have anyone with half a brain doing the Bionic Slam and smashing posers' faces in seconds. "Mass Hysteria" is one of the best songs I've heard in a while—just pummeling shit. No band comparisons or any of that shit needed, this is just a great hardcore record…you know what *hardcore* sounds like, right moron? Well it sounds like that, done perfectly, so buy it you fucking dip shit. (AH)
(Painkiller)

LEE VAN CLEEF – "Virgen Por Delante" EP

This is some fast and out-of-control Spanish pop-punk. Real fun stuff. It's somewhere between RAMONES, AVENGERS and the BANANAS. Simple three-chord songs with fuzzed-out guitars and lots of good hooks. This rules, and it's limited to 199 copies so act fast. (FS)
(Blondes Must Die)

THE LO-FI JERKHEADS – "In Your Stereo" EP

I heard the first song off this record a few weeks ago on *The Cherry Blossom Clinic* on WMFU and I immediately wanted it so I could play it over and over. I am that way. That was after only one listen. Now here it is. The song "In Your Stereo" has a catchy, repetitive, blown-out riff with vocals that are simply spoken though in a melodic way. The singer sounds like he may be French, but he may just be affecting the accent. I don't really care which it is. It sounds cool. The other songs get a bit more arty (in a good way) with lots of fuzz and drone and nonchalant vocals. This is fantastic. (CK)
(Black Gladiator)

LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER / RATOS DE PORÃO – split 10"

This is the first RATOS DE PORÃO split in 25 years! Their last one was a live release with CÓLERA in 1985. It's cool to see them do a split with a younger band, though LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER aren't actually that young, forming in '99 and having eleven or so records under their belt. RATOS deliver a furious blend of death/thrash and hardcore. Essentially they're playing the crossover they've been known for since the later '80s. This recording, however, is a bit higher-octane than their earlier thrash stuff. I guess it's just executed better, yet still full of punk attitude and energy. LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER increases the intensity with their D-beat-infused death grind. They divide vocal duties between a guttural vocalist and more of a screamer, which has never been a favorite style of mine, but the scream isn't a screech or squeal so it's tolerable. Actually, both vocalists independently sound good. The lyrics are all printed on an inner sleeve (fun reading, especially "Subsuelo?"), the vinyl is heavy and the layout looks nice. If you're into old-school-sounding crossover grind with a more modern production, this is a record for you. (DB)
(Six Weeks)

THE LOVE TRIANGLE – "Splendid Living" EP

OK, I'll just get it out of the way…the SHITTY LIMITS. There, had to be said. This is just how I like it: snotty nosed, to the point, jaunty and no dicking about punk in yer garage/overpriced pub in Hoxton. Either way, this is good and I get a reviewer copy—yay, it's (at the time of writing) Christmas! (GG)
(Dire)

MAD PIGS – "W.W.B.L.O." LP

If you're a sucker for a sweet-looking gatefold LP, Brno, Czech's MAD PIGS might get you. They play tough metallic hardcore on the faster side, kind of like CATWEAZLE with IRON MAIDEN leads and/or "woah-oh" sing-alongs. Overall the songs aren't great enough to demand repeated listens and the full, crisp production comes off a little sterile. Even on the better tracks they have trouble maintaining the intensity throughout the whole song. This is a decent LP for sure, but it could have been a great four song 7". If you saw these kids at the Yacht Club in their hometown, probably you'd be stoked and leave with a copy, but I believe you would reach for it less and less as the months went on. The lyrics are (mostly) in Czech; English translations are provided. (JM)
(Voltage)

MASOCHRIST – "Two Thousand Years of Pain" EP

Raw and sinister powerviolence assault from Pittsburgh. The dirges are crushing exercises in anticipation for a relief that is never coming, and the blasts are hollow attacks on work, life, and working through life. Mostly female vocals, an ultra raw buzzsaw recording, and a whole lot of hate make this a total winner. (WN)
(Give Praise)

THE MEASURE [SA] – "Notes" LP

I think this may be my third time reviewing a record by the MEASURE [SA] for various music zines, and this one may be the best yet. It sounds so focused and precise, but still rough and punk (in the pop vein). This record contains fourteen songs that are well thought out, intelligently written, and raise the bar on what more pop-punk bands should strive for. No fucking shit. Supposedly, this is the seventeenth (!!) MEASURE [SA] release, but only the second LP. I hope this is an indication that they will keep improving over time and blow our fucking minds in the future. If you are a fan of well-crafted punk with female/male vocals like PINK RAZORS or AMBITION MISSION, this is the record for you. (GH)
(No Idea)

MIDNITE SNAXXX – "Like Lightning/Giving Me the Business"

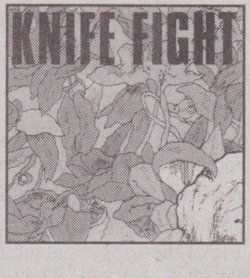
I think I'm in love all over again. Featuring names (Tina, Dulcinea, Renee) that will sound familiar to many, MIDNITE SNAXXX deliver the goods on this one-sided gem. Track one is mid-tempo, catchy as hell and equal parts punk, pop and rock'n'roll. They pick up the pace a bit on track two, but it doesn't lose any of the catchiness. Like most anything these folks have ever been involved with, this one is worth looking for. (KK)
(Raw Deluxe)

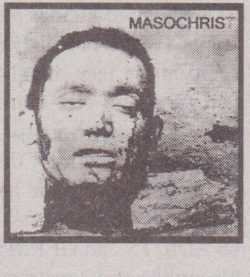
MORAL DECAY – "I Quit" CD

These guys are from Nashville and are apparently calling it quits after eight years. It's a shame because they strike me as a hometown band that many Nashville teens can credit for introducing them to punk/metal. These songs are full of the angst that comes from living off the East or West Coast, being somewhere in the middle, with a small, sort of shitty scene, lots of drugs and not a lot to do. It reeks of more emotion and authenticity than a lot of "cool" weirdo-raw-noise-dis-black-post-death-art-punk bands, but the emotion alone isn't enough. I feel it, but I'm not really feeling it, if you know what I mean. The songs are sort of sing-songy crust punk jams with a melodic streak of metal à la AT THE GATES or something thrown in there. The lyrics are about feeling fucked and using speed, the delivery convinces me the lyrics are based on personal experience. While I don't like the music much, I respect the band for using punk for one of its intended purposes: to rage. These dudes sound desperate and angry. RIP. (DB)
(Anti-Corporate)

MORALENS VÄKTARE – "Raka Rör" EP

There are a lot of shitty garage rock bands out there that try to imitate the sounds of the RIP-OFFS and others of that era with little or no success. It usually comes across sounding incredibly diluted and as wild as a Sunday morning round of golf. This is definitely not the case with Sweden's MORALENS VÄKTARE, who rocks the fuck out of four top-notch garage masterpieces. They bring back the feeling of the early Rip-Off Records sound without muddling around in nostalgic retro garbage. All four songs are incredibly energetic and the best garage rock I've heard in a long-ass time. Leave it to the Swedes to do this shit right. Unfortunately, I don't know what they are singing about. I hope they don't have totally fucked up politics. Good luck getting one of the 200 copies of this. (GH)
(Ken Rock)





MORGAN AND THE ORGAN DONORS – "Arrogant Man" EP

This is the perfect sound of late-night Olympia dance parties. It's like I'm back in Wildman James's living room at 3:00 AM and the WIPERS are blasting from the stereo and Michelle Noel is doing her weirdo push-through-the-crowd dance move (I'm pretty sure one of the songs is actually about this moment). This sounds like an ecstatic girl screaming along to the RAMONES with some sloppy CHUCK BERRY riffs thrown in. Or if NOVEMBER WITCH and DEAD MOON were playing a wild rock'n'roll beach party. The last song is more on the slow, wistful side but feels as just as much of a scream along as the others. Did I mention how rad Sara is as a rock'n'roll singer? (MM)
(self-released)

THE NAILHEADS – "People Killing People" CD

A CD of mixed messages, at first glance. The cover has a Sid Vicious punker type with a naked women (with a hole in her head and a dog-collar chain) at his feet, amongst some skulls. Pretty punk, I guess. Not quite *Smell the Glove* for sure. The back cover sports an adolescent with the band name proudly displayed on his studded denim jacket, with the head of the Sid Vicious dude—their logo, I guess—alongside the likes of the ADICTS and GERMS. Pretty punk, indeed. A comrade and coworker (a couple of decades my junior, who grew up in small town Northern California) picked up the CD and immediately said, looking at the cover and band logo (at this point, we still hadn't played the disc, let alone cracked open the CD package), "This is a Christian punk band." "Surely not," I replied. So, we opened it (well, wouldn't you?), and I said, "No way." Look, the band is wearing RAMONES and COCKSPARRER shirts. "They're definitely Christian punks" he responded, "I bet there's not a single swear word in the lyrics." He was, of course, absolutely right. Plus lots of songs about finding the right path, and the truth and whatnot. And right enough, the main singer/songwriter thanks Jesus. Which is a good enough reason to trash it. Definitely makes me feel old. And duped, by these insidious Christians, burrowing away into the punk scene like malevolent parasites. I'm not going to bother reviewing the music. First, obviously, God doesn't rock. And he's not punk. But even if he did rock (and some of those massed choral arrangements are pretty uplifting), these guys are not Catholic Anarchists. No "kingdom of god is within you" types. No liberation theology. So fuck 'em. You wouldn't defend Nazi bands by saying, well, y'know, their music was OK. Fuck 'em. And their Jesus. It was Judas that preached resistance to the Roman tyranny. Now that's punk. (RK)
(Nailheads – somewhere between heaven and hell, presumably. Wankers)

NATURAL LAW – "Hand and Foot" EP

Another killer hardcore band out of Brooklyn. I missed out on their demo, so I don't know how it compares, but on this record NATURAL LAW has a claustrophobic, trapped sound and their songs are abrasive yet melodic, often short, and end too soon for how good they are. It's relatively unique, but maybe imagine the latter half of the FAITH's side of the FAITH/VOID split via the present-day Brooklyn scene, a few years out of Glover Park/Georgetown and in the concrete jungle, to get an idea. I believe a member of NOMOS pulls double duty in this band, which I could be wrong about, but the two are contemporaries nonetheless. This record seriously rules, and it's one of the few I've ever reviewed for *MRR* that I wish was longer. Please do an LP. (DG)
(Katorga Works)

NERVOUS SYSTEM – "Bombs Away" EP

This six-track EP from Finland's NERVOUS SYSTEM treads the line between '80s-style hardcore (it's fast and raw) and punk rock (but also garagy and catchy). Good snotty vocalist, and the opening track kicks off with a real blast. Sick. Great cover art, too. (CS)
(Ratbite / Several Casualties)

NITAD – "Den Gudomliga Världen" EP

Here's a new release from these Swedish punks. I first heard them a few years ago when someone gave me their demo tape on tour somewhere in Europe. I recall it being a great mixture of catchy punk and simple hardcore à la ZERO BOYS or something along those lines. Three 7"s later, their songs are still catchy and well-written, but the sound is darker and heavier, the pace is slowed down quite a bit and the structures are generally more complex. In fact, the third track is the only song that really rages in a thrash-y hardcore way (and it's a good one, too). This is a good and well-written record and it will undoubtedly appeal to anyone who dug the previous releases on Deranged and No Way. But I think the earlier NITAD was more fun. (JH)
(De:Nihil)

NO RESISTANCE / SSSP – split EP

Pet peeves about records: 1) 7"s that do not specify the rotation speed. 2) Records that have totally ambiguous labels on them. 3) Worst of all, records with ambiguous labels *and* no indication of the rotation speed!! And to make matters worse, the ambiguous labels on this 7" are backwards, so unless they were trying to be clever, this only confuses matters even more... Regardless of my petty peeves, let's talk about the music! I inadvertently listened to the NO RESISTANCE side first, and was pleasantly surprised! The music was fast and catchy with a cool fuzzy distortion on all the instruments and even the vocals had a little bit of a buzz to them. The onesheet included a comparison to the MISFITS, which I surprisingly agree with—just a more street-punk kind of MISFITS!! That left the SSSP side to listen to next and unfortunately I don't have much good to say about this one. If you're a really, really big fan of NYC hardcore bands like WARZONE or SHEER TERROR or KILL YOUR IDOLS, then I can only assume that you will like this, but to me this stuff is redundant and uninteresting, especially the tired old choice of covering "Someone's Gonna Die Tonight" by BLITZ. C'mon guys, the BLITZ wrote a *ton* of other killer songs that haven't already been covered to death!! (ML)
(Koi)

NORMALS – "Almost Ready" EP

Last Laugh is at it again with their steady stream of KBD 7" near-exact reissues. The NORMALS is straight-up poppy punk rock with one of the heaviest dual guitar punk assaults waxed circa 1978. Both sides are immediately catchy, and it's been a top wantlist staple worldwide for years. Extra points for naming a song "Hardcore" in 1978, who'da thunk it possible in New Orleans? In case you're wondering, originals have a flimsy paper pocket sleeve vs. this with a shiny cardstock sleeve, and keep your eyes peeled for the tiny "Last Laugh Records" logo on the near exact repro labels on the reissue. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE – "Legacy" EP

One of my biggest criticisms with straight edge is that it's too easy for a sixteen-year-old kid to sing about being free of coping devices such as alcohol or weed; and all those songs about friends going their own way—dude, you're a teenager and that's fucking life! On the other hand, though, when a straight edge band is comprised of older people who've been around the block a few times, such as ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE, then the meaning within the words becomes more heartfelt and authentic. One killer track on this EP, for example, is called "The Balance" and deals with juggling life's responsibilities and obligations with staying punk and being a kid inside. Another track, "Fade Away," is a reflection on all the people who've come and gone and move with the trends instead of staying true to their convictions. Cool shit. Musically the band plays excellent old-school straight edge that falls in the realm of 97A, BEYOND and POWERHOUSE (the Florida one on New Age Records, not the later crossover band from Oakland). Most of the ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE is comprised of members of EXPIRED YOUTH, and even though the *Where We Stand* album was pretty awesome, ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE is a little faster and edgier and maybe a bit better. (BG)
(Third Party)

ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES – "Who Really Cares, What Really Lasts" LP

Second full-lengther I've reviewed by these Irish lads and once again it's a one-two punch to the ribs. Super heavy, downtuned hardcore not unlike FROM ASHES RISE but with a little more variety than that band, taking in elements of ENDSTAND and—dare I say it?—COMEBACK KID. I'd like this lot much more they just fuckin' raged. This time, they have plenty of that, but there's an added sheen to it, an almost emo element that I can't quite shake. The echo-y reggae breakdown in one song is pretty raw, too. I can see this LP be being their "breakout" record. There's so much of this that I love, but the other parts make me feel icky. (TB)
(Lock Jaw)

O. REX – "My Head's in '73" 2xCD

"Brooklyn Proto-Punk 1973-1976." Gulcher continues the seemingly endless '70s lo-fi reissue stream of 2010 with this intensive double-CD anthology. O. REX was the earliest incarnation from the highly prolific '70s DIY legend Kenne Highland, who'd round out the '70s in Indiana with the GIZMOS, teaming up with the Brothers Gruberger (Jay was 12 years old in 1973!), who'd later end up in DC forming AFRIKA KORPS. But O. REX demonstrated a whole different world of hurt in those formative mid-'70s years; hear them spend both discs banging out that elusive transition from VELVET UNDERGROUND to the RAMONES. This is as painful as lo-fi gets, with them bashing in the basement with brief flashes of primitive blues spangle. Like most of these types of raw recordings coming to light lately, just a few years ago they would've been deemed unlistenable garbage cast off into oblivion. Thankfully people are finally coming around and polishing off the turds to discover, yes, there is something valuable in them after all. If you're buying this for their "hits," you'll have to make it halfway through disc two before they start. Until then there is nothing remotely conventional about this "music." Great, and while I love vinyl, this is prolly not the place to use it. There are 43 songs. Many of them are *looooooong*! (GB)
(Gulcher)

OUTLOOK – "No Purpose" EP

I just saw these kids in a packed basement with bad acoustics where I was standing and did not get a good idea of what they sounded like. I should have been up front. This band features a lot of things that I like in hardcore and mixes them together in a way that doesn't sound like every other stereotypical mid-tempo hardcore band. The music is strongly driven by solid guitar work with lots of changes and a few tricky lead-ish parts, but sometimes also fades out for bass and drums to do their own thing on intros and breakdowns. Despite the fashionable misanthropic nihilism pervading the scene these days, I found the earnest lyrical content refreshing. Even better are the liner notes that explain the politics behind the songs. After reading these I felt a bit inspired to stick it to the man more proactively. Good job, you got to me. (BL)
(self-released)

PARASYTIC – "Poison Minds" LP

This is the second PARASYTIC record. I enjoyed the last one quite a bit. *Poison Minds* follows in the same vein as the last but sounds even thrashier. They make me think of old crust bands that went thrash (viz. AGONY, ANNIHILATED, CRY OF TERROR). Aesthetically PARASYTIC are (obviously) reminiscent of a band like HELLSHOCK, but where HELLSHOCK mostly invokes SACRILEGE, PARASYTIC invokes *Extreme Aggression*-era KREATOR. They have an occasional MOTÖRHEAD flare and other moments (like "Uprise") that recall *Scandinavian Jawbreaker*-era ANTI-CIMEX. One thing I love is how they incorporate moody, classic sounding and melodic (but not cheesy) crust passages. The vocals, drumming, guitar playing—it's all solid. The songs are pretty catchy and well-written, especially "Uprise" (love that chorus—"rise, rise!"). The riffs are all sick but sometimes—I hate to say it—they engage in a little excess riffage and things might get a little thrown out of focus. But this is a minor flaw, if it's a flaw at all. Totally rock-solid metallic crust offering. PARASYTIC stands alongside HELLSHOCK as metal-crust titans. (DB)
(Vex)

PERKELE – "Punk Rock Army" EP

Man. I really love this band, so I'm a bit biased for sure, but I'll try to be as impartial as much as possible here... To kick off the A-side of this new 7" from Sweden's top street-punk band you get the soon-to-be anthem "Punk Rock Army." After you get past the slightly unnecessary epic intro there is a great MOTÖRHEAD-esque riff that leads into a killer song that sounds like it could have been on the seminal *Fuck the '90s, This Is Our Noise* album by OXYMORON!! This is not exactly what I expected from PERKELE, but it is fucking great!! The first song on the B-side is a little more along the lines of your standard PERKELE song with guitar hooks and catchy gang vocal choruses that you will want to sing along to while pumping your fist in the air. But the real gem on the B-side is an acoustic, country version of the ultra-classic PERKELE song "Heart Full of Pride" that you could almost imagine JOHNNY CASH singing. If you are a PERKELE fan at all, you will want this 7" for this last song alone!! (ML)
(Oi! The Boat)

PENIS FLY TRAP – "Triple Suicide" CD

This is the third record from this Massachusetts band, although the songs seem to have been recorded in the mid-'90s. It's upbeat and punchy, but not poppy or melodic like SCREECHING WEASEL or anything like that. In fact, had this been recorded on a crappy four-track in the '70s or early '80s, the best songs on here would have made decent cuts on a *Killed By Death* comp. On the downside, a few of these tracks are either way too long or filled with unnecessary guitar wanking. At 31 songs altogether, this is definitely too much for just about anyone, let alone a casual listener like myself. (JH)
(self-released)

LA PLEBE – "Brazo en Brazo" LP

If you had to categorize LA PLEBE in a musical subgenre, they would probably be qualified as a ska band. But they are just as much of ska band as OPERATION IVY was. Sure, they have a two-member horn section, but they are a far cry from typical ska. Underneath the brass,

they are a driving pop-punk band, playing fast as hell with soaring melodies. The songs are rich with hooks, and most feature gang vocals on the chorus. They all live here in San Francisco but, most of their songs are sung in their native Spanish language, and it's mostly political subject matter. The bilingual lyric sheet is super helpful, not to mention inspiring. Around here it seems most people think of LA PLEBE as a guilty pleasure, because ska just isn't that cool to like. But man, if you give yourself over to it, it's undeniable that these jams are super fun. Not just fun, but relevant and important too. And their live shows are a madhouse. Lots of people letting the skeletons come out of the closet, and those skeletons are going fucking nuts. It's a treat. (FS)
(Koolarrow)

POISON PLANET – "Oblivious" EP

If Nick Baran had sent me my copy of this 7" when I ordered it from him back in September of 2009, or if Third Party had any sort of decent distribution so that their records could be easily sought out in distros and record stores, this wouldn't be my first time hearing this. I feel like being straight and alert should be a means to the end of getting your records to the fans and distros that want them, especially since a lot of his more recent stuff has been top fucking notch, and the punks need to take back the edge. Although POISON PLANET's demo was considerably better than this 7", it's still a generally solid record that combines the musical aesthetics of "meat and potatoes" early '80s hardcore with youth crew buildups/breakdowns and song structures, with the vocals falling somewhere between these two. There's also a fair amount of obviously overdubbed, sometimes dissonant guitar leads that add an extra layer to the sound. The buildups are often too extended and I feel like the band rides on a lot of the riffs long enough that it kills the momentum, but these things probably work well in a live setting for a band as mosh-friendly as this. POISON PLANET seriously needs to come to the Bay Area with DURESS, but given that sobriety is almost non-existent in the area, I'd be pleased to watch them play some shitty hipster party where they would be provided the opportunity to knock Four Lokos out of people's hands. (DG)
(Third Party)

PUNK FLOID – "Underground" CD

Ah bless.... Once every couple of months I get a CD from the Czech Republic, Russia or somewhere with a totally mangled name. PUNK FLOID??? Okayyyyy. Jesus. It's like Eastern Bloc NOFX complete with sing-along choruses and faux ska parts. If that's your steez, go ahead. Me? I think this *suuuccccckkkks*. (TB)
(Punk Floid)

PUSHER – "Our Beloved City of the Dead" CD

Malaysian quartet (performing with flawless English, needless to say) that can't quite decide whether they want to be '77 (think SWELL MAPS and GANG OF FOUR) or OPERATION IVY. Other than an initial horrendous and weird radio cut-up track, the brew actually works. Lots of melody along with the jagged rhythms, raging like a less produced *Give 'Em Enough Rope*-era CLASH against the ever international evils of greed, apathy, materialism and conformity. Well worth repeated spins. Well, I guess you don't really spin CDs (though then again, they are discs!), but I've revisited this (skipping the first track) several times. (RK)
(Knot)

PYROKLAST / WARTORN – split LP

Is it me or have WARTORN changed? These tracks are much longer and more epic than their earlier records (as far as I recall) and frankly, kind of a lot better. The acoustic break is tragically cliché, but the songs themselves are some really quality epi-crust with killer gutteral backing vocals that contrast well with clean hardcore vocals and some great riffage. Seems like they might have picked up a STORMCROW/stench-core influence along the way, and it suits them very well. PYROKLAST has a definite POISON IDEA influence, but with less rock and a bit more modern crust in the sound. Not bad, but I'd pick this up based on the strength of the WARTORN side. (AU)
(Profane Existence / Sysdumb / Offensive Media / Despotic / Crimes Against Humanity / Deskontento)

RADIO SAIGON – "Another Time" EP

The first single from multinational garage act RADIO SAIGON (a Yank, a Chliean, and two Danes, according to the press release). Three songs of reverby, bluesy meth rock that is a little lean on punk edge; A little GUN CLUB, a little '60s garage noodling. The sound is raw and slightly blown-out, which adds to the charm. Not bad: I like the lyrics more than anything else. (AM)
(Bad Afro)

REPTILE HOUSE – "I Stumble as the Crow Flies" EP

This was my first exposure to REPTILE HOUSE, rather shameful for a dude who thinks himself a fan of most (if not all) things LUNGFISH related. REPTILE HOUSE's 1985 EP escaped me until I was assigned the recent reissue from our friends at Dischord...and consider me floored. Featuring Daniel Strasser (later Daniel Higgs) on vocals (and later including LUNGFISH guitarist Asa Osborne), REPTILE HOUSE built a bridge between the hardcore that DC is well known for and the slower, emotional explosion that is often attributed in large part to RITES OF SPRING. This is the first step down a mellower path that ends organically with LUNGFISH's recorded work, but on its own, *I Stumble as the Crow Flies* is simply an earnest mid-tempo punk record coated liberally in goth guitar leads and '80s catchy new wave sensibilities...like DC punks who gravitated towards SISTERS OF MERCY and DEATH CULT. As a rule, I don't include reissues in my monthly top ten list, but if I did... (WN)
(Dischord)

REYNOLDS FAMILY – "Merry Christmas" EP

So apparently, according to the insert, this 7" is meant to be a musical Christmas card that the REYNOLDS FAMILY is sending out to their family and friends. I'm glad we here at *MRR* are among their list of close friends. Kind of embarrassed we didn't invite them to our year-end party. But it really is a three-song single made by a young couple and their two young children. Well, technically two songs—one track is just a recording of one of the kids talking about a turkey sandwich. The songs are really simple punk, and I think the lyrics are written by the children. It sounds a lot like the ROLLING SCABS. I'm sure most of you don't know who the ROLLING SCABS were—a Bay Area band in the late '80s whose members were like 12 or 13 years old. They wrote cool songs about hating their teachers and stuff. This has the same vibe. It's actually pretty fantastic. (FS)
(Central District)

RKL – "Come on the Waters Fine" 2xCD+DVD

A double live CD recorded 2004 and 2005 at the sad but gone Pound. And before I forget, a live DVD. This bored my skin-tight pants clean off me, if you're a sad ol' fucker who still thinks chain wallets, Dickies pants and checkered Vans are the coolest thing since Fonzy gave the double thumbs up, then your pathetic tastebuds will love this steamy turd. I really need a shower after listening to that. (SD)
(Malt Soda)

LAS ROBERTAS – "Cry Out Loud" LP

Cry Out Loud comes to us from the Costa Rican girls in LAS ROBERTAS by way of San Diego's Art Fag Recordings. The album starts with "History Is Done" and does well for establishing the distorted pop, multi-female harmonies so many people have found agreeable in the last couple years. This standout on the LP speeds along with some fury similar to BOYRACER or the PRIMITIVES meeting up for a drink with the KINKS. But, for however great it peddles along, the rest of the tracks seem to unambitiously skulk around

the strength of this one's achievement, albeit all good, solid garage tones held down. Nice little melodies peer through in "Ballroom" and "Back to the End" chimes with an education in early BEATLES. Though the majority of the songs left me waiting around for a compelling chorus three minutes in, *Cry Out Loud* obliges head-nods and an effort to see them on their upcoming US tour. I expect the trial run LP could be at last birthed for the girls and leave them wide open to turn out a more unique pop-blitz next time around. (JS)
(Art Fag)

ROUGH KIDS – "Into the '00s/So Sophisticated"
LA sounding like Portland? I can dig. These cats come off a lot like the OBSERVERS (R.I.P.), AUTISTIC YOUTH and in some ways the WIPERS or some dark-ass KBD biz.... Thoughtful, dark, yet poppy tuneful punk. This shit zips by, leaving fools wanting more. The Rough Records rip-off of the old UK label Raw is cute, too. Feeling it. (TB)
(Rough)

SAME SEX DICTATOR – "From Beneath You It Devours" LP
SAME SEX DICTATOR is a sort of dark prog-rock two-piece (bass, drums and some synth) from the fine city of Seattle, WA. This eight-song, 41-minute LP is ominous, destructive, spaced-out and heavy as hell. Imagine if KING CRIMSON had discovered hardcore and powerviolence, or if MAN IS THE BASTARD decided to tone it down a little bit. I can imagine that this LP would be even better if I lived in a city where it rained eight months out of the year and I liked to hang out in my room while smoking hella fuckin' weed. They get extra points with me for naming their album after a *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode. Good work! (GH)
(Longway)

SAM ZA DNAR – CD
I am an admitted sucker (an occasional apologist) for Eastern European punk and hardcore, but this longrunning Slovenian band has produced 45 minutes of bland bar rock that sounds like a watered-down version ofsomething that wasn't all that interesting to begin with. Kinda goofy, kinda rock'n'roll…just kinda boring. (WN)
(Subkulturni Azil)

SAVAGE BREWTALITY – "The Last Slice" LP
Goddamn. I'm not sure if there has ever been a more unnecessary record. Actually, scratch that—there definitely has, but this sure does come close. This is akin to spoof bands such as GOOD CLEAN FUN or IN DEFENCE, but more for the Fat Wreck Chords/No Idea set. Let's see—on the list of subjects being covered in these songs we have nachos, pizza, beer, *Full House*, The Fest (which now happens to be a label, too—what the fuck?), blah, blah, fuck this shit. (BD)
(Fest)

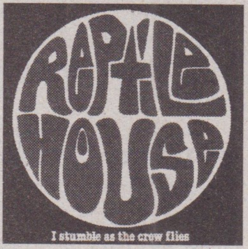
SCORPION VS. TARANTULA – "She Goes Hard" CD
This is hard rock with a female lead singer. The vocalist L. Hotshot can really belt it out. She has one of those deep, hard-drinking-and-smoking voices. It's like JOAN JETT without the punk influence. Unfortunately those types of voices drive me crazy. I'll be the first to admit that she's talented and all, I just don't like listening to it. The music is your basic rock—heavy riffs and guitar solos—but it is just there as background to the singing. The band also features Jay Bennett formerly of the CHINESE MILLIONAIRES. (CK)
(self-released)

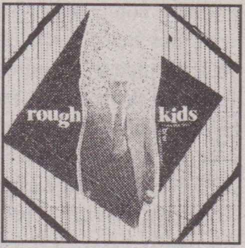
SCREECHING WEASEL – "Television City Dream" CD
I'm not well versed in later-era SCREECHING WEASEL, so having never heard this 1998 record before I was pleasantly surprised to find Ben and Co. still peddling variations of the sound they perfected on *My Brain Hurts*. Sometimes you want artistic progression, and sometimes you want 20 tracks of that familiar nasally whine over RAMONES chord progressions and tempos. The production's a little slicker, the delivery's a little less inspired, but I'll be damned if I don't find myself humming along in no time. Gotta admit that Mr. Weasel can pen a pop-punk tune. The lyrical content is somewhat lacking though, with one track about how shitty it is when your punk band gets popular (boo-hoo), one with the words "so what if we're on Fat Mike's record label," and one about how horrible some band's MTV video is (a clear case of sour grapes). Regardless, I'd definitely recommend this to veteran WEASEL fans—and this reissue includes five outtakes not included on the original release. Oh yeah, apparently there's a new album coming out soon…wonder how many songs will be about how great the Tea Party is? (CS)
(Fat Wreck)

SERIOUS TRACERS – "Attack of Technology" EP
My God, the first song of the seven on this EP is a note-for-note rip-off of the third song on the first HUMAN EYE LP (I think it's called "Me and My Baby"). The exact same herky-jerky rhythm followed by a pause then a catchy (well, catchy in HUMAN EYE's case, boring here) straightforward chorus. The rest of the EP ranges from bearable to embarrassing depending on the song. Must feel weird to be a living xerox. (BB)
(Sick Thought)

SHIVA AND THE DEADMEN – "In a Cave/Cold and Stoned"
Unexpectedly charming, these Krauts sound like the UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND got really drunk, in a slightly melancholy, yet sweet way and struck up an incoherent conversation with an equally tossed GREG CARTWRIGHT. Together they sit, sharing woes in a low-lit, smoky and damp-smelling bar until a woman walks in. Instantly attention grabbing, she jars the peace with a sloppy sense of urgency. Her name is the URINALS… OK, sorry guys, this review is not actually written by Charles Willeford... But, I guess what I'm trying to say is I like this 7". It is quite good. (GG)
(Nasty Product)

SICK-FUCKIN-O – "Sex Cell$" EP
OK, so here's one where I'll break my own rule about ex-members because Ian and VOORHEES fuckin' rule





and you ought to know that this is Ian's new band. This isn't far from the bloodstained strain of SIEGE-meets-NEGATIVE-FX-meets-INFEST sound that VOORHEES mined, though SICK-FUCKIN-O has a bit more of an emphasis on the mid-tempo groove/mosh and a bit more diversity in the songwriting. This is a powerful in-out-and-over EP that leaves me wishing that I had more, which is never a bad thing. If you like INFEST (and you fuckin' better like INFEST!) you will definitely enjoy this record, though the weird psychosexual S&M artwork may be a bit off-putting at first. Whatever, I'm not judging. (AU)
(RSR)

SIN LOGICA – "Riff in Peace" EP

So, a band with a Spanish name (meaning "without logic") from Switzerland. Go figure. Guess this isn't their first trip around the block as far as recording. Opens with some total cock-rock wailing guitars. There are some half-assed political songs about saving the environment with the heart wrenching lyrics "Rare birds will disappear, breeding animals will flee in fear / So there are no more clear waters, to fix the shit they'll have some others." OK, I can't hide it. This *blows*. Really metal guitars; I'm an old-ass dirt bag hessher but I ain't feeling it. The song "Suisa" is probably the best. Thanks for the free copy. I'll use it as a coaster for my big-ass aluminum beer can that's ruining the environment. (RO)
(Rinderherz)

SLT – "Gone Dead Gone" CD

Sounds like Iggy Pop got bored, decided to emulate Mark E. Smith a little bit, but only managed to sound more bored. Totally dull. (MM)
(Earring)

SOBER DAZE – "No Brainz, No Headache" CD

I dunno, mebbe it's just my age, but songs (not to mention band names) about alcohol has gotten, well…a little old. And tired. Fortunately, amongst the paens to various beverages, this quartet does mix in a little disdain for the government, and nationalism, and a couple of other things that its probably best not to like. Musically, they remind me a lot of an early NOFX—i.e. when they were snotty, but not particularly funny, and not particularly good. But, of course, NOFX matured rather finely, musically and otherwise, and there's glimmers herein to suggest that these chaps might just improve similarly, if they stick at it. (RK)
(Dazed)

SPAZZ – "Crush Kill Destroy" LP

A world in which SPAZZ LPs are out of print is a world where resources are mis-distributed! 625 has gifted us with this reissue of their final full-length, so it's gone from being on the bassist's label to being on the drummer's. SPAZZ is undoubtedly one of the greatest fast hardcore bands of all time. What they did (which so few can) is play songs where they barely stick with any riff or idea for longer than [snaps fingers], yet they're insanely catchy. NO COMMENT doing the HICKEY LP is what I'm saying. They're also famous for having goofy and awesome lyrics, delivered by three vocalists trading off. This LP also has the best samples ever. Compared to the first time around, the lyric sheet has some different photos and slightly changed layout; the lyrics are easier to read. I do prefer the sound on the original—it's not a big difference, but this one is a little dulled, maybe from being on piss-yellow vinyl instead of black. To summarize, SPAZZ fucking rules and this is their best record. (JM)
(625)

THE SPRAINS – "Imitate Art" CD

Pop-punk circa 1994 à la MR T EXPERIENCE, the QUEERS and first-LP PROPAGHANDI. A local band that's all about the "stupid" punk. Probably a fun time live. This is a better listen than the song titles would lead you to think. A quirky, tight release. (RL)
(Cheapskate)

SQRM – "White Saints" EP

This Mass band plays a brand of caustic, oil-soaked noise rock with a hardcore twist. The two originals on the A-side have a nasty swagger that a lot of others doing this sound miss out on. The tempo is almost always slower-to-mid-paced with a random blast thrown in here or there. The B-side is a cover of "White Rabbit." This is a great trashy EP and is apparently a single for the upcoming record on Youth Attack. (GB)
(Abscess)

THE STALINS OF SOUND – "Bread and Circuses" EP

This is like DEVO and RANCID's embarrassing baby. It's like '90s pop-punk with a shitty drum machine and shitty rhyme-y lyrics barked out in a shitty pseudo-tuff growl. I'm literally sitting here and glaring at the record. (MM)
(Volar)

STALWART SONGS – "Burn Daylights Like Torches" LP

A three-piece from Calgary, Canada, playing '90s-style post-hardcore. There are some DC stylings, maybe a little AMBER INN and TWELVE HOUR TURN. But it never really takes off. There's just not enough variety or energy to sustain interest over ten songs. The guitar is jangly, the songs are mostly mid-paced and the vocals are mostly monotone. Take the two or three best songs and you'd have a decent EP. (MD)
(Revolution Winter)

THE STEREO STATE – "Caffeine, Beer and Quoting Movies" EP

Four dudes from Massachusetts. Gray vinyl. Some songs are fast pop-punk not unlike LIFETIME; the slower ones have a touch of SAMIAM. They sound good, the playing is excellent and I can imagine that live they have a lot of energy and really bring it. But still… there's something missing. It's like spaghetti and tomato sauce. It'll fill you up, but wouldn't it be better with some oregano and garlic, maybe some parmesan cheese or some hot peppers to really spice things up? The STEREO STATE needs that little extra spice to set them apart part from all the other melodic pop-punk bands out there. (MD)
(Neutral Territory)

SUFFERING MIND – LP

Spaztic, fast and brutal grindcore from Poland. I'd heard a couple of their 7"s and dug them, but this full-length blew me away. The band is really tight yet at the same time the music is not polished. They remind me a bit of GRIDE. Wait, did they just slow down in the middle of a track? Only for a few seconds, now we're back to blistering fast. The last song on the record is one of the longest and is a slow grind. I like the track but I think they put it on the album because you're going to need a rest after listening to this. Love that the lyrics come in both Polish and English. I can't get over how good this record is. (MH)
(625)

SWINGIN' UTTERS – "Taking the Long Way" EP

I actually had the chance to see SWINGIN' UTTERS live for the first time a few months ago and contrary to my apprehension that they might suck now so many years after their halcyon days, they were actually really good! But then again, they were playing a ton of classic old songs, which were easy to get into… So when I saw a new 7" EP from them I had the same doubts about whether or not this would be any good. Well, I'm happy to report that I am again not disappointed! This stuff doesn't quite measure up to the best of the UTTERS' back-catalog, but for longtime fans of the band, this is well worth picking up if for no other reason than for the title track "Taking the Long Way," by far the best of the three songs… (ML)
(Far Wreck)

SYSTEMATIC DEATH – "Systema Seven" EP

Total rampage! A fantastic four-song return to form. Pure classic riveting SYSTEMA:

throttling drums, yelped vocals and charging choruses over their direct, fast-paced hardcore chassis. While recalling this Yokohama band's '80s material, it's delivered in a more full and modern recording and given just enough musical tweaks (without altering the formula) that this record is distinct from even their other recent, killer releases. Combined with a great cover by Sugi and interesting lyrics, it all lends this EP an even more triumphant feeling of continuation and update, opposed to a static reminder of the past. Awesome. (KS)
(Armageddon Label)

TEENAGE MOODS – "Sugar Band" EP

Well, *Sugar Band* just about sums this one up. Melodic guy/girl vocals, basic rock riffs and mid-tempo drumming make this one sugary sweet record. All of you kids out there eating up all the recent rock'n'roll revival bands will love this. (BD)
(Salvaged Productions, no info available)

THALIDOMIDE – "Brainwash" LP

Deceptively packaged in a solid, plain yellow cover (à la FLIPPER), this veteran Czech punk band's debut crams much into two sides of an LP. Traditional melodic Eastern European hardcore, modern-ish spins on classic American hardcore along the lines of KID DYNAMITE or something similar, twisted covers of the DEAD KENNEDYS and FLIPPER, a cover of classic Czech band KRITCKA SITUACE, piano interludes, an overload of punk, perv, and BLACK FLAG's *Everything Went Black* side four samples. While this chaotic mash-up has a frenetic energy in and of itself, maybe the band itself gets buried in the process, despite great fast parts. Solid lyrics in English and in Czech and stellar '90s-ish sing-alongs. A large, full-color snippet booklet has a similar cut-and-paste aesthetic, and everything swirls chaotically out of focus. (KS)
(Rapidas Grabaciones)

TWO BIT DEZPERADOS – LP

Based in Sardinia (off the coast of Italy) and with a Brasilian singer, TWO BIT DEZPERADOS have as diverse an amalgamation of nationalities as they do influences. Following a single on their own label, Shit Music for Shit People, their self-titled LP shambles along with both a peppy '60s re-imagining of the Brazilian Tropicalia movement à la OS MUTANTES done up with a bit more grit and grease, and also very generic early-'00s post-STROKES guitar blasts inflicted by major parts of the world suffering musical jet-lag. If you're looking for driving punk, this wouldn't be the place to pull the car over—the LP swings along with a little of everything until it feels like you've been tricked into a Rock album, the capital-lettered genre accustomed to selling beer or sports cars. I use that comparison a lot, but I really just can't see what else you'd do to this music besides pour beer on your buddies' heads and give the girl across the pool table a real *knowing look of possibility*. These guys clearly practice like six times a week and so I can't rag on them too hard for being so good that I lost interest immediately. (JS)
(JeetKune)

UNKO ATAMA – "Another Creature" CD

A local band doing the RAMONES worship thing. This actually sounds pretty good as the vocals are very Joey-esque. This is a full-length of originals that sound just like RAMONES songs. A quality quasi-tribute band. (RL)
(self-released)

UP! SCUMBAG – "Reality TV Casualty" CD

An uneven release here that has its moments. This band from Indiana sounds a lot like STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. But not *Inflammable Material*—more like the *Go for It* and *Now and Then* LPs. There're some decent songs and covers here as the material is better than this band's prior releases. (RL)
(self-released)

VACCINE – "Human Hatred" EP

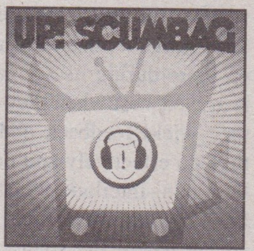
There are very few current US straight edge bands that don't make me embarrassed to identify myself as straight edge: COKE BUST, NO TOLERANCE, SICK FIX, BLOODTYPE, DURESS, NOOSE... it's a short list. One name that definitely belongs is VACCINE. If you've been paying any attention you probably already own this. If this one passed you by somehow, you should remedy that...and quickly. It's noisy, nasty, aggressive and belligerent: all the things straight edge hardcore should be. VACCINE tosses the saccharine "all in this together" youth crew sentimentality out the door, replaces it with pure fukking hate, a strong sense of self-superiority and unbridled misanthropy. None of that "positive" bullshit, just a series of violent rants against everything worth despising: religion, addiction, government, human weakness. "Hollow faces / Empty heads / Humans are vile / Succumb to this / Rotten existence / There is no excuse / Minds are diseased / Addicted by nature / Humans are / The worst fucking failure." (VX)
(Painkiller)

VEINES – "Bourgeois Standard" LP

Wow. This one is pretty cool. Sung almost entirely in French, it's got it all for me. It's catchy, it's mid-tempo, it's interesting and it's got many facets. And, it is old skewl punk rock. This will be spending a lot of time on my turntable. Very cool. (KK)
(Demolition Derby)

VICTIMS FAMILY – "White Bread Blues" LP

I used to have a lot of time for VICTIMS FAMILY, although this isn't my favorite record of theirs. *Things I Hate to Admit* takes that honor, although their Peel session is the best thing I ever heard by them. It's been a really long time since I listened to any of their stuff. They took the jazzy post-punk of bands like MINUTEMEN and NOMEANSNO and paired it with the wackiness of PRIMUS and the metallic funk of RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS to come up with a sound that probably shouldn't have existed. Now when I think of this band all I can think of is Larry's weird-shaped bass and that they made the world safe for Les Claypool and probably Buckethead as well, and paved the way for emotional funk-metal. Oh, and musical chops? They had them. There's a lot of hot-dogging on this record. I bet the bass player in my band was *waaaay* into them. I constantly have to ask him to play



fewer notes. This particular re-release marks the 20th anniversary of the original album (although we must be approaching the 25th anniversary of the band), and comes with a booklet of extensive liner notes and reminiscences, flyers and photos (for the fans). I will say this: though it's definitely an artifact of a specific time and place, the record has stood the test of time. The thrashier, more hardcore songs that I remember as the highlights are still good songs. Coming next month: a deluxe retrospective double-vinyl 24-7 SPYZ discography. (AM)
(Saint Rose)

WHITE GUILT – LP

It's starting to hit me that whenever people start talking about "late-'00s hardcore" at whatever point down the road, this could very well be the sound/aesthetic they'll be describing. When I was flipping through the review bin and saw the stark, caption-less '50s-era photo of a happy man, woman and kids on a black background, I had a hunch that this might be the WHITE GUILT record I'd been assigned for review, which was confirmed when I flipped it over and saw their name in lowercase Old English letters. When I pulled the LP out of the black dust sleeve and put it on, the raw, static-y, trebly hardcore with a delay effect on the vocals wasn't too much of a surprise. I'm a fan of noisy, trebly hardcore with cool effects on vocals, and the soundscape they create is awesome, but the real test is whether the songs are memorable, and I'd say these songs are halfway there. This record picks up more during its second half, and this band is at their best when they slow down and when they wield feedback and guitar noise (which they do effectively and non-gratuitously), with the mini-interludes/"instrumental" moments breaking up what could be the sameness of an LP where the songs might otherwise blur together. It's good while it's playing, and I'd be into seeing them live, but not a lot of it sticks with me when the record is over. (DG)
(Video Disease)

WILD DÖGS – "No Logo" EP

A somewhat unique-sounding punk/hardcore band from Madrid, Spain. What makes it that is the guitar sound—it's fuzzy and somewhat heavy yet they play a fairly straightforward, medium-paced style with slight rock'n'roll leanings. "Esperando Que el Ultimo Calga" is a good example of a rock'n'roll riff in a punk sound. The female vocals are the highlight—her screaming stands out and the female/female tradeoff vocals rule. I couldn't tell for sure but this looks like the band's first release, and it's a good start. (MH)
(Crust as Fuck / Ratas Del Extraradio / Máis Alá / Proukouskaya / etc.)

ZOND – LP

We have got some wall-of-sound shoegaze happening on this LP. We have weak and super-delay-and-reverb-affected vocals. We have a smooth and pretentious production quality on par with every SONIC YOUTH album after *Dirty*, complete with various field-recording-style samples. We have another LP that would have been tolerable but for its interminable length. (HD)
(RIP Society)

V/A – "6 x 2 x 12" LP

It took mere seconds for my razor-sharp powers of deduction to figure out that the title referred to the fact that this is a compilation of six bands on two sides of a twelve-inch. Elementary, my dear Watson. The subtext is that three of the bands are from Canada, the other three from the USA (San Diego to be geographically specific). All six share a loose affiliation with the term "post-punk" but the diversity on display here defies any attempt to paint all the groups with the same sonic brush. From dark and brooding doomcore (O VOIDS) to pummeling noise (ALE MANIA) to DEVO-esque mutoid rock (BEATERS), many bases are covered. If it's a competition (and let's face it, what isn't?) I have to say the Canadians take the top two places on the podium with the SHARP ENDS' stabbing shards of noise and the DEFEKTORS scratchy DIY sounds, while Team USA gets the bronze for SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY's glum bedroom BUNNYMEN shambles. Good stuff all round though. (AM)
(Volar)

V/A – "Fat Music Vol. 7: Harder, Fatter and Louder!" LP

The folks over at Fat have been doing their thing for what, like 25 years or so? I can't knock on what they've done *too* much. After all, besides GREEN DAY and the early/mid-'90s Lookout bands, Fat was my go-to when I was getting into punk. Thankfully, growing up in Minneapolis, there were bands like DILLINGER FOUR (who just happen to have made their way onto Fat…funny the way things work—read on), MAN AFRAID or CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE to help me get into a more broad spectrum of punk. I guess we all need a jumping-off point. Anyway, there are 22 bands here, most of them of the newer crop of Fat bands such as DILLINGER FOUR, DEAD TO ME, COBRA SKULLS, SMOKE OR FIRE, TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET, and BANNER PILOT. There are also a slew of old vets here as well: NOFX, SWINGIN' UTTERS, GOOD RIDDANCE, STRUNG OUT and NO USE FOR A NAME, among others. (BD)
(Fat Wreck)

V/A – "Fat Music Vol. 7: Harder, Fatter and Louder!" CD

A comp from Fat, which is pretty much a sampler considering this only has one track exclusive to this release. So the roster is represented by SWINGIN' UTTERS, NOFX, BANNER PILOT and many other labelmates. A few more exclusive tracks besides NO USE FOR A NAME's true cover of "Dream Police" would have made this more interesting in this age of being able to hear a band's songs on the net. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

V/A – "FM-BX Society Tape" LP

A reissue of a tape compilation with some Scottish and Belgian punkers circa 1980. UNIT 4 is the best thing on here—all-girl Belgian post-punkers that remind me of the PETTICOATS and ANIMALS AND MEN in the most exciting manner. More post-SLITS post-punk discoveries! The DELTA 5 feel is undeniable but this is so much more lo-fi and, um…more interesting than anything DELTA 5 ever did. Less relentless and regimented and *muso*, with the imagination and freedom that those Rough Trade/West London girl bands opened up for female punkers worldwide… It's so fucking cool that a band as amazing as this one emerges out of the woodwork! The TOPPLERS from Scotland somehow sound like LUNGFISH playing FALL songs, i.e. totally weird and primal and repetitive post-punk. Their tracks are split up over the two sides of the record, which is sort of weird. The songs on side two are almost like a mod rocker FIRE ENGINES! ISOLATION WARD has a FAMILY FODDER synth-punk art school dance party style that will make you wanna trade your bullet belt for an asymmetric hairstyle and Jackson Pollock-ed outfit. Dual female vocals with heavy Belgian accents! Chirpy synths! This is what the future looked like to squatter art school girls in 1980… In short, this is an essential purchase. (LG)
(SS)

V/A – "Fuck Rock" LP

Well-deserved release of this "lost" compilation (should've come out on 10" in 1991) from the first generation of ABC No Rio bands. That's right—rare or unreleased tracks from RORSCHACH, CITIZENS ARREST, BORN AGAINST, GO!, HUASIPUNGO, WARNING (ex-NAUSEA) and more! That should be enough for most folks, right? As an added bonus, *Fuck Rock* comes with an insert featuring reminiscences from some of the original ABC crew (plus some fucking awesome photos)… This resonated a lot with me as a former volunteer at the space for the majority of my six years living in NYC. Long live ABC No Rio and NYHC! Includes the 25th anniversary issue of Wales' venerable *Artcore* fanzine. (CS)
(Artcore / Boss Tuneage)

V/A – "El Garito Café Vol. 1" EP

Not much information to be had about this record, but it appears to be a compilation of bands associated with a café in or near Mallorca. The bands are CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS, BULLETS, LOS MALDITOS and MURDER IN THE BARN. CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS are a little on the metallic punk side, riffing in a MOTÖRHEAD style although the vocals are decidedly less gruff. BULLETS' sound is filtered somewhere between STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and the CLASH. LOS MALDITOS reminded me of the MONOMEN with their surfy twang, and MURDER IN THE BARN is channeling early SOCIAL DISTORTION. A cross-section of various punky styles then, representing what seems to be a vibrant scene. (AM)
(Munster)

V/A – "The New Hope" 2xLP

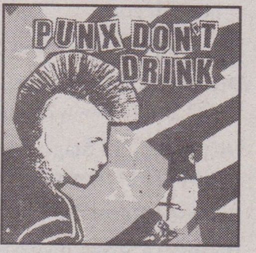
I saw an ad for this reissue a couple issues ago, and I've been anticipating it ever since. Featuring ZERO DEFEX, the OFFBEATS, STARVATION ARMY and a bunch more, *The New Hope* was originally released in 1983 and was the Cleveland/Akron scene's entry in the early '80s regional comp sweepstakes. On first go 'round it's kinda a blur of lo-fi garage thrash—many of the bands shared members so there's a good deal of stylistic overlap—but careful listens reveal some quality material: the GUNS' FLAG-influenced hardcore (somebody needs to put out their unreleased LP!), SPIKE IN VAIN's discordant blasts, AGITATED's straightforward, buzzsaw thrash (a personal favorite—check out their Smog Veil CD), PPG's lurching mid-tempo dirges. For this re-release, Smog Veil has included an entire second LP's worth of outtakes, plus *additional* stuff available as a free digital download (if you're that way inclined). It's a little bit too much for one sitting, but is a must for fans of obscure '80s USHC shit. Comes on fancy colored vinyl and limited to 500 copies… (CS)
(Smog Veil)

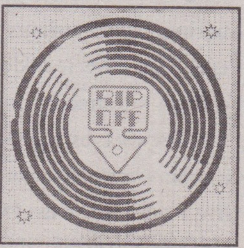
V/A – "Punx Don't Drink" EP

Right from the starting gun this comp is quite awesome. The first band here, POISON PLANET opens with a song called "The Victim," which bears a postscript on the lyric sheet that reads, "Drugs and alcohol taken willingly do not make you any less culpable for your actions." Right fucking on. I see my opportunity, and I'm taking it… This is such a simple concept to grasp, yet since we live in a world where everyone is "victimized" and "targeted" at a seemingly constant rate that excuses like "I was fucked up," or "I was drunk," have become just another acceptable reason to be late, reason why you ended up in the hospital, reason why you were unfairly targeted, reason why you started a fight, the reason why you crashed your bike, or worse, killed someone with your car. There have become so many "outs" to responsibility that actually carrying on as an actual human being has taken a back seat to finding a way to pull a fast one. This is nowhere more apparent than in the punk scene. Living in the Bay Area you see the (many) downsides of what happens when our little "progressive bubble" in which we live *enables* such a voluntary and careless abuse of self-control to somehow convince an entire forward-thinking local culture to believe it's "just the way it is." At this point, I should mention that I am *not* edge, and in fact, drinking a beer right this very second, so this isn't some sort of straight edge or various "–ist" type of rant, I just understand the concept of responsibility and realize that *I'm not the only person that lives on this fucking planet*, which a lot of people can't fucking grasp. And to me that is what straight edge is really about—the ability to separate responsibilities from habits and to not embrace this "victimization" as some sort of cultural lighthouse to guide your life by and realize that your actions are just that—*your* actions—and to separate yourself from that mentality. I'm tired of paying for *your* mistakes with my time, with my money and with my patience. These concepts simply require the ability to *use your fucking head*, and we *all* need to remember that. Which, in a perfect world is why we are the fucking punx! Some are born to be mules, some generals, some sheep, but no matter who you are, in the end beliefs are beliefs, and if you actually have them and you hold true to them, you have a leg up on most people. Holy fucking *tangent*! On to the music… As one might expect, the majority of the tunes on here are classic fast hardcore with a few crewsh breakdowns here and there. The four bands that split this 7" are POISON PLANET, whom I already mentioned (and they drop some serious rippage), BOILING OVER, COLD SHOULDER and COKE BUST. All four seriously deliver angry tunes that have great fast parts and great mid-paced rogering, but COLD SHOULDER stands out most to me and are the fastest band on this comp. The inner sleeve boasts that this is the "new face and attitude of straight edge," and I'm really glad it is. Ripping tunes. (JU)
(Third Party)

V/A – "Rip-Off Records" LP

I have been infatuated with Ulster punk for the past 20 years or so. Some of my all-time favorite bands (RUDI, UNDERTONES, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS) come from there, so this LP was a real treat. Rip-Off Records was, for some unknown reason, pretty much unknown outside of Ulster. I have spent years trying to track these discs down at a reasonable price and haven't been able to. While Good Vibrations and bands like RUDI and the OUTCASTS are household names, the Rip-Off roster is super obscure even though the tuneage is just as killer. All of the tracks on here are from '78/'79 and it's all killer, no filler. As with a lot of Northern Irish punk, this falls more into the power-pop category for the most part with even a nudge of NWOBHM (NO SWEAT in particular). The majority of the tracks come from 7"s on Rip-Off with a few unreleased gems… most notably the MINOR CLASSICS who are *greeeeeattttt!!!* I have been waiting forever to hear PRETTY BOY FLOYD AND THE GEMS and I wasn't disappointed!! Fantastic buzzsaw pop… perfect. Other bands featured: CRAMP, NO SWEAT, ZIPPS, TINOPENERS, CLIVE CULBERTSON, LENNY AND THE LAWBREAKERS and the FADERS. This LP is one of the best comps I have heard in years; as always Sing Sing does the business. Nice. (TB)
(Sing Sing)





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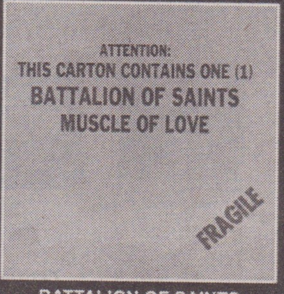

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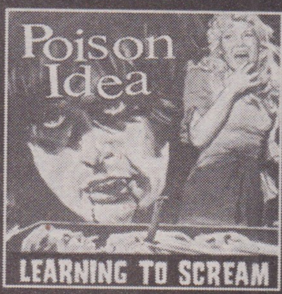

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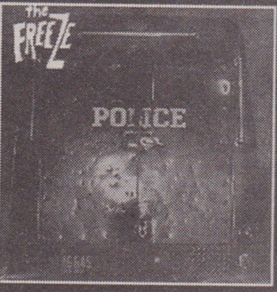

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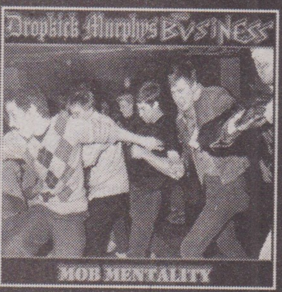

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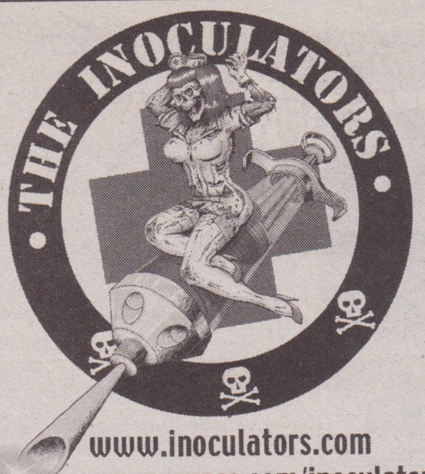

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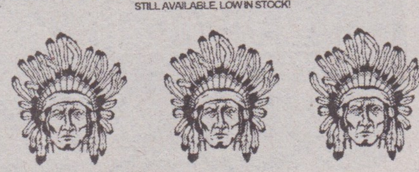

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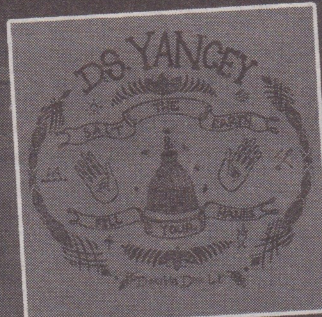

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Dan Goetz, Brad Lambert, Liz Panella and xYosefx.

1981 – '80s UK political punk imagery gives way to reveal a band that plays an angular, melodic post punk that wears those politics on it's sleeve instead of eschewing ideals for catchy choruses. I keep trying to think of a word other than "mature" to describe this... but that's the one I keep coming back to. Great songs, clean sharp guitars and vocals that lean more towards pretty and harsh... pretty f'n brilliant. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o J-P Kinnunen, Läntinen Pitkäk 19as.18, 20100 Turku FINLAND, passingbells@hotmail.com)

ABORTO SOCIAL – Raw and rudimentary D-beat sung in Spanish, this posthumous cassette compiling two demos, an unreleased session and a chaotic live set from ABORTO SOCIAL, who called it quits in 2007. The first demo has an urgent and awkward pace and a lo-fi recording that resembles old Spanish punk (MG-15 and DESTRUCCION are both given the treatment here), and then the second demo launches into the high end hiss and distortion that has made noisy raw D-beat all the rage amongst raw punks on at least five continents. (Robert) (30-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/abortosocial)

ASADACHI – Here's a raw punk tape from Lexington, the recording quality is the opposite of polished and the band is the opposite of sophisticated. This is what I grew up believing punk rock is: fast, honest, raw, emotional, intense, and pissed. If you're wondering, the band's name is Japanese slang for morning wood. The music is pretty simple most of the time with a bit of a Japanese hardcore influence a la CONFUSE and some ripping guitar work every once in a while. These guys are on to something. (Brad) (4-song tape, lyrics included, providedrailroad@gmail.com, www.myspace.com/asadachihc)

BELLIES – Discordant and jerky guitar/drums post punk that sits somewhere between arty weird '80s UK stuff and stripped down '90s riot grrl stylings. Multiple vocals tend to come across as another instrument. Vague musical shits from Bristol, atonal but pretty at the same time. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, milkrecords.bigcartel.com, myspace.com/hungrybellies)

CALLOUS – I picked this up from Pennsylvania fastcore duo BACKSLIDER when they were out west to play IN DISGUST's last show in November. One of those dudes is in this band. This tape features four songs of unrelenting downtuned sludge with just a taste of grinding hardcore; think a faster GRIEF or EYEHATEGOD without the southern blues influences, add a bit of DESPISE YOU to the mix, and you've pretty much hit the nail on the head. Highly recommended. (xYosefx) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd from Blastcat, circlepitlove@yahoo.com)

CAPTIVES – After reading the little "about the band"-type blurb that this Cincinnati hardcore act included with their tape I got my hopes up pretty high. CAPTIVES feature ex-members of BLACK DOVE, TUMORFEAST, FUCKED FOR LIFE, and PARALYZER, as well as a current member of WHITE WALLS. I'm familiar in passing with a few of those bands, but BLACK DOVE's demo and LP are juts blisteringly powerful stuff. Unfortunately for me, this is just not on the same level. Pretty basic, at times rocking, straightforward hardcore/punk in the crustier vein. Good, just not *great*. (xYosefx) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Eric, 1014 Bandanna Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45238, captivespunk.blogspot.com, captivescaptives@gmail.com)

CHEMICAL THREAT – Super basic DIY street punkish hardcore from the UK. I'm not the biggest fan of the genre but the music is rooted in influences like AGNOSTIC FRONT, 86 MENTALITY, and SICK OF IT ALL but mostly simpler and stripped down with lyrics that repeat a lot. I wanted to see how old these guys are because I found them cutely earnest and it reminded me of a day when I wasn't a jaded old overexposed misanthropic smarmy asshole yet, so I went to their MySpace page. They have tattoos so they aren't kids and there are a few videos of them playing a set under flashing lights that ends with a BLACK FLAG cover. I kinda want to see this band, they have me interested. (Brad) (13-song CDr-R, lyrics included, $5 ppd, Ben Adams, 82 Ivy Road, St. Denys, Southampton, Hampshire, SO17 2JD, boadams@sky.com, www.myspace.com/thechemicalthreat)

CHEST PAIN – This tape, I believe, collects all of the output to date of this semi-prolific Texan powerviolence battalion. The songs from the demo are definitely on here, and I think the songs from the 7" and split 7" are too; after the 23 studio tracks you'll find a full live set recorded just this past August. I like this band, and they're pretty damn good live, but when the vocals slow down it kind of ruins it for me; the semi-spoken bits are kind of painful. Not that any of this matters, though, as this tape was limited to 100 copies and is sold out from the label. (xYosefx) (23-plus-song cassette, no lyrics included, Kills You Records, 2212 Falcon Hill Dr., Austin, TX 78745, killsyourecords.com)

CONDENSED FLESH – This band doesn't sound anything like VOID. Just wanted to put that out there from the outset to avoid any confusion here. So, what do they sound like, then? The vocals sound a lot like Casey's from NEVER HEALED, which is to say they sound a lot like black metal vox. The music veers between parts that mix a bouncy Oi!-ish rhythm section with subdued metal guitar, parts that marry punk elements to a rudimentary black metal sound, and a stripped down metallic sludge with open E-chord chugging. This is really quite good, definitely worth ordering from the band. Recommended. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd US or $8 ppd world from CJ Halldorson, 56 Summer St., Dover, NH 03829, cjhalldorson@mail.plymouth.edu, myspace.com/condensedflesh/nh)

CUTTING LOSSES – Crushing hardcore from Austin. NEGATIVE APPROACH style anger, gratuitous use of breakdowns, and only subtle hints of knuckleheaded machismo. Their 2008 demo is included as well, and it would appear that CUTTING LOSSES are stepping away from their bro-core approach and into a more hardcore realm...this is a move that suits them well, though they play the meathead HC pretty fucking well too. Powerful as shit, I like. (12-song cassette, lyrics included, cuttinglosses.wordpress.com)

DEVIATED SEPTUMS – Frantic hardcore with a singer who kinda sounds like the dude from BGK. If no one told me this was new, I would guess mid '80s from Virginia or North Carolina or somewhere that metal seeped into the punk but didn't kill it. I'll put this in the "excellent jams" pile. (Robert) (6-song CDrr, no lyrics, 1409 Hillside Ave., BSMT, Victoria, BC V8T 2B6 CANADA)

DIET COKEHEADS – I've liked this band's records, and this tape release is no different. Hip and (almost) pretentious reverb drenched dirges with male/female vocals alternating shrieks. Musical blips and whirrs throughout the recording add to the monotonous bashing of drums and the low-end rumble from the bass. Elements of '90s heavy proto-grunge mingle with modern fashionable takes on noise rock and then the whole thing is tweaked beyond recognition. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics,

c/o Vinyl Rites, PO Box 924, Gainesville, FL 32602, www.vinylrites.net)

THE DIONYSIANS – Lo-fi and dreamy garage rock from Phoenix. Like dusty boots shuffling through a cloud of reverb and weed. I can't tell if they are ironic boots (which would make this some kind of retro hipster dark wave retro trash) or well worn genuine boots (which would make this some kind of desert baked DEAD MOON), but the result is pleasing to the ears nonetheless. (Robert) (15-song cassette, no lyrics, c/o Joe Martin 357 E. Catalina Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85012, thedionysiansphx@gmail.com)

DISEMBALLERINA – Some people have a strong opinion about this so I'm going to say first off that this is an instrumental "classical crust" band with instruments you'd find in an orchestra not a punk basement. This band is an acoustic three-piece with guitar, cello, harp and viola. I find this style often done badly but DISEMBALLERINA belongs on the other side of the fence. The music is slow, dark and melancholy in the vein of funereal doom. The band is acoustic but there is plenty of echoing reverb on the recording that helps give it a darker feel especially when they let notes drone on a bit. I am curious about what this band would sound like with a drummer. I'm guessing a doomed out HEX, which would be awesome. The songs are long (the shortest one is five minutes) and the CDr comes with a large patch. (Brad) (5-song CDr-R, no lyrics needed, $5 ppd, 6521 N. Kerby Ave., Portland, OR 97217, www.myspace.com/disemballerina)

THE DROUGHTS – Dreary, atonal, reverb heavy, and intentionally out of tune. It's like shoegazing VELVET UNDERGROUND style introspective rock played through a FLIPPER filter. This is either painful or genius, but to their credit I think I'm about to listen again to find out. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, www.thedroughtsmusic.com)

FOUND DEAD IN TRUNK - East Coast buzzsaw horror punk in the timeless tradition of MISFITS, early GG and the hundreds of bands born in the garage and weaned on scary movies, power chords and beer. Good stuff. (Robert) (8-song CDr, no lyrics, $4 ppd from: 187 McClintock St., New Britain, CT 06053)

THE GIFT - Looking at the artwork, I thought I was in for some cold wave shits, especially when the vocalist is also handling the "dark arts" duties. I was wrong. First it's a noisy and chaotic version of HOLE with wailing female vocals...and then THE GIFT turn into some howling pedestrian black metal oddity, and then they truly start sounding weird. Most of the tape is slow and creeping and self indulgent, but by the third song I was completely sucked in, if only by the vocals - which are perfect for the music even though they kinda have no business anywhere near it (does that make sense? it was meant as a compliment). Dark and unusual - hat's off for not sounding like anything I've ever heard... (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, thegiftdc@gmail.com)

HARI LEGS – Awesome, travel/perzine-ready pop-punk that's somewhere between the Midwest and Bay Area styles, though maybe slightly faster and more folk-influenced, with dreamy female vocals that are more elongated than the music. When this band inevitably makes their way down the coast from Vancouver, I will be up front and dancing my ass off, unless they came through and I missed them, in which case it's my loss. (Dan) (8-song cassette, no lyrics included, 1342 E. Georgia, Vancouver, BCV5L 2A8, Canada)

HOUNDS AND HARLOTS – This band's name and logo (key crossed with a dagger) are ridiculous, musically the seems like the kind of band that would open for a high profile pop-punk band (OFF WITH THEIR HEADS is on Epitaph now, so there you go), and The Google tells me that they played the Warped Tour locally. However, these songs have momentarily drawn me in with their huge hooks, catchy melodies, and lyrics about traveling and persistence. We'll see how I feel when I wake up tomorrow morning. (Dan) (3-song CDr, lyrics included, www.houndsandharlots.com

HYSTERICS – I'm guessing that the four girls that make up this Olympia band reared themselves on a steady diet of equal parts youth crew and top-shelf early '80s hardcore, but decided that they mostly prefer the latter. These songs have a primitive, loose quality to them, which may partially have to do with the drums being fairly boomy and prominent in the recording, and they're played not totally at top speed, but they've been growing on me the more I listen to them. The vocals seem more shouted than yelled, with occasional sarcastic, disaffected, or irate moments in order to emphasize something, and her vocal phrasings in particular work well over the music. Songwriting deficiencies often come out when bands like this attempt to write slower songs, but they nail it with "Sunk," which rides on two great moody riffs that channel a similar feeling as JERRY'S KIDS' "Raise the Curtain," and has been stuck in my head all day. The lyric sheet has a drawing of four used tampons arranged like the BLACK FLAG bars, and they also cover LIMP WRIST's "Cruising at the Show," which is funny and awesome for reasons that will unfortunately go over most of your heads. Seriously, more pissed off girls need to draft dodge the craft revolution, ditch the Etsy accounts and grandma getups, and start raging bands instead. Really excited to see what HYSTERICS does next. (Dan) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, hystericsoly@gmail.com)

IN DEBT – This band comes from the same Olympia hardcore scene as HYSTERICS, but while HYSTERICS emphasize the non-youth crew side of things on their demo, IN DEBT take somewhat of an opposite approach, bringing early '80s hardcore influences to their modern hardcore sound (to clarify, there's no metalcore or melodramatic nonsense here). The intro leaves the feeling that this tape could end up being great or horrible, but it ends up sounding unusually fresh, tight, energetic, and steers completely clear of played-out riffs. The vocals are piercing and have just the right amount of angst, and the recording sounds like an overproduced hardcore record dubbed to tape and played through failing boombox speakers at top volume, which rules. Go to oursound.net and order this, along with the HYSTERICS demo, immediately. (Dan) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, indebt@oursound.net, oursound.net/indebt)

JOINT DAMAGE – I know it's getting rather trite to refer to things as "raw hardcore," since lately the term gets thrown around like dirty words on a construction site...but these North Carolina rippers certainly fit the bill. Hardcore songs delivered with a raw garage punk sound, everything pegged in the red and super mean sounding even while the songs are catchy. Imagine that LIVE FAST DIE band playing SSD covers and making them suitable for Crypt Records fans. And yeah, JOINT DAMAGE pull that shit off. Rules. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, disdisdistort.com)

LITTLEBUNNYRABBIT? – I keep wanting to call this a screamo band but I was brought up to believe that it was a bad word. These guys play hardcore that is fast, heavy, atonal, and melodic together and separately; which things are all what I associate with a good screamo hardcore band, the ten or so that have existed. I like this band so I'm just going to call it moody hardcore. The music is blasted out, pissed, and screamy while retaining an underlying guitar melody with mostly simple fast punk drumming and an occasional breakdown. Not my favorite thing but they sound pretty good and I wouldn't leave the room if they were playing. (Brad) (7-song CDr-R, lyrics included, lbrband@yahoo.com, www.myspace.com/littlebunnyrabbitband)

MODERN BROPAR #7 – This 'zine changed formats to a tape with three songs written and performed by the dude who does the 'zine. The first track "Beach Bummed" is the one song that has lyrics and it is the most punk rock of the three, hence I like it the best. The other songs are dancey rock numbers, the first a twist and last a surf-guitar jam. (Brad) (3-song tape, no lyrics, Matt Emmerich, 4944 Pine St., Philadelphia, PA 19143)

NAPOLNARIZ – Garage punk rawk from Puerto Rico, a retrospective spanning 1998-2007. It's very easy to picture a serious dance party erupting while this band plays. Like M.O.T.O. but even more basic and harder to sing along to if you don't *hablo* Español, which I don't, and have no excuse for other than my own monolinguistic laziness. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, lcodrnr@hotmail.com)

NEO CONS – The Bay Area's Neo Cons play mid-tempo punk with a bit of So-Cal influence, which may or may not be intentional

coming from a band consisting of at least one-half East coast transplants. Think dumbed-down ADOLESCENTS, and I mean that in a good way. Neo Cons features Jason from 86 MENTALITY, and though he's switched from drums to vocals, these songs draw from many of the same influences. The vocals are delivered in an urgent, half-barked/half-sung way, and are catchy enough that I find myself singing them after the tape is done. That's a good sign. "Rent Controlled" is the stand out track. (Liz) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, thrashahoy@gmail.com)

PARTY BY THE SLICE – Killer thrashing hardcore from Milwaukee that is obsessed with pizza instead of beer. While it seems a little silly to be singing along to anthemic songs assailing the scourge of tacos—especially when tacos are delicious—once PBTS kick it into high gear, the subject matter becomes way less important and you just rage. OK, maybe you just rage inside your brain because you're old or tired or you don't want to wake the neighbors, but you rage nonetheless. Awesome shits from GET RAD, ENABLER, PROTESTANT personnel. Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Halo of Flies, 3444 N. Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212, www.haloofflies records.com)

ROSENKOPF – Instrumental dark cold wave freakout. A simple drum machine creates the foundation and monotonous bass lines make the frame for a guitar driven mood making cassette. Long, simple, repetitive, awesome. Like a dub remix of a MOB record, mixing early goth influenced UK anarcho with goth influenced new wave. The tape says it was limited to 50, so I suggest sending your email quickly. (Robert) (? song cassette, no lyrics, sorenroi57@gmail.com)

ROTOZAZA – Blinding fuzz. A ferocious noise punk delivery, but these are crushing grind/crust songs as opposed to the UK via Kyushu attack typically associated with this recording style. ROTOZAZA up the noise ante several levels, making this a rather painful listen, but then that's the general idea. Recorded back in 2007. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, nulearcicada.blogspot.com)

SECRET POLICE – Nonstop punk rawk burners from the east coast. Snotty vocals, clean guitars buzzing, and a frantic pace that doesn't let up for even a short breakdown...SECRET POLICE's mid paced riffs are shoved in your face with the intensity of most bands coming unglued—and then these dudes come unglued. KBD sensibilities, USHC intensities. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, secretpolicehc.blogspot.com)

SILENT HIPPIE – So this is what punk rock in 2010 is playing host to: mundane wannabe freakout psych rock bullshit. This band hails from Bloomington, home of all things that are just terrible and awful in punk. I love good psych rock, I listen to good psych rock, good psych rock is a friend of mine. SILENT HIPPIE, you are not good psych rock. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, Adam Sweet, 555 E. Driscoll St., Bloomington, IN 47401, silenthippie.blogspot.com)

SIX PACK – Guitar/drums tunes with a distinct REIGNING SOUND vibe. That same vocal lilt is there, and it's easy to imagine this music coming from a different time entirely. Emphasis on the "demo" quality of the recording, though it suits these songs quite well. (Robert) (11-song CDr, no lyrics, marcyinger@gmail.com)

SOSPECHOSOS – *Ripping* hardcore from the south side of Chicago in the fine and storied tradition of hardcore from the south side of Chicago. SOSPECHOSOS inject some UK punk sensibility into the mix, and recorded the vocals in a cave (apparently), to give the whole attack both hooks and an edge. With songs like "Nobama" and "Mactivist," I think we can get their lyrical angle, and even with the absence of lyrics and my severe Español deficiency, that uncompromising attack translates completely to the musical side of the equation. Full on // all out // fist banging // pogo inducing // party making // hardcore. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd from: Mendiga Cintas, 4940 Wood St., Chicago, IL 60609)

THE SPOILERS – I've seen about a dozen bands called the SPOILERS over the years but these dudes and dudettes have been around since '01 so they probably have the most legit claim to the name at the moment. They play energetic female-fronted pop punk that sounds like they listen to a lot of Tim Armstrong projects and they list RANCID, THE DISTILLERS, and OP IVY as three of their top four influences. The music is clean and boppy and I find it all a little slick and the "punkish" attitude contrived. I've heard bands like this before, they start out sounding good but in the end they seem like people playing in the punk style, not a punk band. (Brad) (5-song CDr-R, no lyrics, chrissydoll3@yahoo.com, www.myspace.com/thespoilers)

UNLEARN – Vancouver's finest apocalyptic warriors of the d-beat are back with a second demo. Many of you probably missed out on the first one—I know I did—so make sure you don't sleep on this fukker. Distorted, disaffected, and distilled, this exemplifies their chosen aesthetic, putting UNLEARN on par with bands like BESTHOVEN, KRUEL, KONTATTO, and a handful of other modern masters of raw fukked up d-beat hardcorepunk crust attack. "The culmination of civilization is destruction." (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 21534, Vancouver, BC, V5L 5G2 Canada, unlearnpunk@gmail.com)

UNLEARN – The second demo from these Vancouver crust lords shows UNLEARN honing their metallic DISCLOSE attack to a fine point and leveling everything in their path. Vocals distorted in anguish and a wall of guitars tweaked to ear splitting frequencies, while the bottom half of the band holds down the fort. Yeah, it sounds like DISCHARGE, but if you are still reading, then you already got that—and now you need to get this. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o PO Box 21534, Vancouver BC, V5L 5G2 CANADA, unlearnpunk@gmail.com)

WHITE GUILT – Raw and fervent hardcore...riffs all over the damn place, vocals reverbed to nonsensical and unintelligible levels, a guitar that sounds like it broke a long time ago and is held together with gaff tape and a shriek-o-raptor (a device used to make guitars sound as non musical as possible). And then comes the bass...rumbling slowly out of the feedback into a hands in the air "Holy Shit" face making crushing breakdown and please just let it stop, it's killing me... I wanna go fast again *please*. But don't fear, because "Human Flood II" relents after three minutes of crushing bliss and the mania returns. This is nasty music, and the LP reviewed in this issue kills just as hard. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Drugged Conscience, 5140 Tamarind Ridge Dr., Naples, FL 34119, www.druggedconscience.com)

YOUTH AVOIDERS – Smart, choppy, energetic garage punks. If you aren't shaking your ass by the end of the first track then your ass might be defective *(and you should get that thing looked at, which wouldn't be a problem if you were shaking it, because then EVERYONE would be looking at your ass and commenting about how great it looked swaying to and fro to the rhythm of these glorious jams)*. There's an earnestness here that is often lacking in music that might be described as "hip"—and make no mistake that these are exactly the kinds of tunes that young adults listen to when they are trying to dance their way into someone's *boudoir* (that's a French bedroom—where French people do The Deed). But YOUTH AVOIDERS are too fukkn cool to write off as some trite bullshit hipster ass shaking nonsense....these songs are fukkn GREAT, and I have the feeling that after the sweaty show was over, they would choose a drunken night of records and friends over a meaningless tryst with a doe-eyed lass every time. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o C. Gaultier, 3 Allée des Perdix, 77420 Champs-Sur-Marne FRANCE, www.negativeyouthrecords.com)

V/A – "THIS FUCKIN' CITY 2" – 39 songs on two CDrs by bands from around Philadelphia. This is released in conjunction with an issue of the *Modern Bropar* 'zine from Philly and catalogues bands in the DIY punk, metal, garage, and hardcore scenes with some indie rock and even a hip hop song at the end. I personally liked INFERNAL STRONGHOLD, BSOM, RATHEALER, BUCKETFLUSH, LOAFASS, THE UNDERCLASSED, PARTYSAURUS WREX, MEAN STREETS, SICK JUMP, and BACKSLIDER. I want to visit Philly. (Brad) (39-song two CDr-R set, no lyrics, Matt Emmerich, 4944 Pine St., Philadelphia, PA 19143)

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

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(DG) Dan Goetz
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ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #46 / $1
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Forty-fucking-six issues of *Absolutely Zippo*, and this one's just a nutty as the previous 45! The general theme seems to be about music and the rise of electric music, but that might just be the foreground for the margin-to-margin collages that make up the bulk of the zine. Also included for your reading pleasures are movie mash-up reviews such as *Dune, Where's my Car?* To sustain this sort of a project and have it be so uncompromisingly strange is a truly impressive accomplishment. (CR)
PO Box 4985 / Berkeley, CA 94704

ALTA INTENSIDAZ #6 / free locally, trade by mail
5.5 x 8 – copied – 4 pgs
This is a zine from Brighton by a punk who recently relocated from Spain. The author states: "How you can read my English is totally horrendous but I don't care because I have good intentions" and, let me tell you, we are lucky that this guy doesn't give a fuck because this is pretty much a must read for anyone who wants to go one place to start their education on some of the best new raw punk coming out of Spain. To name a few bands featured here: Absurdo, Sudor, Los Democratas and more. There are details about each band, including band members other projects, what material they have out and descriptions of each release, descriptions of the bands' sound. What makes this good beyond the information is the charming, earnest writing style and funny little anecdotes and opinions of the author. This guy loves his scene and is super excited to share it with you. A good read with great information. I am totally into it. (MB)
Teodoro Hernandez / 17 Rochester Street / Brighton BN2 0EJ / UK / bastardosucio@hotmail.com

ANTIPATIA #13, #14, #15 / contact for pricing, free download
5.75 x 8.25 – printed – 2 pgs – Spanish
Yes! As the only fluent Spanish speaker on site, I often have the luxury of getting one of the best current zines, *Antipatia.* These three issues have the same simple format, a giant folded page dense with content on both sides and pact with reports on new music, literature, zines, art and the current happening on Radio Bronka, their radio station. There is so much music content crammed into these zines, I think non Spanish speakers should at least just skim these pages for the bold text to look up the bands. Along with the schooling us on music there is the extremely informative and well written political content as well as features like "Exercises in Domination. Now: the home." Issue #15 has a moving interview with Nepalese band Rai Ko Ris, which Antipatia has generously translated and allowed us to run in the issue you are holding in your hand. Again, Great zine, solid content, that makes you a smarter person for reading it. Well done, ponks! (MB)
antipatia.wordzine.com

CULPRIT COMICS #5 / $6 Canadian
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I'll be honest that I was only able to understand a few of the various comics in this zine. The majority are roughly drawn and don't really seem to have much a story, though I did like the full-page single-panel comics. I'm sure that the artists enjoyed making this collection of comics but it's lost on me and for six Canadian dollars, I'm not sure it's going to be worth it to many. (CR)
PO Box 1049 / New Glasgow, N.S. B2H5N8 / Canada / luckycomix@hotmail.com

DEALIN WITH IT #4 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a no frills punk zine outta Canada, crammed with interviews and a few reviews... There's an interview with Wires, one with Cold Warps, one with Castle Wolfenstein and the Lizzies and the guy that runs a show space called Death House. The interviewees run the gamut from power pop to hardcore, and they read like actual conversations rather than bland email q and a sessions. This is a pretty sweet insight into the Canadian scene. At first I was confused, so many of the places mentioned share names with places in the UK, where I am from. But nope—this is Canadian. (LG)
mosh_n_thrash@hotmail.com

DISTORT #31 / US $40 for 10 issue subscription
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
If you read zine reviews here, you've probably heard of *Distort*, the great fanzine from Australia covering the world of punk and hardcore. The writing is generally well written and the dude knows his fucking music. This issue has a short interview with Iron Curtain, a rant about Flesh World, and a comparative piece featuring Black Flag and the FUs, which basically breaks down hardcore of the '80s and tells us why it was so great and terrible at the same time. Awesome. (BL)
PO Box 239 / North Carlton, Victoria 3054 / Australia / distorttheworld@gmail.com

DISTORT #33 / US $40 for 10 issue subscription
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
This issue has a rad cover of the guy who sings for Cold Sweat brandishing a microphone and a baseball bat with a prominent X on the back of his hand. Why aren't straight edge shows like this anymore? This is the second of a two part series of a *Distort* trip down memory lane where some standout interviews are reprinted from the first few issues of this venerable zine. The bands interviewed are Sex/Vid, Smash and Grab, Fucked Up, Cold Sweat, Darvocets, Gag Reflex, Puncture Wound, Homostupids, Lebenden Toten. I like Sex/Vid even more now and the Fucked Up interview pretty much admits that they are a hipster band now. I also like when other zines reference *MRR* whether it's good or bad. (BL)
PO Box 239 / North Carlton, Victoria 3054 / Australia / distorttheworld@gmail.com

DISTORT #34 / US $40 for 10 issue subscription
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pgs
There's not much to read in this issue, it's mostly drawings that tend toward depicting cocks in all their ejaculatory glory. The art has a story. A couple years ago a live recording of the UV

Race and Eddy Current Suppression Ring playing a show was released in a tape run of 300 with individual hand-drawn covers. The repress of this project is coming soon and will include a poster of all these drawings and *Distort* decided to run some favorites as well as some fan art submitted for a proposed porno fanzine that never happened. A lot of it is kind of dumb but funny. At least I laughed my ass off at the Henry Rollins parody on the back cover. (BL)
PO Box 239 / North Carlton, Victoria 3054, / Australia / distorttheworld@gmail.com

DON'T TREAD ON ME! #9
5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
More snarky writing lacking both wit and interesting topics. The things found in a dumpster reviews held promise, too bad the reviewer decided not to be interesting and instead basically repeated over and over again that he had been assigned to review trash. The cover of this zine has a quote from us (*MRR*) that says "[DTM!] is awkward and ugly in general" that pretty much sums it up. It's not quite useless, but its definitely stupid. (MM)
ratso27@gmail.com

DREAMS OF DONUTS #11 / $1 USA, $2 world, trades welcome
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Whilst sort of contemplating this review, I realized the zine writer lives a mere three blocks from me. The zine had to travel in a mail truck across the bay to *MRR* headquarters, and then back in my friend Emma Lee's backpack. That's a lot of *energy*. So my favorite part of this zine is the short and sweet "questions" section which, in comic form, addresses the main confusion we all were having: where did this poop come from that is on the roof outside James' window? The writer proceeds to deliver some potential explanations that are hilarious. Not a ton of content here, just some cutesy cartoons and a sort of day in the life storyline, such as the protest in Sacramento over funding cuts for people with disabilities, the trip to the PDX zine symposium, a sort of random call to end gossip. There appears a cast of characters I am familiar with probably because of my proximity to the writer but I will say: the drawings are remarkably simple yet totally look like the real people! All of them! Tis charming. I love how there is another whole section rehashing the last *MRR* review...it uhm, makes me feel important even though I didn't write it. I didn't love the centerfold, which was a stick in the eye or maybe a tongue in the cheek comic about chicks vs bitches (it was at least, a contribution from a chick named Eleanor...probably supposed to be funny but *I am a Humorless Bitch*) For fans of: unicorns, travelling, dumpsters, and "community." (JB)
Heather Wreckage / 836 57th St. / Oakland, CA 94608 / All4choice@hotmail.com

EARTH FIRST! 30th ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL EDITION / $6.50
8.5 x 11 – printed – 104 pgs
The first copy of Earth First! I ever read was given to me on a train by a green anarchist boy who spent most of the train ride in the viewing car pawing at the window and whimpering like an animal. This is the 30th anniversary special edition so it features a lot of time lines and histories and musings on the past. It's interesting and really thorough and works well as either an introduction to radical environmentalism or just as a look at current events/opinions. This issue covers the green scare and species that have gone extinct and different protests over the years. It's a good read. (MM)
PO Box 3023 / Tucson, AZ 85702

EL ZINE #8,9,10 / 500 yen
8 x 10– printed – 60 pgs – Japanese
Curse you Japan (waving fist). What we have here is my first look at a Japanese zine, which seems to take off where Doll and Profane Existence left off. All in Japanese (of course), heavy on the pictures, covering a wide range of punk, but definitely leaning toward the D-beat, crust punkers. Ish #8 has Dishonorable Discharge, Norwegian Hardcore and interviews with a bunch of great hardcore labels. Ish #9 has Muka Chine (from Deathside, Chicken Bowels etc), Boss Tuneage, Profane Existance etc. Ish #10 has Systematic Death, Cock Sparrer, Inepsy, Insane Society etc. All issues have a boatload of reviews and articles. I literally can't read a word, but the look and layout is *Fantastic*. If you can read any Japanese I'd get on this shit ASAP!!!! (TB)
unno13@gmail.com

EXCITEMENT LEVEL ZERO #1 / $2 ppd USA, $5 ppd World
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
New left coast hardcore zine born from boredom in Richmond. Pretty standard music zine fare with interviews with Slobs, Southside Stranglers and School Jerks, a bunch of reviews and a couple of rants. It's pretty thin, but I like the format and the interviews were a decent read. Looking out for the next ish. (TB)
Pat Madden / 2902 Idlewood Ave, Apt 3 / Richmond, VA 23221

FANZINE MIGUEL #19 / free locally, trade by mail
5.5 x 4 – copied – 16 pgs
This zine rules! It has been languishing in my box being caught in a place I didn't see! Oh the humanity! It's... well... Cute. Yeah, seriously, it's totally fucking cute yet super hilarious and punk at the same time—weird, but true. It features comics with quirky characters that are shaped like a gravestone with legs and have some very funny, yet simple emotional expressions. All the drawings are simple with thick lines. The characters speak in Spanish and English about records, music and are placed in some funny, weird situations (like Paco Mus as one of these little creature forms convincing another that his butthole smells of freshly baked bread). It's definitely geared toward the record collector or someone who loves to read about raw punk. Yet, the drawings are so quirky and the dialogue so absurd and funny that it would make anyone who doesn't take themselves too seriously laugh, or at least crack a smile. I love this zine! (MB)
Teodoro Hernandez / 17 Rochester Street / Brighton BN2 0EJ / UK
bastardosucio@hotmail.com

FASTCORE PHOTOS #1
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 31 pgs
Cool photozine done by the man behind To Live A Lie records, consisting of photos taken throughout 2010 of mostly DIY touring bands that came through North Carolina, from Acid Reflux to Capitalist Casualties. He got a lot of good action shots, but the reproduction is a bit dark and obscures some of the detail, and although this has a good layout for being put together on a computer, I think the photos might've looked better had they been printed out brighter and at a higher resolution, and then photocopied into this zine. Not a bad effort, though. (DG)
2825 Van Dyke Ave. / Raleigh, NC 27607-7021

FASTCORE PHOTOS #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 31 pgs
What if all the kids who take photos at shows started publishing them on paper and not just on flickr? That's the gist of Fastcore Records, a photo zine that is kind of "A Year in Pictures" for North Carolina punk/hardcore. Lots of veins popping, brutal dudes, and fists in the air. (JH)
fastcorephotos.tolivealie.com / 2825 Van Dyke Avenue / Raleigh, NC 27607 / wcbutler@gmail.com

FUN, FUN, FUN #6 / $2 ppd or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
A fitting name for this little skate rag, as it invokes both the spirit of the Big Boys-era skate punk shenanigans and the total idea of just

having fun hanging out with your friends and skating. As any skater knows, nothing beats driving around with your crew on a road trip looking for spots to session before the cops or (fill in one of many types of assholes such as gangstas, jocks, or rednecks) come and ruin everything. These pages—brief in words and small in size—invoke the feeling of those moments. Mostly comprised of photos of dudes blasting fast plants or riding full pipers, *Fun, Fun, Fun* is...well, fuck...*fun* to read and to get yourself psyched to go out and ride. The layout is total bedroom DIY and a couple of pages of reviews add a bit of variety to the otherwise completely skate-centered writings. A small effort, but totally cool. (BG)
3880 Carroll Dr. / Horn Lake, MS 38637
www.myspace.com/funfunfunzine
catkiller44@yahoo.com

HOTSHOWER 12 / $3.75 ppd, $4.25 world, trade for comic zines
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 68 pgs
This guy really loves his dick... With that said, here we have 68 pages of comics with rudimentary line drawings that at times seem as if there is a real individual style growing and other times just really shitty effortless doodling, all of which wouldn't be so bad if the stories were better. Most of the material is about the author's dick, graphic descriptions of fucking girls, there are even moments when the author talks about how other dudes are jealous of him, what great shape he is in and how girls pussies are hungry for his awesome dick. The longer stories are an imitation of Bohemian style trying to follow the grand tradition of Frank Miller or John Fante when really it's some dude who probably just lost his virginity and reads a lot of Ayn Rand. There is one story that shows promise about a junkie girlfriend, but then he says some blatantly sexist shit and enter: dick. I love dick, but this is re-dick-ulous. Dude really wants to come off as an experienced lover of women, but it's just not convincing. I am no shrink, but it seems like this zine is just a feeble attempt to convince others what a prolific pussy hound he is and stellar lover, when really, he is just trying to convince himself. Maybe some girl will read this and be convinced, but there is so much dick in here that I think I will just pass it on to one of my male gay friends. (MB)
1648 Alder St. / Eugene OR 97401 / joshuaisaac@gmail.com /
joshuawhiteisaac.blogspot.com

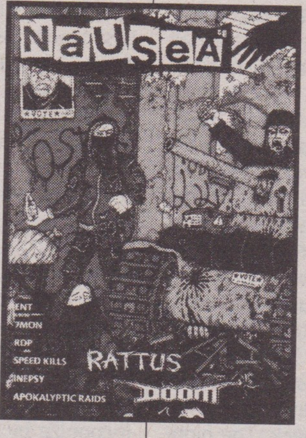
KUURSCHLUUS #1 / $?
9 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs
The first issue of this zine looks and reads pretty great. There are small but informative pieces on some American political situations, such as the Navajo struggle against the Desert Rock power plant, and provocateur victim Eric McDavid, serving 20 years for "conspiracy" as part of Green Scare repression. Reprinted are two pieces attacking pacifism. The editor says his (?) English isn't good enough to write the things he would like, which is why he chose reprints and forwent reviews. Interviewed are Avskum (Sweden), Dazd (Serbia), Instinct of Survival (Germany), and the Hungarian artist Septic. This last one is huge and detailed, asking many questions specific to Eastern Europe, and includes a number of Septic's illustrations. These are reproduced very well, though not as large as the editor would have liked. Overall this is a great first issue, and if you're down with intricate and crazy punk art, this would be a mandatory pick up. (JM)
C.A.P.S. / PO Box 22449 / Oakland, CA 94609 / distortba@hotmail.com

LUCIDA CONSOLE'S DOG DAYS #? / 1.5 euro
8 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Aptly titled, *Dog Days* is lengthy, small-text and graphics-free account of UK bands Bangers and Philadelphia boys Dirty Tactics tour to the "weird" parts of Europe by Bangers member, Hamish Adams. This self-proclaimed dick-head/Hobbit writes from his colorfully coarse UK perspective as these two bands vanpool through Germany, Austria, Sweden, Romania, Belgium, Netherlands and Serbia. I managed to read the whole bloody thing on my day off, from preface to epilogue. *Dog Days* is a day-by-day recount of what happens to bands who entrust a complete stranger to plan a *seven week* tour for you with a band you've "met for 30 seconds at Fest 8 in Gainesville." I almost feel like the poor blokes might've had a less disappointing experience had they splaying their cocks out on a map. As my first zine assignment here at *MRR*, I feel like the punk goddesses were tossing me a booze bottle with a message in it to warn all you bored, disillusioned punk rockers that touring can be a pre-ordained case of hemorrhoids, but tough luck trying to treat 'em, because "you can't call in sick." You might not like most of the bands you're booked with [awkward], or they might not like you the second you step onto their turf and you might suffer an impulse to "change your "heys" to "oi's"" for shitty skinheads that have no interest in watching your band anyway. To picky eaters, you might be on your own with food, but at least cheese sandwiches seem to be typical European tour feed, unless someone has tricked you into eating meaty sludge, and you might get paid in jugs of red wine instead of gas money if you fail to draw a crowd! To you homophobes out there... be warned that "spending too much time in vans with other men [will] frazzle [your] brains and turn [your] subconsciously childlike and homoerotic." While I've always felt that the that the status of macho hetero punk shit is both child-like *and* homoerotic, it's a shame that most white male punks can't expand their heads that are up their boxy asses to do research about the spaces they decide to massacre with their music. Much of the language our hobbit tour guide uses makes me think that they embarked with little knowledge or respect for "weird" parts of Europe, which he calls "[...] a fresh faced wood elf, mysterious and ready to explode with mad lust." For instance, I think in one of the entries Hamish says he actually had to treat hemorrhoids; well, he could've eased this agony when they were in Serbia, because their sulfuric water is actually right good for treating those things. Sorry, I know this is just a zine review and not an advice column. One could avoid eating "bitter shit" on your European tour by picking up *Dog Days* if you see it. The punk rock goddesses conclude: bands ought to attempt to be more involved in the process, and if you're gonna use your cock for a compass, at least be open-minded. In all honesty Hamish, we are pleased that you support European working girls, but you might've gotten a lovely hand-job by one of those violent skinheads and probably saved your money to buy a decent meal. (AT)
hamishadams@hotmail.co.uk /
www.shop.specialistsubjectrecords.co.uk

MEDATROCITY / trade?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 116 pgs
There is so much in here: lists, art, essays interviews, and it is all centered in Berzerkley at the Café Mediterraneum. Last time I reviewed this I mentioned that having worked in a café for a long time was something that helped me to appreciate the stories in the zine, where had I not, I may have simply not cared... And, while every contribution may not be entirely worthy of the paper it was copied onto, it is important in constructing a thorough picture of the variety of folks that one, as worker, is confronted by daily and adds value to this project. I admire this worker for enlisting so indiscriminately the involvement of the many folks represented in reporting this scene. People gotta have their safe places to hang and cafes undoubtedly attract all kinds of characters who seek to do just that. (DS)
836 57th St / Oakland, CA 94608

MORE NOIZE #5 / $4 post paid world, trades encouraged
5.5 x 8.25 – 56 pgs
Wow. I am very intimidated by the fact that I have to somehow put into words how good this zine is—probably one of the best and most in-depth hardcore music compendiums in the fanzine format I have encountered... Don't read any of this shit I am about to spout, just fuckin' send off for it! Previous issues have been an entertaining, educational, enjoyable way to pass the time, but this one is amazing, a true demonstration of what is possible. The reviews section is fucking exhaustive and endless, but it doesn't read like someone had to write a school report, you really get a sense of the excitement and obsession that Tony puts into and receives

from punk rock... It feels like something is happening, and you couldn't sum it up in a soon to be forgotten blog post. I liked the show reviews, they really give a sense of how much music (NOIZE NOT MUSIC!) means to him, and you get a snap shot into a person's brain and life without the lame feeling you picked up someone's creepy brother's diary... There's an oral history of the Wretched, in a *Please Kill Me* style, just focusing on their UK tours, with commentary from lots of ne'er do wells from the contemporary UK scene. It's an exhaustive and fascinating read, with reflections from people like Sned and the Wankys as well as reproductions of fliers, interviews etc from the time. This is a great zine, if you want to read about Herätys destroys live, about how insane Finnish punx are, about Italian hardcore, Japanese noize worship... This is the place. Seriously, even if you are not that into this "genre" of music, you do not own any Disorder bootleg tapes etc, you will still enjoy it, that's how good a writer Tony is. (LG)



slobodanburgher@gmail.com / More Noize 31 Woodville Rd / London E17 7ER / UK

NAUSEA #1 / $10 ppd
5.5 x 8.25 – printed – 80 pgs – Portuguese
I found this little gem in my mailbox with the postage stamp reading "Brasil" and was instantly excited. When I opened the brown duct-taped envelope out slid an unexpected gift a Rattus / Doom split CD. Hand drawn crusty style art graces the cover and the layout is gorgeous with pictures perfectly interlaced between the text. Even the quality of paper made me swoon (no room for copied newsprint here!) You can tell these kids really invested their passion and time into this zine. The bands featured are: Rattus, Doom, Speed Kills, Inepsy, Apokalyptic Raids, 7 Minutes of Nausea, and Extreme Noise Terror. If you are a total nerd like me you will go so far as to Google translate some of the interviews from Portuguese into English. I thought that some of the fluidity of the content might be lost, but I got a rather good feel of their smart and clear writing style. If you have access to a computer and have some time I highly encourage doing some translating (not just for this zine but other non-English written zines). I think this promotes a greater appreciation for the hard work that this collective put into their creation. (DJ)
CX Postal 899 / AG. Central / Saul Paulo ISP / 01031-970 / Brasil
www.nauseazine.com.br

NEGATIVE GUEST LIST #14 / $4 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
Erudite, witty, sarcastic and DIY punk in spirit, *Negative Guest List* just made it to my personal canon of what makes an indispensable zine, one that's worth keeping and recommending to others. A small gang of contributors create the words within these pages, and each one has her/his own style that makes every page worth reading through in entirety. And even with all these dissimilar writers, the spirit of Lester Bangs eerily seems to haunt each one, simultaneously mixing passion, cynicism, and humor no matter what the subject. My favorite section of any zine, including the one you're currently breezing through at the moment, is the essays devoted to haphazard rants and opinions—the columns, and this is the effectual appeal of *Negative Guest List*. I had a few laugh-out-loud moments reading through these and more than a few times found myself admiring the writing talent of one of the columnists. The main body of work is dedicated to compelling interviews and write-ups on bands such as Rot Shit, Whores, Slug Guts, and the Chinese Restaurants (#13, which we also received, has a cool write-up on Doc Dart from the Crucifucks). Some photos and substantial music reviews fill out the rest of the pages, making this a zine worth checking out for sure. (BG)
Brendon Annesley / 62 Washington Ave. / Tingalpa / Brisbane, QLD 4173 / Australia / dirtyalley@msn.com

NEGATIVE INSIGHT #1
8.5 X 11 – printed – 26 pgs
Excellent first issue of this zine out of Boston, consisting primarily of in-depth interviews with Varukers, Sacrilege, and Disaster, that should be required reading for even casual fans of these bands. The author clearly already knows a great deal about these bands, but wants to know more about their history, the contexts in which they operated, and their takes on their present-day popularity and the current manifestations of the issues originally discussed in their lyrics. The layout is in a style consistent with the bands covered, and while I wish it was less retro and more dis-tinct (sorry, couldn't resist), the amount of care and effort that went into laying this zine out makes it fully deserving of the professional printing it received. The additional inclusion of CD-Rs of live sets from Sacrilege and Disaster is definitely an appreciated extra as well. (DG)
289 Chestnut Ave. / Boston, MA 02130

RAZORCAKE #59 / $4
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 112 pages
Another issue of *Razorcake* hits the stands. And if I may be so bold for a zine that would have never been born without the influence of *MRR*, they sure do talk a lot of shit on us (check their zine review section). At least *MRR* strives to connect with our global community. But I digress. Interviews include the New Bomb Turks, Rumspringer, Florence from Florence and the Machine. The usual mash-up of letters to the editor, record, book, zine, and movie reviews are all here as well. What I enjoyed and really caught my eye was the interview they conducted with actress Mary Woronov (she is most recognized for her work with the Velvet Underground and her role as the principle in "Rock'n'Roll High School"). (DJ)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA / 90042 / www.razorcake.org

SELF AWARE #7 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Focusing mostly on the regional North Carolina punk scene, issue #7 includes interviews with Worn in Red, dude from Beartrap PR, some tour tales, and several reviews of Wilmington, N.C.'s inaugural Rad Fest. Also, a brief essay on "Matrimony vs. Punk Rock," in which Josh Robbins discusses being liberal in the Bible Belt and how punk rock showed him that "wives, obey your husbands" is a pretty crappy idea. And that just because he's in a serious relationship doesn't mean that he's going to "drop out of the scene" (this is a recurrent theme in this issue — punks getting older, straight jobs, how to be 35 and still going to shows). I'm alternating between being like, "Sometimes radical politics are all about context! Maybe it's a pretty radical thing in his community to make assertions like this about marriage," and "These arguments seem tame to the point of obsolete to me, and more than a little myopic — you're talking marriage politics in 2010 and manage to avoid talking about queers at all? That's .... weird." My personal shit aside, this is a pretty engaging record of a specific punk community and the people who work hard at making it thrive. Which is no small task, and totally worthy of documentation. (JH)
selfawarerecords.com

SHOCK & AWE #1 and #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs

Super clean looking zine from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia of all places (first time I've said that!!). Great mix of music and opinion with a bunch of columns covering lots of music and DIY related topics from record purchasing to DIY shows and even SE Asian politics. The best thing about this zine is how it is SE Asian centric; instead of looking across oceans for inspiration these kids have created a zine to showcase their own local talents. The columns often look inwards with solutions to problems within their own scene. The second issue is already a vast improvement on the first and I can really see this zine (and accompanying blog) as a useful tool for the SE Asian punk community. As a bonus it makes pretty good reading for the rest of us folks across the pond!! (TB)
shock.awe00@gmail.com

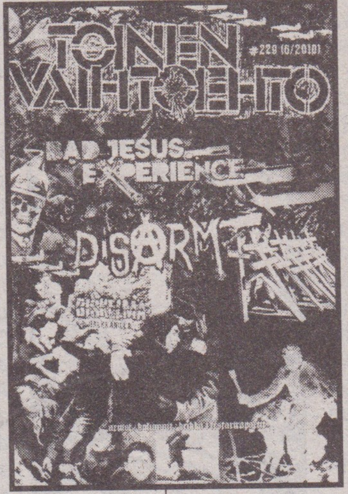
SHOGANAI / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40pgs
So here we have another personal zine about travel, self-discovery and finding balance in life. In more specifics, this is a zine written in retrospect by an American kid who travels to Japan after college. He goes there to teach English in some kind of a corporate English language school. The first part zine is written like a diary, talking about first arriving in Japan, the people he met and the culture shock he experienced. And also goes into detail about how the company that employed him works. The later chapters talk about the travels he did around the country, scattered romances, and people who changed his outlook on life. It's pretty classic twenty-something per-zine material. A lot is made of the life changing moments he had and the epiphanies that manifested in his travels. Well written, but fairly boring to anyone who hasn't taught English in Japan, or knows the author personally. It's really like reading a strangers journal. There is no rising conflict, crescendo, apex, and resolution... Just kind of a flat travel story. But, if that's your jam, check this out. (FS)
www. servofromtheinternet.com

SPARE CHANGE #20 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I don't know if the 19 issues before this were all about goth girls who the author met in high school more than half his lifetime before but I hope so. This is kind of a goofy midlife crisis-sounding issue about smoking weed and not being able to pick up the ladies when you are 16. The author put this issue out in conjunction with his 40th birthday so I guess it is a good time to look back a little. I can relate to a few stories and I'd imagine most punks in their grown up years would chuckle along. It shows the author at a time in life where he is almost equal parts awkward and excited about life, and I like it's honesty about maybe not being as cool as he'd like to remember. I'll even pardon the Gary Larson-ish humor on the cover. (BL)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

STANDARD ISSUE #11 / $3 US & Canada, $5 world
8 x 10.5 – printed – 32pgs
This is a very kick ass crust and hardcore fanzine out of Ottawa Canada. Band interviews and record reviews make up most of the content, but they have a few columns, show reviews, comics, and random shit to fill the space as well. In this issue they interview Critical Convictions, Sex Church and Secret Police. The coverage of crushing hardcore is weirdly juxtaposed by the amount of humor/comedy involved in the zine. It's a pretty entertaining read. Most of the interviews are on the short side, and the content is really easily digestible. And the record reviews that both review the music, and then separately review the albums artwork is awesome. This is a really good fanzine. (FS)
PO Box 87002 / Ottawa, ON K2P 1X0 / Canada / www.standardissuemag.com

THERE IS A DANGER / $1 ppd US, $2 world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
The early oughts were fraught with good intentions, largely as a reaction to being scared as fuck. *TIAD* reminds me a lot of the kind of zines I encountered as a budding punk in those days. Ten years later though, these sentiments mostly seem painfully ignorant. Stories about breaking into hotel rooms and shoplifting and making out with pretty girls bring back all the sickening images we had of ourselves as starry-eyed wandering thieves. The brilliant but ignored underground intelligencia. Well-written stories fill this beautifully crafted zine. But that's just it. It looks really good but feels wasted. My housemate, Patrick, explained to me "That's like a person that goes to medical school to sell weed." He's a huge stoner so maybe that's not an insult but more of a reality check. The highest note of this publication is his attention to detail and ability to weave a historical narrative into his own personal one. The lowest is a ridiculous glorification of actions of animal liberation, which feel *really* irresponsible. Try harder, please. (EC)
Shootingatstars@gmail.com / PO BOX 1282 / Fullerton, CA 92836

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #229 / contact them for price
5.25 x 7.75 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
When I think of consistently published, good-looking Finnish-language zines, filled with reviews, show listings, tiny, clear photos, interviews and ads, you can bet *Toinen Vaihtoehto* is first to my mind. This time interviewed are Bad Jesus Experience (from Finland, I think) and the ancient Swedish band Disarm. Diskelma contributes what I think is a European tour diary, and there is a review of some huge English show with ten million reformed shitty bands, playing the hits. (JM)
PL1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland



THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #102, #103 / $3.25
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
This is a double issue for this Columbia, MO zine's 18th anniversary. It starts out with some show reviews from Columbia and St. Louis, there are interviews with local bands Bookmobile and the Shondes that take up the bulk of this zine, and also includes record reviews and musings on the nature/role/importance of the zine in the digital age. At the end, he writes a piece called "Pathetic Moments in Right Wing Projection" which is funny and insightful, and another piece on his post midterm election thoughts, which is OK, but doesn't offer any views I couldn't get from Salon.com or a similar website. The layout is no-frills and was possibly assembled and printed directly from Microsoft Word, which I can't really comment on since the author was doing zines in 1992 when I'm sure doing them by hand was the only option. The writing style is similarly no-frills, yet intelligent and enthusiastic. This zine isn't hugely interesting to me, but I have to give it kudos for lasting eighteen years and for documenting independent music in Missouri, and would probably find it more interesting if I lived there and had been to some of the shows reviewed. (DG)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444

TRUST #144/05 / 2.50 euro
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 68 pgs
This month's issue of the long-running German fanzine features bands ranging from Mi Ami to Hard-Ons, Deftones to Goldust and Matula. Not many of the features were ones that I could recognize by name, and when I checked on a couple online, I felt that though the magazine claims to focus on hardcore punk and underground music this issue seems like a slightly more alternative *Spin* type magazine. The look is tight, with thick satiny pages. A few interesting features are sprinkled within, like one on cult horror, but alas, they are in German, so I could only really get off on the pictures. Inside you also get loads of reviews and there are a few randoms in English, so I read those. I don't doubt that future issues will be more alluring. You know how it is. (DS)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

XXX $POSED SF'S LUSTYLADY-LIFE BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS / $5
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 64 pgs
It's like we say over here, our zine is only as good as its contributors. Several were made in this collection of thoughts on the current state of affairs at SF's punkest peepshow. Although I don't know any of the current dancers, those I have known in the past left a legacy of respect and have loads of moxie. The ladies fought to unionize in the late nineties and battled it into 2000, as some of you may have learned in the y2k film called "Live Nude Girls Unite." The struggle has existed for over decade and the ladies haven't backed down through all the drama; although spirits waned occasionally. The place generally attracts strong women that have much more going on in their lives than simply dancing for dollars. Granted the wage system is set up differently there so that girls aren't actually "dancing for dollars" anyway and these are amongst things you will learn when you read about what's new at the Lusty — lessons in etiquette abound. In this zine, rather than whining about how rough the road has been, they seem to be celebrating the now of this institution. (DS)
www.lustylady.com / www.nobawc.org / www.bayswan.org

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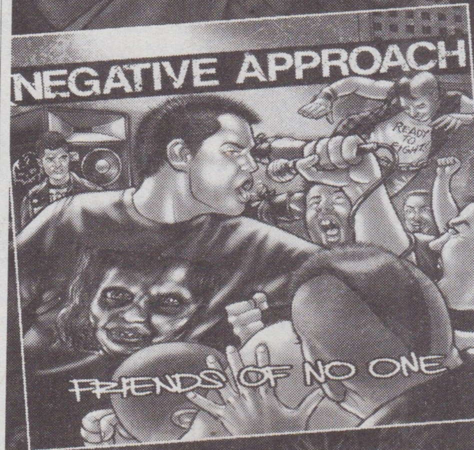

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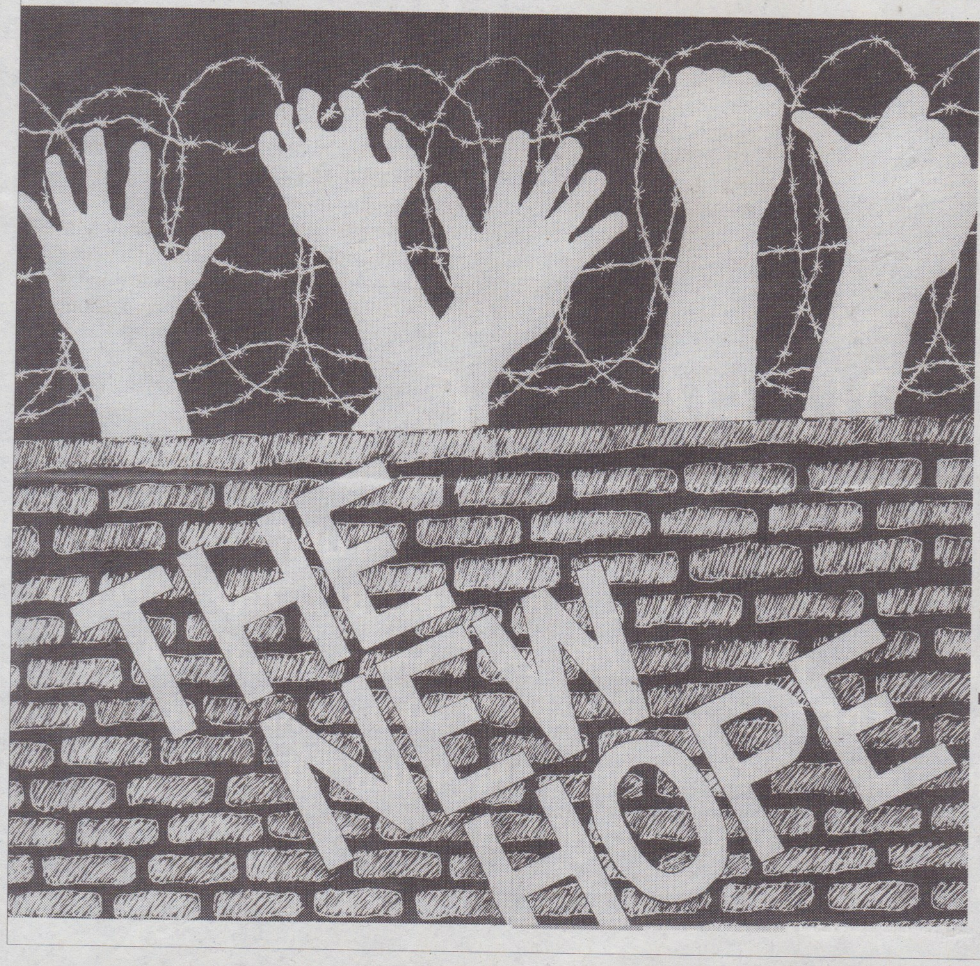

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